

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes.

(In which is combined and consolidated)
THE NATIONAL FARMER and HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crums of Comfort

All other love is extinguished by self love.
The only rose without thorns is friendship.
Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.
Little things console us because little things afflict us.
There is a joy in sorrow none but a mourner may know.
Our country is that spot to which our heart is attached.
We are never as happy nor as unhappy as we think we are.
He is next to the gods whom reason and not passion impels.
To be vain of one's position is to disclose that one is below it.
Whatever disunites man from God disunites man from man.
Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.
None preaches better than the ant and she says nothing.
One should believe in marriage as in the immortality of the soul.
A superior man is modest in his speech, but exceeds in his actions.
Love is a beggar who still begs when one has given him everything.
Nature holds an immense uncollected debt over every man's head.
The best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.
To keep your secret is wisdom, but to expect others to keep it is folly.
Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week.
No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.
A man must be a fool who does not succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her.
Happiness is the shadow of man; remembrance of it follows him; hope of it precedes him.
Women have the genius of charity. A man gives his money, a woman adds to it her sympathy.
Who has not raised a tombstone here and there over buried hopes and dead joys on the road of life?
A small number of men and women think for the million; through them the million speak and act.
Everything is good as it comes from the hand of the Creator; everything deteriorates in the hands of man.
It does not depend upon us to avoid poverty, but it does depend upon us to make that poverty respected.

The Travadi Diamonds

By Walter Scott Haskell

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Guy G. Bancroft, a young American of limited experience but with plenty of self-reliance, officiating as detective in the service of Vishram Mawji Travadi, a wealthy Hindu nabob of royal blood, is assigned the task of hunting the thief and recovering the priceless diamond necklace stolen from the person of the nabob's beautiful daughter Sundari Debi at a ball. Besides its enormous money value and wondrous beauty which made it an object of covetousness even among princes it possessed, according to Hindu tradition, mysterious powers and was regarded with superstitious reverence by the natives. It was an ancient heirloom in the Travadi family which was only half-blood Hindu by intermarriage with the English nobility; in fact Miss Sundari Debi Travadi herself might easily have passed for a pretty English brunette. Though Miss Debi had come in possession of the necklace under the will of her Hindu ancestor the branch of the Travadi family which resided in England claimed it and had sought to recover its possession through the courts. A Hindu adept named Sriman Sasindra was suspected to be the thief, and the young American kept a close watch on his movements.

The suspected thief took passage on the Hindu-Vesta, a tramp steamer bound for Australia with a consignment of snakes and other animals for a menagerie, and seven cabin passengers. Bancroft disguised as a German with Miss Debi dressed as a boy and accompanied by her old nurse who posed as her aunt also took passage on the same ship to keep an eye on the suspect.

After Miss Debi had seen Sasindra handling her diamonds in his stateroom Bancroft went to arrest him, but the thief said that he knew Bancroft in spite of his disguise, that it was useless to arrest him, and that the necklace was then in Bancroft's breast pocket, which proved to be true much to the American's astonishment. Bancroft then passed the jewels over to Miss Debi.

In the Indian Ocean the steamer was overtaken by a large British yacht which signalled its intention of sending a boat aboard the steamer on an important matter of business, but was prevented from doing so by the sudden stroke of a hurricane which separated the ships, rammed the tramp steamer unmanageable and was rapidly driving her on the rocks of a desert island. Before the ship struck the thief Sasindra persuaded Bancroft to jump into the raging sea with Miss Debi in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

BUYED by the life-preservers our heads were kept above the water as the huge waves swept us toward the land. Once we were carried close to a projecting rock where the waves broke into fragments and hissed and roared.

Escaping actual contact with the rock we were swept onward by a long low wave that slid up the incline of the shore and landed us high on a sandy beach.

We looked for the ship and saw that it was being driven on the rocks. The sound of crashing timber reached our ears above the roar of the waters, and we saw men struggling in the grasp of the sea, and floating pieces of wood and timber tossed upon the crests of the waves. It did not seem that anyone could live in such a sea without some means to sustain them, and many had neglected to provide themselves with life-preservers. The royal yacht was nowhere within sight, and, as there was nothing that we could do to assist the other unfortunates, we sought shelter under the adjacent palms that grew luxuriously on the shores of that southern isle. That it was an island, seemed evident, from the fact that our course since starting would bring us into the middle of the Pacific where the mainland was far distant.

Annoyed by our wet, clinging garments, we

sought the sun's aid in drying out the water, after wringing as thorough as we could. Though the wind had been blowing fiercely, there was no rain, and the sun sent warm rays down, while the wind began to abate and the waves to moderate. For some little time we remained in our shelter from the wind, and exposed to the warm sun that dried our clothing until they steamed with the evaporating moisture.

"I think I will go and look along the beach for any sign of our friends that may come with the floating pieces of the wreck," I said, rising.

She nodded assent, but seemed too full of the thought of our calamity to speak her words aloud. There was an unspoken grief in her bowed head, and dejected air. I walked away thoughtfully down the strand.

A little way and I saw some object on the shore. Approaching it I found it to be the body of a drowned sailor. "The first victim," I murmured and walked on. I found no other bodies, but wreckage began to strewn the shore. And among the wreckage was several glass-covered boxes that I knew to be the receptacles of the crawling part of the menagerie on the ill-fated ship. The glass, of course, was broken, and the snakes were already strewn the beach with their long slim bodies and flat heads. They seemed not to have suffered from their recent salt bath, but were as lively as in their native jungle. Realizing the danger from possible bites from the reptiles, many of them poisonous, I gave them a wide berth, and finally detoured around and returned to my companion just in time to see a large cobra poised in front of her and apparently on the point of striking his deadly fangs into her tender flesh. To say that I was horror-stricken, would be a tame expression to note my feelings at that crucial moment. My limbs were momentarily paralyzed, and my brain ceased to think. A black mist floated before my eyes in which all the horrors of awful death by cobra bite figured in my imagination, then coming from the momentary state of inaction I reached my hand to my hip pocket and was thankful to feel the handle of my revolver. The thought that the salt water would make the discharge of the piece an impossibility flashed into my mind as the firearm was drawn to a level and my eye sighted along the barrel until the snake's hooded head came into the center. Then with a silent prayer for divine assistance I pressed the trigger.

Following the report of the weapon the snake's head fell on one side and the body coiled into a writhing mass. Conscious that I had hit the mark, I hastily drew Miss Debi from harm's way, and as the reptile soon lay still in death, we changed our position farther down the strand. As we walked she put her arm in mine and looking into my face said, with a tremulous voice:

"Sahib has saved my life. Debi never forget."

As my mind recalled the incidents connected with our journey by sea, the quest of the diamonds, the shipwreck and all I was minded to ask of her: "I suppose Miss Debi, that you have the diamonds safe about your person?"

"Alas, sahib, I have not the diamonds. And the loss of them makes me mourn inwardly and with great trouble of mind. When the waters were high and the ship was about to go on the rocks, and the English yacht was in our wake, I thought to secrete the gems, not then being aware that the danger of shipwreck was so near. And I secreted them down in the steerage where the snakes had their cages. I put the necklace in the snake's cage among the poisonous reptiles, and I was sure that it would be safe there, for the English would not dare to meddle with the creatures that would bite them. I was a friend of the Indian keeper, and he assisted me in raising the cover of the box that held the snakes

whose bite is deadly. And I dropped them in and we closed the cover quickly, before they could get out. When you called me, Sahib, to go on deck and save my life, I was so frightened that I did not think of the jewels, and there they remained in the snake's box. And now the ship is wrecked, and all is lost."

"But the snakes' boxes are washed ashore. See, they are down by the beach, to our left."

"Oh, sahib! It may be that the diamonds are in the box and that they can be recovered, but I pray you do not try to go there now, for the snakes are all round the place, and your life would not be safe."

"Very well, we will wait for a time, and perhaps the reptiles will crawl away. In the meantime we should search for some of the shell-fish and clams, and other articles of food that may abound here, for we shall need to be sustained with edibles of some kind. I am thinking that perhaps the yacht's crew were able to weather the rough water, and may make a landing on some part of the island. If such is the case, it would be our one avenue of escape. Of course they would take us off, knowing our helplessness."

"Oh, yes, they would take care of us, for the English are humane, and have a sense of honor that makes them do for others as a matter of principle, even though the ones they help are not to their liking," she said with a sense of regret in her voice, that I could not fathom.

A sound greeted our ears. It was the sound of firearms, and we knew that the English had landed and the snakes most likely engaged in exterminating the snakes along the beach. Looking in the direction of the shooting, we soon espied a body of men far down the beach, but rapidly coming nearer, and firing as they advanced.

In a moment, it was plain that we had been seen by them, for they waved their caps, and then marched toward us in military order. In a few moments we were met, congratulated on our escape from the wreck, and offered a refuge on the yacht that they said lay in a little cove around the point. Most of the talking was done by a tall, distinguished looking man with gray beard and hair.

I thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and asked if there were any other survivors of the wreck that he had knowledge of. This question elicited the fact of his having saved several persons from the wreck, including one woman. Probably the reason that I had not been able to see the yacht at any time since the hour of the wreck, was because a projecting point in the island's circumference hid from view the rock-reef where the ship struck. While we were talking the tall gentleman kept looking at Miss Debi with the air of one who has a special interest. And she regarded him with shy glances altogether at variance with her usual demeanor. At length he said:

"If I mistake not this young person is a lady in the dress of a male, and she is known by the name of Sundari Debi Travadi. It would please me much to have the truth in this matter, as it has to do with my mission in the South Seas. I am Lord Beckwood, at your service."

As the question was directed more especially to Debi herself, though he spoke in such a way that I might well have replied, I waited for her to answer, thinking it best to trust to her woman intuition in the matter of disclosing her identity. She replied after a moment of consideration:

"Your conjecture is right, My Lord, I am Sundari Debi."

"I am so glad to have found you," he said, with profound respect as he raised his cap in deference to her sex or was it in deference to her truthfulness, or beauty, or what?

After a moment in which neither spoke he said: "I have something of importance to say to you Miss Debi, but before I say it, I want to see you in more comfortable and dry garments, which are to be had at the cabins of the yacht. Shall we go at once?"

"If you please sir," she answered with such apparent satisfaction in her tones that I could but feel that her woman's intuition was telling her that Lord Beckwood was not such a bad scion of nobility as might be supposed.

We started on, the main body of yachtsmen going in advance, while Lord Beckwood kept pace with Miss Debi and myself a few yards in the rear. The thought of the possible recovery of the diamonds occurred to me, and I said to Lord Beckwood: "My companion, Miss Debi has lost some trinket back on the beach, and if you do not mind I will retrace my steps and look for it, while you go on slowly. I will soon catch up with you."

"Certainly," said Lord Beckwood, and I ran back as fast as I could, and in a few minutes stood before the snake cage that lay well up on the sand.

As I bent over to scrutinize the interior of the box from which the glass had been broken something rose out of it with astonishing quickness, and reminded me of a "Jack-in-the-box."

The nature of the thing, however, was far from reassuring, for it assumed the ugly proportions of the dreaded cobra, and was poised to strike. I did not dare to move, and my very breathing was suppressed. My only hope was that if I kept perfectly quiet the snake would not regard me as an enemy, and perhaps forego the pleasure of sticking its fangs into my flesh. The chance was so small, however, that I found myself thinking of all the bad deeds that I had ever done, and wondering if God would forgive me. Some fanciful thought flitted through my overwrought brain concerning the Orthodox heaven with its streets of gold, and then I was aware that something extraordinary was happening. It began with a sharp sound, as of a man making a cluck with his tongue in the roof of his mouth. It was sufficient to attract the snake's attention, and sounded almost directly behind me. I dared not turn, or move. The snake's eyes were riveted on the new object, and seemed to be looking just to my right. After a long gaze in which I suffered all the agony of suspense, the hooded head began to sway with a kind of indecision, and finally lowered to the ground, and the creature crawled away along the water's edge.

I breathed again, and have a sigh of relief from the awful strain, then turned to confront Sriman Sasindra. His attitude was one of calmness, though his expression was grave and somewhat forbidding. He addressed me with:

"Sahib had a narrow escape. Sahib should be careful and not run into danger, needlessly."

"Oh, yes, that is true, Mr. Sasindra," I began, then realizing that he had probably saved my life by some process of Hindu magic, or control over the serpent, I said: "I think that I am indebted to you for the privilege of living a little longer on this earth. Allow me to thank you most heartily, for driving away the cobra."

"You are welcome," he answered shortly, adding: "Were you looking for something hereabouts?"

I admitted that I was in search of the diamonds which were again among the missing. "Do not waste your time, Sahib, the gems cannot be found."

"I will take your advice, since it is so dangerous to dally where the cobras are liable to spring on to one at any moment. I will join my friends yonder. And may I presume to ask if you were among the saved by the yacht's crew?"

"Yes, Sahib, the master, Lord Beckwood took me from the wreck just as it was breaking up. You might have remained and been saved by him also, but there was danger of the wreck going to pieces, and, on the whole, I do not regret in advising you to jump with the young lady," he answered thoughtfully kicking his toes into the soft sand.

"Will you come with me to the yacht?"

"Thanks, Sahib."

We walked along together, and accelerated our pace to catch up with the yachtsmen. Lord Beckwood, and Miss Debi who were already far in advance.

In half an hour we were all snugly in the cabin of the yacht, in dry garments, and provided

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Nine Fine Stories

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July, 1912.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by two; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

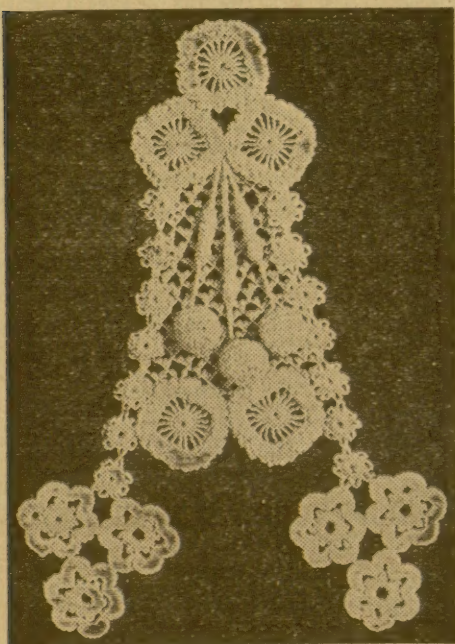
D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; p. k. picot and knot together; * indicates a repetition.

Floral Jabots in Irish Crochet.

Of all the many kinds of real lace worn at present Irish crochet still holds a foremost place. Though very expensive it is one of the laces which clever women can learn to make for themselves. Any woman who understands crocheting and carefully carries out the following directions will be charmed with the result. The popularity of the Jabot continues undiminished. These here illustrated are handsome and distinctive and if well made will wear indefinitely. Any of the various motifs could be made and worked up in dozens of different ways for collars, yokes, waists, bags, etc., or made into medallions which are pretty inserted in waists and combined with embroidery. All the stitches used in this work are fully explained above.

Buttercup Jabot

Begin by making one of these which form the two groups of three buttercups each on either side of the bottom of the stock. Wind the cord 8 times around 2 matches, held together, cut cord, slip off, join in the working thread by winding it several turns over the cord, draw up thread and make 3 s. c. over cord ring, 1 p., 4 s. c., 1 p., repeat 5 times, 2 s. c., join. Now join in 2 strands of p. c. by working a s. c. in loop at end. * 2 s. c., 15 d. c., 2 s. c. on cord



BUTTERCUP JABOT.

alone, 1 s. c. between the next 2 p. on ring, draw up the cord until you have a good-sized petal. Repeat from * making 6 petals in all. Leave a short length of thread, cut off the padding, leaving about a quarter of an inch, fasten in place by sewing with a few strong stitches on the wrong side.

When 6 flowers are completed join by sewing together in 2 groups of 3 each as shown in illustration.

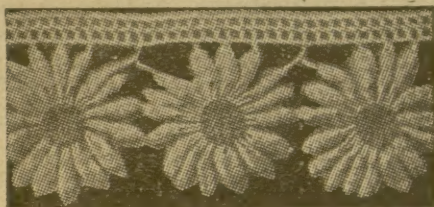
Make a small ring covered with 20 s. c., ch. 6, 1 tr. c. in first st. on ring, * ch. 2, 1 d. c. in next st., repeat from * three times, ch. 2, 1 tr. c. in next st., ch. 3, 1 tr. c. in next st., repeat from * around ring, joining the last ch. 2 to the fourth st. of the first ch. 7. There should be just 20 d. c. and tr. c. in all.

Join in 2 strands of p. c. and work 3 s. c. in each ch. 2 and 5 s. c. in each ch. 3 space all around the square, drop cord, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in the top loop of first s. c., 1 s. c. in top loop of next s. c., * ch. 4, 1 s. c. in same st. with last s. c. and 1 in next st., repeat from * around squares, pick up cord and work a row of s. c. in the

back loops of same sts. last row was worked in. Then another row of picot loops, fasten off.

Make 5 squares, joining them together with needle and thread as shown. Ring border. Wind the cord 7 times around a match, join in the thread and work 16 s. c. in the ring, * 1 sl. st. in the top of each of the first 2 s. c. taking up both loops, ch. 5, repeat from * making 8 picots in all. Make 7 rings for each side joining them together by the picots in working.

Fill the space between squares and rings with a picot ground, and finish with a pendant ornament made as follows: ch. 9, 6 s. c. in the second st. from hook, join first and last s. c.; now work round and round for 5 rows without increasing. Skip every second st. to close the end, ch. 9, 8 s. c. in the first st. of ch., join, *



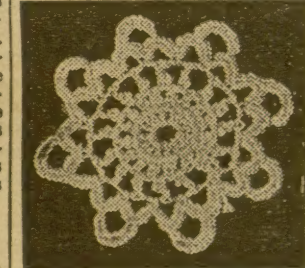
DAISY RICKRACK EDGING.

turn and work around the other way putting 2 s. c. in each s. c. of last row, then work 3 plain rows without increasing. Skip every third st. in the next row then with the top of the crochet hook stuff in jeweler's cotton tightly till the ball is full and a good shape. Skip every second st. in the next row, then close the top with one or two sl. sts., fasten off. Make another the same way, then one with ch. 18 to begin with sew to the squares as shown.

As these motifs are crocheted separately they make nice pick-up work. Though the work is rather slow if done firmly and evenly, and this is the beauty of the work, even so, one is well repaid by the durability of the finished piece.

Wild Rose Jabot

For the rose make a small ring by winding the p. c. 8 times around top of crochet hook, join in working thread and cover the ring closely with s. c., join, ch. 4, 1 s. c. in top loop of first s. c., repeat around, ch. 7, then around the back loops of sts. picots were worked in, work 19 d. c. with ch. 2 between each, ch. 2, join to first ch. 7, join in 2 strands of p. c. and work 3 s. c. in each ch. 2 space of last round, drop cord, * ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next st., repeat 9 times, * ch. 4, turn, 1 s. c. in first, ch. 3, loop (ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next loop) repeat 8 times, * repeat from * to * until you have 7 rows



STAR DOILY.

of loops, draw out loop on hook and pass ball through to fasten thread, let it lie along the side of petal down to the center, sk. 1 s. c., repeat from * making 5 petals in all, join in 2 more strands p. c. and working over all 4 strands work 1 s. c., 3 d. c., 1 s. c. in every other ch. loop up the sides of petals, and the same number of s. c. and d. c. in every loop across the top of petals. Shape the petals nicely by drawing up the cord after which sew a row of tiny rings over the row of s. c. around the center.

Leaves. Make a chain of 10 sts., turn, sk. 1, 1 s. c. in each of 9 sts., ch. 3, 1 s. c. in each of 7 sts. down the other side of ch., * ch. 3, turn, 1 s. c. in each of the 7 sts. of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, and 1 s. c. in each of the next 6 sts., ch. 3, turn, 1 s. c. in each of the 7 s. c. of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 s. c. under ch. 3 and 1 s. c. in each of the next 6 sts., * repeat from * to * until you have 6 ribs on each side of the center rib; then holding the thread under the leaf put the hook down through the first little hole in the center of the leaf, pull up a stitch and pull this stitch through the one on the hook, continue up the center working a row of ch. sts. Sew the leaves together and attach them to the rose as shown in illustration.

Border. Make a chain of sts. twice as long as the finished border is to be. Join in 4 strands of p. c. and * working over the cord and into the chain, work 1 s. c. in each of the next 10 sts. of ch., p. of ch. 4, 1 s. c. in each next 17 sts. of ch., turn, * ch. 5, sk. 3, 1 s. c. in next st., re-

Star Doily

This pattern makes a lovely little eight pointed star. When made of a mercerized thread or crochet silk it measures about four inches across. Made up thus it is pretty for doilies, tidies or collar-and-cuff sets for children's coats. Of fine thread pretty yokes can be made and it also can be utilized for crocheted lace. Each wheel or star must be made separately and joined together by two points. Then a heading can be worked along the top, similar to that shown in the rickrack edging.

The stars are made thus: Ch. 10 sts., join in ring.

1st round—16 tr. c. in ring.

2nd round—Ch. 3, 2 tr. c. in each tr. c. with ch. 1 between.

3rd round—3 tr. c. under each ch. 1 with ch. 3 between.

4th round—For the points, ch. 7 fasten with sl. st. in center, ch. 3 of preceding row, continue around.

5th round—11 d. c. under ch. 7, 5 d. c. under next ch. 7, then ch. 7 turn and sl. st. in sixth d. c. of scallop just made, turn and make 11 d. c. under last ch. 7, 5 d. c. under unfinished half of ch. 7. Repeat all around.

Sixteen of these stars will make a good-sized doily, thirty-two a large tidy and twenty-five placed over a bright silk or cambric a lovely washable cover for a sofa pillow.

MRS. S. E. BUNDY.

peat 3 times, turn, 1 s. c., p., 5 s. c. all under next ch. 5, 6 s. c. under next ch. 5, 3 s. c. under next ch. 5, turn, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in center of next 6 s. c., repeat twice, turn, 1 s. c., p., 5 s. c. all under the first, ch. 5, 3 s. c. under next ch. 5, turn, ch. 6, 1 s. c. in third st. of 5 s. c., turn, 2 s. c., p., 3 s. c., p., 3 s. c., p., 2 s. c. all under ch. 6 loop, 2 s. c., p., 1 s. c. under next ch. 5, 2 s. c., p., 1 s. c. under the next ch. 5, 1 s. c. in each of the next 5 sts. of ch., p., 1 s. c. in each of next 17 sts. of ch., repeat from * 4 times, making 5 little scallops in all. After finishing the fifth scallop make 1 s. c. in each of the next 5 sts., p., 1 s. c. in each of the next 10 sts. of ch., 25 s. c. over the cord, and padding held together, catch in the first s. c. to form a ring, 30 s. c. over ch. and cord as before, turn to form a ring and catch in the 5th st., 30 s. c. on ch. and cord, catch in the 5th s. c. Then work 1 s. c. in the bottom of the first ring to hold them in place, 1 s. c. in each of the next 10 sts. of ch., p., 1 s. c. in each of the next 17 sts. of ch., repeat from * until you have 5 little scallops corresponding with the first 5 made. Baste the motifs on your pattern face down, baste border around edge of pattern and work the background of chains and clones knots or picots, if preferred, worked in the top of the last double.

Clones knot. Make a short chain (5 to 8), thread over needle as if for treble, then pass hook downward to left of chain and catch up a loop of thread, then throw thread over again as if for another treble. Continue to catch up loops alternately above and below the chain until you have as many loops as you wish. Draw thread through all at once, and fasten close with one ch. st. (forming a round knot). Lastly make a stitch around the chain to encircle it close to the knot.

The ball pendants add a distinctive touch that is very pleasing. To make begin with ch. 3, 8 s. c. in first st. of ch., * join first and last s. c., ch. 1, 2 s. c. in each s. c. of last row, taking up both loops, join, ch. 1 and work a row, putting 2 s. c. in every second st., making 24 s. c. in all; then work 3 rows plain without increasing, then decrease by skipping every third st. in the next row. Fill the ball with jeweler's cotton, packing it in firmly. Sk. every second st. in the next row. Close the top with 2 or 3 sts., and ch. 9, 8 s. c. in second st. from hook; repeat from * twice, ch. 15 and fasten off after finishing the third ball. Make two more pendants like this, finishing the two outside ones with 25 ch. sts. Sew them firmly to the back of rose.

For the foundation, take a piece of net 8 by 17 inches, slope off the upper corners so as to leave the top of piece 10 inches wide, hem the long side and two bias ends of strip. Finish with a lace made as follows: ch. 10, 1 tr. c. into first st. of ch., ch. 14, 1 s. c. taken around the ch. 14 to make a circle for center of flower. The circle thus formed is left too large at present for convenience of working. It must be drawn up smaller later on, ch. 1, 1 s. c. into circle (ch. 4, 2 s. c.), 7 times into circle, ch. 2, draw up flower so as to make circle small, 1 s. c. on ch. 14, the flower is now completed. Ch. 9, 1 s. c. into first made space, ch. 15, turn, 1 s. c. into first space, ch. 15, turn, 1 s. c. into space, repeat from * until desired length is completed.

LULU M. HARVEY.

Daisy Relief Lace

In making this lace one might suppose the daisies would have to be made separately and



DAISY RELIEF LACE.

then joined to the lace, but they are not. The complete pattern is worked without breaking the thread.

Begin with chain 40 stitches.

1st row.—1 s. c. in 10th st., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next 5th st., now make a shell of 5 rolls, o. 10 times in 3rd st., pull up the rolls close or the shell will occupy too much space, fasten with sl. st. in next 3rd st., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next 5th st., a shell made as before, then ch. 5, 1 s. c. in next 5th st., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 5th st.; turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 7, a s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in center of shell, * ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in center of shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c.; turn.

3rd row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., 1 shell in first s. c., fasten under 2nd ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell in next s. c., fasten, * ch. 5, 1 s. c., repeat from * twice. The daisy is now begun. Ch. 15, take out needle, insert it into the 5th chain from beginning, bring last loop through; this makes a tiny ring of ch. 10; now ch. 5, take out needle and insert it into the first of the ch. 15, bring last loop through here. Now work 3 roll sts. o. 10 into the tiny ring on the end. Leave the daisy and turn to work on the lace.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. under 1st ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. in center of shell, finish same as 2nd row from *.

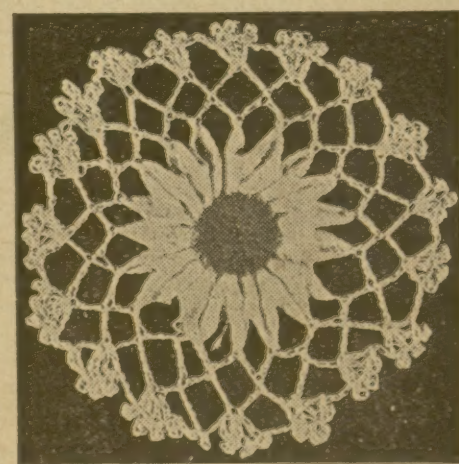
5th row.—Ch. 7, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., 1 shell, ch. 5, 1 s. c., ch. 5, 1 s. c. at the top of the roll in the daisy; now 3 rolls into the daisy and turn to work on the lace. Repeat the 4th row, which leaves you at the end of the 6th row.

7th row.—Repeat the 3rd row up to the daisy, the last ch. 5 fasten as you did before on the last roll, now 15 rolls in the daisy and join so the chains will not show from the front, next ch. 3, 1 s. c. in the space on the edge. (If this was the second daisy you would now make ch. 3 and fasten it in the first daisy on its first loop, and then ch. 3 and make a s. c. on the unfinished daisy between its first 2 rolls). On this daisy ch. 3, 1 s. c. between first two rolls after turning, after this ch. 5, 1 s. c. between each roll until 12 loops are made, then ch. 5 and 1 s. c. under each space and on the center of each shell.

Begin again on the first row only that now you have a different foundation from a chain to work on.

Rickrack Daisies

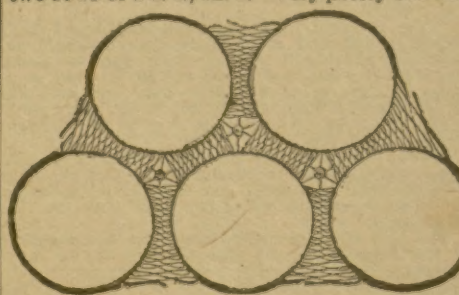
This old-fashioned braid is again being used considerably and very effective it is for trimming and also fancy work. The large illustration shows a daisy combined



DAISY DOILY.

with crochet for a little doily. The center is crocheted of yellow silk, simply single crochet round and round until the circle is about as large as a penny. To the edge of this sew the points of No. 8 rickrack very closely; join neatly. Then with crochet cotton make a chain of 5 between each point. Second row, chains of 7 as shown. Finish with a scallop of 5 tr. c. and 4 p. of ch. 3 each in the center of each ch. 7.

Narrower braid formed into smaller daisies with white centers can be made up into beautiful edgings as illustrated. Sew the points together, then crochet a chain along one side, add two rows of 1 d. c., ch. 1. Very pretty substance



FAGOTTING.

tial trimming for children's cotton dresses can be made in this way.

Another attractive trimming for dresses and waists which can be very quickly and easily made we also illustrate. For this small pieces of any closely woven material, such as broadcloth or suiting is best. Anything which will not fray can be cut into small circles about the size of a spool end. These circles are then basted on a paper of the required shape and fagotted together with silk of the same or a contrasting color.

Very pretty yokes and collars especially can be made in this way.

A Few Words by the Editor

THE frightful disaster to the Titanic, the mightiest ship that ever ploughed the seas, with its terrible death toll of 1635 lives sent a thrill of horror through the entire world. The Titanic was the last word in shipbuilding. She was immune from the ravages of storm and tempest, wave and billow, but she was not immune from that all-devouring Moloch of the present age, speed madness, which annually claims its victims by the tens of thousands. All ordinary precautions of seamanship were thrown to the winds in the one great desire to make a record for the great ship's maiden trip. A record was made but it was not the kind of record the captain, crew, owners, passengers and public were looking for or expecting. It was a record of death and disaster, unequalled in its horror and heroism since the days when men first went down to the sea in ships. It was, however, a record which the world invites and must expect as long as the traveling public insists on extravagant luxuries and are victims of speed mania.

The iceberg with which the Titanic collided had a right to be where it was, it was doing what other icebergs have been doing for thousands of years and will continue to do for thousands of years more. It was not placed specially by the hand of God in the ship's path to destroy her. It was not in the power of the lumbering berg to have avoided the swiftly moving vessel, but it was in the power of the ship's officers who had been repeatedly warned of the presence of dangerous ice fields to have either slackened speed or have taken the floating city they commanded into safer waters. To do this, however, would have shattered the chance of making a speed record, and so the mighty vessel was driven headlong to her doom with the appalling results you well know.

Ocean greyhounds are run for profit solely. It is the speediest and most luxurious vessel that receives the most patronage and earns the biggest profits for its owners. Steamship rivalry on the Atlantic is keen and the demand for speed and luxury is insatiable.

All ships, of course, should carry sufficient lifeboats to accommodate both passengers and crew, but lifeboats without skilled seaman to man them are practically useless. We have all heard of the immense crew that was aboard the Titanic, but out of the 890 people engaged by the company to man the ship, there were only sixty-five able experienced seamen that knew anything about lowering lifeboats or navigating a vessel. As a matter of fact the British seaman and others of his class have disappeared almost entirely from the ocean liners of today. The Titanic carried no less than 475 stewards, 360 firemen, coal passers and engineers, men who knew absolutely nothing of seamanship. By thus analyzing the so-called crew, we find that the Titanic had really no crew at all. It takes four skilled seamen to release a lifeboat from its davits and lower it safely into the water. The Titanic had not sufficient seamen to man even the few boats it carried. Stewards and stokers have no more knowledge of sea craft than a brick layer has of dentistry.

The Titanic was capable of carrying crew and passengers, combined, over 4000 souls. The company had provided 475 men to feed its passengers and crew and only 65 men to save their lives. Luxury you see is of more consideration than safety.

You will probably ask why the big steamships do not carry sufficient boats and seamen to man them in cases of emergency. It is all a matter of cost. Boats cost comparatively

little, but the space they occupy, especially when sufficient are carried to accommodate all the passengers the vessel is capable of holding, encroaches greatly on the room needed for palm gardens, squash courts, gymnasiums, swimming pools and other luxuries of modern up-to-date ocean travel. But boats, as the writer has previously pointed out, without seamen are of little use. It would require not 65 but 300 sailors to properly man boats capable of carrying all the human freight that could crowd aboard a ship of the Titanic's bulk. To maintain, pay, and find accommodations for a real crew of this size would make a big hole in steamship dividends. Palm gardens and other luxuries of that type would have to go by the board. Steamship fares would increase, and the more expensive ocean travel is the fewer there are who can indulge in it. In the long run safety will be found as expensive as luxury and probably in future only millionaires will be able to travel on ships that are both danger proof and luxurious.

It was human vanity, ambition and the greed for gold that caused the Titanic disaster. Avaricious man and not Providence was responsible for this terrible calamity. The public are equally guilty. The whole cry of the age is for more speed. Nearly everyone is willing to take a chance and those who prefer a whole skin and safety to a lightning dash that may end in death, are regarded as foolish and old fashioned.

The average business man bolts his breakfast, dashes like a maniac to catch a car which he boards while it is in motion, at the risk of his life, rushes to his office, breathless and panting, and then congratulating himself that he has gained ten seconds on his wild journey, works more often than not like a maniac, bolting his lunch meanwhile, and then tornado-like hies home to dinner, with the theater to follow. He works and lives at high pressure. He goes the pace and it is the pace that kills.

The automobile, probably the most helpful and valuable of all the agencies of progress, has developed speed mania amongst people never before afflicted with this kind of madness, and as a result of this mania it has had to demonstrate its usefulness in a veritable sea of blood. In every industry the cry is speed, more speed, until the worker drops from exhaustion. The employer, spurred by his greed for profits, is but little better off than the employee. He works at full pressure from morning till night, and at the time he should be in the prime of his life, he is a semi-invalid; a victim of speed madness, hovering on the brink of that river of eternity, which he is doomed soon to cross.

What is gained by this speed madness? Nothing whatsoever. The ability to annihilate distance in cases of grave emergency is a great advantage to humanity, but the average victim of this speed craze is not rushing to the bed of a dying friend, nor trying to accomplish any worthy object, or serve any useful purpose by endangering his life and the lives of those entrusted to his care. If he is running his own touring car, he cares nothing for the entrancing scenes of the countryside through which he is passing. The flowers by the wayside, the beauty of hill, valley and stream, tell no story to him of a Creator's goodness and love. He is staring wildly into space, seeing nothing, caring for nothing but the exhilaration of rapid movement, experiencing the same sensations that would be possibly felt by the lightning bolt as it hurtles through the heavens, if inanimate objects had the power to feel and think. The speed-mad motorist is only concerned with speed. He has

bought a car which can travel sixty miles an hour, and he is going to show all creation that his car can not only go sixty miles but seventy if pushed to the limit, and the desire to push things to the limit, human and inanimate, is at the bottom of, and is the essence and core of, this vicious and deadly mania for speed, more speed.

Bill Jones is ahead, he must not give us his dust, we must show our car is better than his by passing him. The speed maniac dashes ahead—wife and friends in the tonneau behind are forgotten. Suddenly an unexpected bend in the road reveals an approaching team, or a hidden car track on which is moving a train at express speed. There is a terrific crash, and the speed maniac, and the victims of his madness, and the innocent occupants of the car with which he has collided are dashed into eternity.

What is gained by speed madness? Speeding in the mills, mines and factories; speeding in the business world; speeding on the railroads; highways and high seas? Absolutely nothing. What does the speeding up of the workers result in? Higher wages, more comforts, greater leisure? Not at all. The workman whose machine finishes a thousand pairs of shoes daily, may be the head of a family that has scarcely one pair of decent shoes to their feet. Speeding up in the coal mines means, in a stifling atmosphere filled with coal dust, a blinding explosion, a sheet of fiery flame and the snuffing out of hundreds of lives. Speeding up in the steel mills means rotten rails. Speeding up on our "fliers" means the crumbling of faulty rails and death and mutilation of scores of innocent men, women and children.

The vicious maelstrom of speed madness irresistibly sweeps its victims into its all devouring waters, and dashes them against the jagged rocks of their own folly, greed, selfishness and madness, and vomits them on to the merciless sands of fate, pitiful unrecognized corpses that testify eloquently to the deadly nature of the speed craze of the age.

If you will go through the industrial establishments of the United States, you will see scarcely a man over forty. "Where are the middle-aged and old men?" asked an inquisitive foreigner of a mill owner. "Come out to the cemetery and I will show you," was the prompt reply. Boys and girls who are forced by necessity into the industrial maelstrom are, as a result of the speeding process, only fit for the scrap heap at forty, and younger blood takes their places, for though youth can be speeded, age cannot.

The Good Book says: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," and may we not ask in the light of the terrible Titanic disaster and other appalling catastrophes which take their toll of human life—what profiteth humanity if by speed madness it annihilates space or heaps up profits, if at the end of the "go-the-limit" period the speeders are converted into invalids, maniacs, or lie rigid in the embrace of death.

Let us work while we work, and play while we play, but let us work and play like rational human beings, gifted by God with intelligence, pity, decency and common sense, and not men and women bereft of reason, dashing madly along the ways that lead only to death and destruction. The speed craze is as deadly as the drug or liquor habit, and the same forces of law and public sentiment that fight the latter two destructive habits should combat the former.

Comfort's Editor.

The Craze for Gold

Or, The Wreck of Holman's Outfit

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

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CHAPTER I.

HOW they got there, or where they came from, not the oldest prospector in Cary Holman's mining expedition could guess, and he had the complete outfit and the best men with him that had ever hunted for gold on Bill Williams's Fork, or in the valley of any other mining river.

Old man Hedger said they must have come overland, and Captain Varley, late of the regular cavalry, as he described himself, said they must have come up the Colorado.

"You see," argued the captain, somewhat overbearing, "they never could have brought all that plunder overland, and boats would fetch it up the Fork within twenty or thirty miles of this."

"How do you know they've got so much plunder," growled old Hedger? through his grizzly wealth of beard. "You haven't been inside the stockade yet, let alone the house."

"But what puzzles me," interrupted another speaker, "is how they came to be here so long, anyhow, and none of us ever hear a word about them, even from the Indians. It must have taken two years to make all those improvements. Everything's in tiptop order."

The speaker was a tall, bronzed, fine-looking specimen of American manhood, with a world of determination in his firm jaws and his dark, steady, unwavering eye—the very man to lead around two dozen of gold-seekers into the heart of the still bitterly debated domains of the merciless Apaches.

"Cary Holman," responded old Hedger, "I don't reckon you'll find much that couldn't be hauled over in two or three good wagons. Cap'n Varley ain't o' no 'count in settling questions o' that sort; but why don't ye go right in onto 'em? What are ye haltin' for, out yer?"

Holman's bearded lips parted in a pleasant laugh, as he replied: "Well, Hedger, to tell the truth, I hardly know, unless it be to reconnoiter. Tell the boys to drive on, and we'll see what's the meaning of such a settlement away out here in the diggings."

The halt of "Holman's Outfit," as the members of the expedition had christened it before ever it started from Prescott, and the torrent of comments and surmises of which this conversation formed a small part, had been made on the summit of a "rising ground" in the plain, near a southerly branch of what is put down on the maps of Arizona as Bill Williams's Fork, and in the very heart of a hitherto unknown region, dimly imagined to be rich in all the hidden treasures which fire the imaginations and tempt the adventurous souls of the daring gold-hunters of the West. That is to say, the immediate cause of the halt had been the sudden discovery that the "unexplored" country into which they had penetrated was not so altogether unexplored as they had fondly deemed it.

There, before them, less than half a mile away, nestling between a curve of the stream and a high, precipitous mesa, or prolonged bluff of volcanic rock, lay a very comfortable patch of cultivated ground, watched over, at the foot of the

mesa, by a strong stockade, in the center of which arose a well-built dwelling of stone, hewn logs, and unburnt brick or adobe. Moreover, while the bluff itself, to the perpendicular wall of which the stockade extended, formed an all-sufficient protection on that side—the experienced eyes of Cary Holman and his comrades instantly detected the signs of something more than ordinary housekeeping.

"That's been something more than deer-meat roasted at the foot of that thar chimney," growled old Hedger; "but thar's a good deal about it that I don't more'n half understand."

"Maybe, then, thar's something out yonder you kin git a meaning from," sharply responded the rugged mountain man he had spoken to.

"Hark to the captain! Hurrah for Cary Holman!"

"Apaches! Apaches!"

"They're surrounded!"

"No, they ain't. That Varley's a good one."

"Better'n ever I reckoned on, anyhow."

Amidst a storm of shouts and comments, the ready miners rapidly drew their teams together in the traditional style of the plains, under such circumstances hardly needing the swift commands of Cary Holman, for he and not Varley had been the "captain" whose energy and promptness had been recognized by the ready cheers of the men. Nevertheless, the ex-officer of cavalry was just then winning for himself a very good place in the opinions of his comrades.

Accompanied by two others, he had been sent out on the flank when the train was put in motion after its brief halt—for Holman was a cautious leader as well as a bold one—and before the little squad had ridden three hundred yards, they had found themselves in one of these predicaments which test human pluck and nerve to the uttermost, and which yet form a part of almost the daily life of the Arizona gold-hunter.

Right close upon them came riding a squad of four white men, whose weary steeds in vain attempted to keep up the semblance of a gallop, while behind and on either side of these there on horseback, whose numbers seemed every moment to increase and multiply.

Plucky fellows were those four white men, and full of faith in their kind and color, for no sooner did they catch sight of Varley and his comrades and the compact line of the train in their rear, than they deliberately slackened their gait and began to ply their repeating rifles at every tolerable redskin mark which presented itself.

It would have disgraced them forever if the three miners had faltered in face of an example like that; but Varley and his two friends showed no signs of the "white feather," merely halting, with wise deliberation, till the strangers joined company with them, and then adding their own keen marksmanship to that which the yelling Apaches already seemed to hold in wholesome dread.

Now, however, the savages gathered fast, in a cloud whose very numbers gave them boldness, it was at this juncture—for the whole thing had come "like a flash"—that the behavior of Varley himself had called out the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole train.

Whether or not he had ever been a cavalry officer, he had persisted in wearing a regulation saber, in spite of the unbecoming derision of not a few of the "mountain men" and miners, and now he displayed a skill and power in its use which was of more than a little value.

Meantime, while giving his other orders, Cary Holman had picked out eight or nine of his best and best mounted men, and while the train moved steadily forward, he led them at full speed to the rescue of the apparently doomed victims of the Apache "surround."

It seemed a foolhardy thing to do, and so it might have been for men of any other sort of training, but it was a sore thing for the savages and a wonderful help to their antagonists, less than a minute thereafter, when the foremost braves began to roll from their saddles, and the saber of Varley could once more be sheathed long enough for him to slide fresh cartridges into the chamber of his carbine.

He had but four men with him now, for one of the strangers and one of his own had already gone down hopelessly as the remainder desperately maintained the steady struggle of their retreat.

No use to think of stopping to pick up wounded men at such a time, if wounded they were, and "down" was as good as dead. The approach of Cary Holman and his party was none too soon, and their fire had been none too true, for the safety of all concerned.

Steadily, therefore, and plying their rifles as they went, the white men fell back toward the now hastening train, followed at a more and more respectful distance by the yelling swarm of Apaches.

"There are more of them coming, sir. They have gathered on our trail for two days, and it must be a preconcerted thing, for we've had no trouble with them before, and this is our third year. Perhaps they knew of your own movement."

These remarks were addressed in a calm, well-modulated sort of style to Cary Holman himself, and the young leader could hardly believe his ears, accustomed as he was to meet singular men among the diggings.

The speaker seemed to be in a manner the leader of the strangers, and this was the first evidence either of them had given that they knew how to talk. A tall, gaunt, rough-bearded, bronzed old man was he, with long white hair falling down over the tattered remnants of what once might have been a coat. His other garments would hardly have tempted a ragpicker, but Cary Holman needed no one to tell him that he was talking to a gentleman.

"No, indeed," he responded. "All our movements have been kept a secret—so close, that our own men had hardly an idea of where I meant to lead them. Still, I must say we calculated on having to shoot a few Apaches."

"A few of them!" exclaimed the stranger. "I shall be glad if we do not have half the tribe to deal with." And then he turned in his saddle and added to his silent companions, "John, my boy, you and Percy ride on with me. We must get things ready for our guests. Hurry up your train, captain. We have room for you all, and there will be some comfort in being behind a stockade for the rest of the day."

"Never a doubt of that," growled old man Hedger, "and lucky for you to have a garrison like this for your stockade."

Whether he heard or not, the white-haired stranger politely touched his weary broadbrim as he struck spurs to his gray horse and Cary Holman responded as politely and as silently while the queer trio slowly cantered away.

The distance they had to go was not great, and the train in a manner "covered" them from redskin pursuit, but it was an odd sort of thing to do after all.

"I say, Holman," remarked Captain Varley, "did you twig that fellow he called John? Face like a hawk, with a touch of a wolf in it. I never saw such a pair of eyes in the head of any human being."

"The other one's as bad," testily added old man Hedger. "More like a corp on horseback than a live human. They kin all shoot, though, and the old feller's as game as a chicken."

"He's right about the stockade, too," cheerily responded Holman. "We're in for a rough sort of a time, and I'm glad our fort's ready made to our hands. Steady, now, boys. Forward all. We'll be there inside of fifteen minutes."

Perhaps Holman's calculation was not so far out of the way, counting by the watch, but minutes are long things under some circumstances. Heavily loaded wagons, full of mining gear and provisions, do not travel fast over rough ground, even with four span of mules to the wagon, and the threatening cloud of redskins was momentarily gathering with a darker and more ominous show of force.

If one thing was clearer than another, it was that no considerable amount of mining, or even of prospecting, was likely to be accomplished until something should happen to burst that very "cloud."

"A storm of lead, for instance?"

"Perhaps, as well as anything."

CHAPTER II.

It may have been half an hour or so before Cary Holman's "outfit" drew up for its brief halt on the rise, and in a sort of shaded veranda in front of the stockaded dwelling between the little river and the bluff there were seated two young women. Both had more than ordinary pretensions to womanly attractiveness. Neither could apparently have been seen more than twenty summers, although the sun of Arizona had been none too friendly with them, and their garments were such as might have been expected under the circumstances. The very hands with which they plied their busy needles, though shapely, bore tokens of severe toil than that, and the two fair young faces were darkened by an expression of the most painful anxiety.

"Four days, Laura, and no sign of their return. I'm glad they cleaned up all the ore before they started. We did well to finish all that smelting in forty hours."

"We worked day and night, Nellie," was the reply; "and what will the ingots be worth if your father does not come back?"

The speaker was the shorter and more slightly formed of the two, almost a brunette in her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

July



This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A GAIN and again have I received personal letters from the sisters asking me to give my opinion on woman-suffrage, and just so often as I attempted to do so have I turned back, because I am so impressed by the gravity of the situation that I wanted to give it greater consideration, and if I could, to help others put their ideas into shape, and view dispassionately this problem that can no longer be lightly dismissed from our minds.

It is not my object to stand either for or against giving the ballot to women, for I am still in the ranks with those who feel that only the experimental stage has been reached, and with intense interest I am watching those states who have given the vote to their women.

On May 4, in New York City, ten thousand women marched for votes headed by a cavalcade, and more than six hundred men marched to show their sympathy with the cause.

The purpose of this demonstration was no doubt to impress the opponents of women-suffrage with the fact of their strength in numbers and range of intelligence, for the recruits were from the professions, the arts and wage-earners. That you may better realize the effect of this movement I will quote from some of the leading publications:

Says the Boston Christian Science Monitor, "The question of 'Votes for Women' is with the American people as an issue to be dealt with, not flippantly nor superficially, but seriously and patriotically, for the political future of this Republic and the future of democracy are to be largely in women's hands."

The New York Times declares "the situation is dangerous," and adds:

"We have said that the ballot will secure to women no right that the needs and does not now possess. That is a true statement, and we hold that it is not debatable. Women are thoroughly protected by the existing laws. Her rights as a taxpayer, a holder of property, are not in danger. Her dower rights are scrupulously upheld in the Probate Courts. In her pursuit of all the privileges and duties of men, however, she is deliberately endangering many rights she now enjoys without legal sanction."

The Times asks the following question which every intelligent, thinking woman must consider well before she asks for votes to women: "There were, at most ten thousand women in yesterday's parade. If their cause triumphs there will be seven hundred thousand women voters in this municipality. Have the ten thousand thought much about the measure of influence they would exert if the whole number voted under the control of their associations and environment and as their intelligence impelled them to?" "We must choose between our personal ascendancy and political equality," writes Mary P. D. Hazard.

"It will be a sad day for the world when the interest of women is centered on politics instead of homes and children," comments the Brooklyn Citizen.

And now we turn about to find those friendly to the suffrage movement are by no means in the minority.

"It is difficult to see why the process should alarm anybody of either sex," says the Boston Traveler.

The Pittsburgh Leader declares that "the enfranchisement of women will be the real beginning of actual democracy." Also "if we are really to make genuine effort to wipe out special privilege, why not begin by giving votes to women and putting an end to the special privilege of votes for men only?"

The New York Evening Journal thinks that: "Women are going to have their say in the laws that rule them and their children, and nothing will stop it."

Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain-climber, is a strong, impressive supporter of the cause. In her reply to a Times editorial she says:

"And why not observe those places where women do vote? Forty years in Wyoming! Are women treated worse there than in New York? Twenty years in Colorado! Are they less respected there? * * * We have no fear that men will be less chivalrous or respectful. We are willing to take the chance. Justice, the greatest and rarest of the virtues, is better than chivalry. * * * Usurp the social and civil functions of men? Now, we think that men have usurped the social and civil functions which belong to human beings. We want our share."

Nature appears to have intended women solely for motherhood, wherein lies our greatest strength, but that she can do all the kinds of work that men do is an acknowledged fact, and when this same mother-better her children from temptation, she will qualify herself to intelligently meet the situation.

Must we not cry "Bravo" to the women whose votes have opened saloons?

But do women want to vote? Ann Watkins in the New York Outlook emphasizes this question: "Why should the vote be forced upon the 22,000,000 women who don't want it by the 2,000,000 who do? These are figures we cannot get away from, and it is the pivot on which the whole situation turns." If the ballot is given to women, in self protection every woman must vote.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I see you suggest that the sisters write on "patience." I will write on kindness for it is a twin sister to patience. More hearts pine away in secret and perish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters than from any other source in life. A word of kindness is a seed which when dropped by chance, springs up a flower. A kind word and pleasant voice are gifts easy to give. Kindness is like a calm and peaceful stream that reflects every object. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes. It finds its way into hidden chambers of the heart. Kindness makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark. Write your name by kindness on the heart of people you come in contact with. How sweet are the affections of kindness. It is the very principle of love. Kindness is stored away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer. Little drops of rain brighten meadow and little dots of kindness brighten the world. If we would only think twice before we speak many unkind words would remain unspoken.

I would like to hear from the COMFORT sisters. I got many nice letters when I wrote before.

"Kind words will comfort the weary,
Kind words will comfort the soul,
Give of affection a token,
And make the sorrowful glad."

MRS. MOLLIE MUMFORD, Harwood, R. R. 1, Box 11, Texas.

Mrs. Mumford. "Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have just finished reading Mrs. James's letter in May COMFORT. Her remarks on the "Lifting of the Veil" have greatly interested me, as I, too, am the mother of two little boys, and am equally desirous of having them grow up good and pure-minded men. "Cleanliness is akin to godliness," but I know there can be no real cleanliness of the body without cleanliness of the mind first.

And I too, am struck by the fact that many people who regard a girl's bringing up as so important, will neglect the boy's, seeming to think they do not need the same watchfulness and care.

I should dread to see a boy whom I had carefully guarded and taught to shun evil talk and actions, wedded to a girl of careless bringing up, just as much as I should dread to give a good pure girl into a young man's keeping when I knew he was not fit for the charge morally, so it seems to me the responsibilities are equal, as we shield and advise our daughters so must we shield and guide our sons, and blessed is the woman who has a good, honest man to help with the boys, for he can do much that a mother cannot.

You know there comes a time in every boy's life when he seems to dislike "apron-string rule," no matter how much he loves his mother. Then is the time "the good man's words" carry weight, and if the boys have lost their father, or if he is indifferent, believing as so many men do, "that the boys are all right without so much fussing," then try to help them in selecting some good moral man as an example. Boys are certainly imitators if there ever were any, and it is lots of help if one can point to a pastor or schoolmaster whom they respect and in whom they have confidence.

However, in most homes, I believe the father is as anxious to have the children grow up good as the mother, and is also willing to bear his share of the responsibility. It is so in our home.

I have been married nearly eight years. My oldest boy will be five in December, the youngest is but fifteen months. Our boys are strong and our home is happy one, although many would call it humble, and we know what it is to work hard and to be saving in every way, yet we are satisfied with our home and would not willingly exchange it for a new one, as we like the country which is fast becoming settled and beginning to advance along modern lines. We live about seven and one half miles from Bagley, Minn. This place my husband took as a claim about three years before we were married, so you see he was "an old bachelor," and when I am not well, he can do the work, although he is not fond of housework, but as I have never been sick much, he has not been called on very often in that line either, except during the past winter while we had from six to seven boarders for about three months, then he came handy.

We are to have a rural free delivery mail route in about six weeks, and are much pleased over it.

Land is coming up in value all the while, and it will not be long until we can get good prices if we wish to sell.

We have one hundred and sixty acres. It was heavily timbered but my husband cut all the timber on eighty acres last winter, and we can soon begin to get a field, using a stump-puller with which to clear.

I am twenty-eight the middle of the coming August, and my husband was thirty-nine in March.

Mrs. Kelly. I agree with you, truth is always best, and it is easy to train a child to tell it if one begins right, but there must be a high regard for truth in the home. A child has keen eyes and sharp ears, and one cannot teach them one thing and expect them to follow the teaching without first setting the example.

Yes, by all means let us teach the children to help and let us teach them to be kind to all dumb animals. With best wishes to all the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson.

MRS. I. O. ARNEY, Bagley, Clearwater Co., Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

For several years I have been a subscriber to COMFORT. I love the magazine because it is clean and true. The Sisters' Corner I think is worth more than the price we pay for the paper. I read and sometimes reread the letters, but I have never attempted to write one myself. Hitherto I have been content to think good thoughts, while others wrote good words, but the subject introduced in and discussed in the December number, "What does it take to be a Christian?" has so wrought upon my spiritual feelings I can no longer resist the desire to join in, to feel that I belong to the family that loves to sit together in Heavenly places, and that I am no longer an outcast, but a child of God, whether or not I am accepted remains to be seen. If I am not I am none the less.

A little to my surprise none of the sisters in their letters on the above-named subject mentioned the Fifteenth Psalm. That is said to be the test of a Christian's life. Studying it carefully always pause at the third verse, which reads thus: "He that backbiteth not with his tongue," etc. Now from an honest heart I can say—that I am no gossip. I have an aversion to the party that would publish his neighbor's shame, that mingles truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles, wearing a thread of candor that has a poisonous sting, but as that practice always pause at the third verse, which reads thus: "He that backbiteth not with his tongue," etc. Now from an honest heart I can say—that I am no gossip. 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In Wolf's Clothing; or, At Great Sacrifice

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A stormy evening—a deep valley between high hills. A man in stooping position examines the ground and slips into his pockets fragments that he picks up with a trowel. He hastily conceals himself as Nora Ryall, barely seventeen, goes down the valley and to the stable, where she cares for her pony, Reginald Ryall, weak and wavering, is a strange contrast to his daughter. The Ryall lane is mortgaged. Nora manages the estate and her father conspires a narrow life—without a break and his intention of going to London. Nora's eye rests on an envelope addressed in a lady's handwriting. Sir Joseph Ferrand's land joins the Ryall estate and his cousin, Elliot Graham, is the caretaker. Mr. Ryall goes to London, leaving Nora free to ride over the hills with Bob, the sheep collie. She meets Elliot Graham, who asks permission to ride on the Ryall estate. The following afternoon she discovers a stranger fishing in the Ryall water. She is a keen angler and shows him a better way to hook the fish. Requesting him to stand at one side she tries for one on the opposite bank. The cast is short and she stands on the bank of the river. Pretending she is slipping, she falls and he catches her. She utters a cry and before she can turn, the faithful collie pushes him, he loses his footing and slips in the stream. Elliot Graham witnesses the scene and wishes he bore the relationship of brother.

Three days later Mr. Ryall arrives home bringing a wife and Nora realizes her father has been entrapped by the adventures and passions of sleepless night. Coming to the breakfast table she finds her father alone and looking disturbed. He admits Mrs. Ryall is disappointed with the surroundings and they eat the remainder of the meal in silence and Nora goes about her regular routine. Returning for lunch she meets Mrs. Ryall, who is surprised that Nora works. From what her husband had said she thought he was one of the landed gentry with servants and horses. The lunch does not appeal to her and she asks for something to drink. Nora makes her escape and rides across the valley.

After the river incident Elliot rides to the cottage where he lives, to see that the horses are all right. He meets a jingle drawn by a pony and recognizes a young lady as Miss Bartley. Expressing a desire to see the horses Elliot leads her to the stables. As he assists Miss Bartley into the jingle Selwyn Ferrand comes along. He apologizes for his appearance and turning to Elliot commands him to go about his business. Elliot hands Miss Bartley the whip and closes the door and she leaves the two men confronting each other. Nora knows now who he is and attempts to strike Elliot. Sir Joseph appears and reminds his son he's been making a fool of himself. Selwyn Ferrand meets a man shambling along, who admits he is Sir Joseph's confidential clerk. Stripley meets Sir Joseph and gives him two letters—one from Australia. He will answer the one bearing the stamp of Gilley. At the moment the Australian letter Sir Joseph casts a sharp glance at the unnaturally white face.

Matters grow worse. Mrs. Ryall is exacting in her demands for money and is anxious to know the Ferrands. Nora, going for a walk, meets Sir Joseph. In his confusion he hastily puts something into his pocket. Elliot Graham appears and she confides in him and because he loves her would help her. She cannot understand—he has known her so little time and powerless to resist she allows him to kiss her. Nora hurries home. Her stepmother accuses her of meeting a man in secret—and he a groom. Nora denies he is a groom and Mrs. Ryall, in her anger, slaps Nora across the face. Feeling the bitter sting of the blow, Nora leaves home. She overhears Sir Joseph and his lawyer talking, not dreaming they have reference to her. Meeting a boy with a bundle, she exchanges a brooch for a new suit of boy's clothes and goes to Porlish.

Entering Porlish Nora buys a pair of scissors and cuts her hair short. She assumes the garb of a boy and inquires for work. Not getting any she walks into the country. After a long ride she reaches a small house and Nora springs to her rescue. The old lady invites Nora to ride. Getting home an old man comes out and she tells Jacob she has found a boy for him. Nora attends to the horse then brings order into a disorderly kitchen. Taking hot water to Miss Deborah she stops to admire some pictures, one of which bears a striking resemblance to Elliot.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryall return the Ferrands' hospitality by giving a picnic. Champagne flows freely and the uproar reaches Elliot Graham as he walks down the valley. Florence Bartley expresses her pleasure to Mrs. Ryall and hopes Miss Ryall will be there next time. Elliot overhears her answer and the inference of an attraction for Nora in the city. Nearly a month after Nora takes her place in Miss Deborah's household. Mr. Trunton, the Newlawyer lawyer calls; that evening she tells Jacob he must go to Lonaway. Describing the place to Nora she requests to go and the next morning sails over with Captain Marks. Reaching a small farmhouse she passes to Mr. Hodges a notice to quit. She visits the other tenant Shumley who receives the notice with a large vesper. Standing on a precipice she spies Captain Marks in his boat. She sees a second figure and flees to the farthest part of the island.

Elliot goes to London with three of Sir Joseph's horses. Meeting Mr. Stripley he offers Elliot hospitality and in his talk praises Sir Joseph. Elliot, hearing the word Australia, looks up at the sky. He looks and inquires if he were connected with a place called Wally Hollow. It was his father's place. Getting into difficulties Sir Joseph takes it with the debts and liabilities, his father signing an agreement that Sir Joseph shall hold Wally Hollow estate until liabilities are paid. Stripley realizes that Sir Joseph has the Wally Hollow estate in his pocket. That is worth £100,000 and belongs to Elliot Graham. Elliot returns to the city, and meeting Mrs. Ryall inquires for Miss Ryall. She admits she has been staying in the same house with Nora. It's all settled and a very happy match. Mrs. Ryall requests he does not mention meeting her, especially to Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph, seeing Mr. Ryall drive away calls on business. He wants to give a piece of land adjoining his estate. He is willing to give a thousand pounds and Nora's signature is necessary. He proposes to Mrs. Ryall that they manage the affair and gives her one hundred pounds to go to London for Miss Ryall's signature, she signing as a witness. Elliot deciding to go back to Australia is sent to Lonaway Island by Mr. Trunton, who wants someone to survey it. He meets Cyril who puzzles Mr. Bartley. Bartley returns to find her husband ill. Sir Joseph calls, offering assistance. Mrs. Ryall signs the deed. Giving it to Sir Joseph she claims that Nora signed it and has gone abroad to be married. Elliot risks his life to secure rare eggs and Nora discovers how much she loves him and she sets sail with Captain Marks. The "Happy Lucy" is run down by a large vessel. Nora is picked up, landing in London. Before leaving the ship she writes to Elliot and Miss Deborah. Elliot grieves when he hears that Cyril has gone without any message for him and finishing his work leaves the island and learns of the wreck of the "Happy Lucy." Going to Moorcraft to see Miss Deborah Ralton he is amazed to see the picture of his father. He returns to London, he meets Mr. Wedderburn, an old neighbor and friend who invites him to a reception, telling him Sir Joseph is one of the richest men in the city. He meets Miss Florence Bartley. Sir Joseph shows his surprise when he sees Elliot and requests Wedderburn not to allude to the trouble that killed Elliot's father. He receives the letter from Nora. She accidentally meets Elliot with Florence Bartley. She determines to abandon boy's clothes and asks leave of Miss Deborah if she gets someone for her place. Assuming a young girl's dress she goes back to Miss Deborah as Cyril's cousin. Lady Ferrand calls upon Miss Deborah and later invites Miss Deborah to bring her young companion with her to a masked ball. Nora impersonates Lady of the Night and Elliot, dancing with her, goes back to the time he held Nora Ryall in his arms, and he questions if he told his name will she tell hers. A lady passing on the arm of a gentleman touches Elliot on the arm.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"DON'T forget that the next is our dance," she said, in a low, almost caressing voice.

"That is Miss Florence Bartley," said Nora.

"I've seen her. She is a friend of yours, a great friend?"

"She is a friend," he said, moving uneasily.

"She has been very kind to me."

"She is very beautiful," said Nora, stifling a sigh.

"Oh, yes, she is supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in London."

"You ought to be very proud," murmured Nora.

Elliot frowned, glanced at Nora, and then stared at his shoes.

"The music's beginning for the next dance—I'm afraid I must take you back to your chaperon. Will you give me another dance? I should like to dance with you again, if you will give me that pleasure. It's a singular thing, but I have a kind of idea that I have met you before."

Nora began to tremble. "It is not very likely," she said, in a low voice. "I have lived in the country until quite lately. Where do you think you met me?"

"I don't know. I wish you would tell me your name."

She shook her head, and at that moment they reached Miss Deborah. When Elliot spoke to the old lady, she looked up at him with a smile, then, to his amazement and discomfiture, rose slowly and stared at him, her face working.

"What's your name?" she demanded, after an embarrassing pause.

"Elliot Graham."

"Graham!" she echoed with a gasp. But at this moment, the uncouth figure of Mr. Stripley insinuated itself between them and laid his huge, restraining hand upon her arm.

"It's all right, ma'am," he said. "Come with me and get a cup of tea. I'm hankering for one myself."

Elliot stood watching them with bewilderment. He was so absorbed that Wedderburn, coming up, had to address him twice before he could attract his attention. "Smitten by your late partner, eh?" he said. "I'm not surprised. The affair is going with a swing, isn't it? Sir Joseph really is a wonderful man—of course people are influenced by such a big social success as this. You see he'll float that Company, and the shares will be at a premium before the week's up."

"What company?"

"Good heavens, do you mean to say you don't know! Why, the great Byeworthy Copper Company, of course!"

Elliot stared at Wedderburn; then gripped him by the arm and led him to a corner of the buffet.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Wedderburn then told him the story, which we already know, of the finding of copper on the Ryall land, and Sir Joseph's buying it from the daughter, for a mere song. "Rather hard on her," he commented, "for she could have netted a quarter of a million, if she had clung on to it and worked the Company. What's the matter?" he asked, for Elliot's face had grown grim, and he uttered a stifled exclamation.

"Do you know any more?" asked Elliot in a queer voice.

"No, but if you want all particulars, look up Sir Joseph's clerk, Stripley."

Elliot found Stripley alone in an ante-room, devouring pie and champagne. At the first question about the Byeworthy mine, he said:

"Don't ask any questions, my dear young sir! Pray, pray, let things go! They are going all right. I assure you. Just put your trust in Stripley; he's doing his best—"

At that moment Mr. Selwyn Ferrand entered the room. Elliot saw at once that he had been drinking.

"What the devil are you two—hic—doing here? Things are coming—hic—to a pretty pass when our servants dress themselves up—hic—and have the impudence to appear in the ballroom!"

He waved his hand with an air of insolent command, and his fingers dropped the tumbler.

"Here, you! pick this up," he said to Stripley; "and you," he nodded as insolently at Elliot, "go and bring me another glass."

CHAPTER XXX.

Elliot's face flushed, and he took a step towards the feeble idiot.

"No, no," said Stripley, "let him alone! Not yet, Mr. Elliot, not yet! It's tempting, I know; but you mustn't do it, not now!"

Bowing and scraping, he slid up to Selwyn.

"Certainly, Mr. Selwyn; certainly, sir; come with me. I'll get you another glass, and a nice easy sofa to rest on."

Elliot sank on to the chair and rested his head on his hands. This affair of the Copper Mine had filled him with vague forebodings and uneasiness. Nora had married and disappeared from his life; but, in spite of it, his blood boiled as he thought of the piece of knavery by which Sir Joseph had robbed her—for it was nothing short of sheer robbery. Suddenly he felt a soft touch on his shoulder, and, looking up, he found Florence Bartley leaning over him—leaning so closely that her face almost touched his.

"Surely you don't mind; you don't care for such a thing as that?" she murmured in the most soothing and caressing of voices.

Elliot knit his brows, then he remembered.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Selwyn Ferrand?"

"Yes, I was behind the curtain at the door; I saw and heard all the pretty scene. I wish you had struck him! And yet I am glad you did not. Be patient, Elliot, for your time will come. I know, I am sure it will."

He looked at her uncomprehendingly. He was rising to give her his chair; but she gently kept him in his seat, and seated herself on the table, quite close to him. She removed her mask. There was a faint, rose flush on her beautiful face, and her eyes dwelt on him with a look a woman's eyes wear when she is very deeply in love with the man on whom those eyes rest.

"I don't in the least know what you mean," he said.

"I know you don't," she returned. "Suppose I were to tell you, Elliot?" she scarcely noticed that she had twice addressed him by his Christian name—

that you have been deceived, that a time is coming when you will find yourself in a different position; if I told you that you would be raised from dependency and poverty, to wealth, would you be glad, grateful to the bearer of such news?"

She bent still nearer, so that the subtle perfume of which she seemed to hold the secret, stole over his senses like incense.

"Supposing a woman had been watching, striving to help you, to restore you to your proper position, for a long, long time—would you be grateful to her?" She bent forward, so that her lips nearly touched his hair. "And supposing that she were altogether wrong, and yet—and yet—she would be content to share your fortunes, whether you were rich or poor—"

There could be no mistaking her meaning. She was making love to him, was offering to share those fortunes of his, good or bad. The heavily perfumed air, on which floated the music of a divine waltz; the nearness of one of the most beautiful women in London; the yearning tenderness in her eyes, in the voice which had almost sunk to a whisper. Nora was lost to him; why should he not take this gift from the gods? He did not love Florence, but he had read of men who had learned to love their wives after marriage. He looked steadily down on the beautiful face, then he rose, and his arms opened as if to draw her to him.

At that moment, in which his fate, and hers, hung 'twixt heaven and earth, a voice, low and soft as a lute, breathed, "Elliot, Elliot!"

In an instant the spell was broken. It had been but a murmur, but there was a note in it which recalled the past in which Nora—and Cyril had moved. Forgetting the woman who had almost been within his arms, he sprang towards the doorway. There was no one there; and yet he thought he caught a glimpse of a black robe with silver stars.

He came back slowly to Florence Bartley. For

a moment there was silence, then, his lips twitching—

"I don't know what to say. I'm not worthy—I can't—thank you. For God's sake, don't trouble about me! I'm not worth a thought of yours—oh, I can't explain!"

She sat, her head bowed, her whole attitude one of despair and humiliation.

"You need not explain," she said hoarsely, between gasping sobs. "I am nothing to you. I have waited and watched in vain. I have given you all my heart; and you—have no heart to give. Oh, go, go! The sight of you is torture to me. I have gone farther than any woman ought to go. I never want to see you again!"

Elliot moved towards her, with a man's mistaken idea that sympathy can atone for the lack of love, but she shrank from him.

"Oh, go!" she moaned. "If you have any mercy, any manliness, you will leave me!"

"I did not know," he stammered. "I swear I did not know!"

"You are blind—but the fault is mine! I gave all my heart to you, and you have none to give me. There must be someone else!"

"There is," said Elliot desperately. "I have loved one woman all my life. She is lost to me, but let that be my excuse, if excuse be possible."

Florence drew herself erect, her face deathly pale.

"You have said enough," she said, her bosom heaving, her hands clenched. "I can only hope that I may never see you again."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Nora came down next morning pale and distraught. Miss Deborah was full of the ball. "We must call on Lady Ferrand this afternoon," she said.

When afternoon came, Nora pleaded a headache, and Miss Deborah went alone to Kensington Palace Gardens. When she came back, she told Nora that she had consented to take some shares in the Byeworthy Copper Company.

Elliot paid his duty call on Lady Ferrand two days later. He tried to find out something about the Lady of the Night; but, alas! Lady Ferrand, in her present worn and haggard condition, could not be brought to any recollection of her, and Elliot was obliged to go away unsatisfied. He felt weary and oppressed; and it was with a feeling of relief that, some days later, he got a letter from Mr. Trunton, stating that Miss Ralton had returned to Moorcroft, and requesting him to go down there as soon as it was convenient, and lay a statement of the proposed development of Lonaway before her.

Glad as he was to get his marching orders, he was still reluctant to leave London, which probably still held the Lady of the Night.

He traveled by the night train, and reached Byeworthy early in the morning. He walked from the station, and, as he did so, he touched at Ryalls. Short as the time had been they had made great progress with the mine; huge mounds, like wens, deformed the hillside, shafts had been sunk, and the stream was muddied with the water from the pits.

He watched the men for some minutes, then he went on to the house and stood gazing at it with varied emotions. The place looked more dilapidated than ever—almost as if it were unoccupied. As he looked the door opened, and Mrs. Ryall came out. He noticed a certain change in her face and manner. Her countenance was that of a woman who had given herself up to drink, but even intemperance could scarcely account for her furtive manner. She emerged from the house like a thief, pausing to look from side to side as if fearful of being seen. She did not see him until she was close upon him, then she shrank back, and caught her breath.

"Ah! It's you! What do you want? If it's Mr. Ryall, you can't see him; he's very ill—he can't do any business."

"I won't detain you a moment, Mrs. Ryall," he said gravely. "I want to ask you about your stepdaughter—will you tell me where she is, if you have heard from her lately?"

She shook like a leaf, and her pallor increased so that the paint and powder stood out on her cheeks like the coloring of a clown.

"She—she's in South America. She's married, as you know—they are very happy—she is very rich."

"Because of the money she got from the mine?" Her trembling increased, and she seemed speechless for a moment, then she said, "yes, yes—from the mine! I can't stay any longer. You'll remember that my husband is too ill to see anyone—anyone?"

Elliot walked on, and reached the cottage in which he had lived as Sir Joseph's servant. Finding no one about, he went in to get the agreement between his father and Sir Joseph. He went into the inner room, found the box in which he had left some papers, and came upon the thing he was looking for. He put it in his pocket and sauntered about the place, thinking of Nora.

Presently he saw Sir Joseph approaching the cottage stealthily. He opened the door softly, and went in. Elliot followed him, slowly. He was astonished to see the baron in the bedroom, kneeling beside the box from which Elliot had just taken the agreement. He was so surprised that for a moment he stood in the doorway with out speaking, then he said quietly:

"Good morning, Sir Joseph."

Sir Joseph started and turned swiftly, his face changing from red to white, then he rose heavily, and, forcing a smile, held out his hand. "How are you, Elliot? I was just looking for some accounts of the stud-farm. Had no idea you were in this part of the world, or I needn't have troubled to come to the cottage. What are you doing here?"

"Some business of Mr. Trunton's." He was conscious of a desire to withhold any further information. "What accounts do you want? I'll get them for you."

He unlocked the box, took out some books and papers, and held them out. Sir Joseph had stood close beside him, peering into the box with a sharp, anxious scrutiny.

"Thanks, thanks! I've run down to see after the mine, we've floated the Company, and it's going to be a big thing. Will you come up to the house? The missis would be glad to see you."

"I am sorry I can't. Have you all the papers you want? If so, I'll take the box with me."

"Oh, yes; they're all here, I daresay. I must toddle back; some people to see."

He shook hands and went off towards the Hall, and Elliot looked after him with a puzzled frown.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Elliot reached Moorcroft in the short twilight of the late season, and was shown into the sitting-room. Miss Deborah rose, looked at him, then exclaimed in an agitated voice:

"Who is it? Who is it?"

"Pray, don't be alarmed, madam. My name is Elliot Graham. I have come to see you about—"

He stopped abruptly, as he noticed that she was the "mistress" of the Lady of the Night.

"Graham! Graham!" she exclaimed, tremulously. "Are you—are you any relation of Paul Graham, who went to Australia long, long ago?"

"I am his son. And you—you knew him? Why, yes—there is a portrait of my father up-stairs, I saw it when I was here last. You were a friend—"

"My dear, I was—your father's sweetheart,"

quavered Miss Deborah, gazing at him through a mist of tears. "We were to have been married, but he was poor. My people came between us—he went out to Australia—to make money that we might—be married. But—"

"I know, I know. He lost his money, was ruined." He took her hand and kissed it, and, as he bent, Miss Deborah timidly put out her other hand and laid it on his head.

"My dear, I might have known without your telling me who you were. You are so like him—the very image. He was very proud, my dear, that father of yours; and it was because I was rich, while he was poor, that he would not come to me. But that's all past now, past and gone—and you're here. Come and sit beside me, you must tell me all about yourself."

"I will tell you everything by and by. What a strange, small world it is! H— I come to do business with a great lady; and I discover that she is my father's—dearest friend!"

"And will be yours, if you will let her. How strong you look—Elliot; but you look worried and anxious. You work too hard, I'm afraid. But that's all over now," she said resolutely. "You belong to me now—it's as if I had a son of my own to brighten my last few days—"

"To take care of you, if you will let me, for many, many years, dear Miss Deborah. But—"

"You mean to take care of me?"

"You mean Ada? Yes, she's a very good girl, quite tolerable for a girl. I will send for her—I want to tell you who she is. Ring the bell, dear."

Jacob shambled into the room, and Miss Deborah told him to send Miss Ada to her.

"She has gone out, ma'am," wheezed Jacob. "She said you were not to wait tea for her—I'm just bringing it in."

"You must pour out the tea, my dear," said Miss Deborah to Elliot. "I'm so short-sighted that I spill it over the cup. Where's that mix of a girl, I wonder!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Meanwhile Nora was feverishly pacing up and down the garden path. What should she do? She saw him through the window, sitting conversing with Miss Deborah, and she longed to go to him, to hear his voice. But he would recognize her either as Nora or Cyril—both, perhaps.

She entered the house, and ran up to her room and bolted the door. Presently Miss Deborah called to her, then mounted the stairs.

"Are you there, Ada?" she asked, knocking at the door.

"Yes, I've a bad headache. I am lying down."

"I am sorry, there is someone here I want you to see. Come down if you are well enough."

After a good deal of hesitation, Nora opened the door softly, and descended the stairs. She opened the sitting-room door, then stood, her face pale, and her lips tightly compressed. Elliot glanced up, and, with a slowly reddening face, rose and continued to gaze at her with amazement, doubt, and an indescribable expression.

"Oh, here you are!" said Miss Deborah. "This is my companion—why, bless my heart! You have met before. Of course, you danced with her. This gentleman," she said to Nora, "is the son of—"

"—a very dear friend of mine. He is going to stay for a long time, I hope. Dear, dear, I must tell Jacob."

Nora offered to go, but Miss Deborah would not allow her, and she and Elliot were left alone together.

"Won't you sit down?" said Elliot. "I hope your headache is better. I want to ask you about your relative, young Cyril."

"Cyril is quite well," said Nora, in a low voice.

"I'm glad. How dark the room is, may I take this shade off?"

He took it off as he spoke, and looked across the table at her; then he uttered a cry, sprang to her and caught her by the arm.

"Nora!"

His grasp tightened until it hurt her, her face went deathly white, she panted for breath.

"Nora! You here! You are Ada Merton—the Lady of the Night—where have you come from? Where—where is your husband?"

She sank into a chair. She raised her eyes to his for half an instant as she murmured:

"I have no husband, I am not married."

"Not—not married!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Then that woman lied! But why did she do it—why did you disappear—where have you been all this time? Won't you tell me? It wasn't because—because you were afraid of me, Nora?"

Her lips trembled, a flush stole over her face. "No. It was because of a blow—my stepmother struck me—and I couldn't bear it."

"Struck you?" he said, between his teeth. "I can understand. But why didn't you come to me? You knew I loved you. Ah, I see! It was because you—you—didn't love me."

She broke down at this. The storm which had been gathering in her bosom burst in a flood of tears. Then he knew. Something in her attitude, something that cannot be defined, revealed the truth to him. He sprang to the bent figure, caught it in his arms and crushed her to his breast. And there she lay, in the haven of those strong arms, her tear-stained face hidden on his shoulder; just conscious of his hair upon her cheek, the kisses rained on her bowed head.

"Look up, darling!" he implored her. "Speak to me—just one word."

She raised her head and smiled up at him through her tear-lit eyes.

"It was because I loved you—that that I hid from you," she whispered, with a burning blush.

"I don't understand! Tell me, Nora, tell me."

"Not now," she pleaded. "Oh, give me a little time! Keep my secret for a little longer! Be kind, be patient—with me, Elliot. It is so hard to tell you—"

"Have it your own way, dearest. You shall tell me when you like, and how you like. It is enough for me that I've got you here, tightly, safely. And I'll take precious good care that you never run away from me again."

"I never will, Elliot," she murmured, fervently. "But you will say nothing about our loving each other, about my real name, till I give you leave?"

"Right!" he said obediently. "I'm not to tell the dear old lady?"

She shook her head. "Hush! She is coming—go and sit down—well, one more, but only one—quick!"

"It's all right, my dear boy," Miss Deborah said, as she entered. "We'll see that you are comfortable. Bless me!" she exclaimed, as there was a sound of wheels, "who can that be? Why, someone is coming in!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



LEAGUE RULES:

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To protect the weak and aged.

To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

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HOP up onto my lap, and let's have a little talk. Now grandpa and grandma, this talk is as much for you as for the young folks, so hop on to my lap too. I suppose you know that the U. S. government has brought the Beef Trust magnates to the bar of justice out in Chicago. Do you know how long it took them to bring these gentlemen to trial? You don't of course, so I'll tell you. It took them nearly ten years! You know that the law is supposed to treat the rich and the poor alike. It is growing more and more evident, every day, however, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and scores of instances can be adduced in proof of this contention. U. S. District Attorney Wise of New York recently said: "It has been difficult to send the rich to jail. There was a certain gentleman convicted of smuggling. This gentleman was once governor of a state, yet he tried to evade the duty on some \$11,000 worth of goods he brought in. He was caught in the attempt, and I did my best to have him sent to the penitentiary. I urged that he be made an example of, but the judge let him off with fines and penalties. A little later, a poor Greek convicted of the same crime was sent to Blackwell's Island for nine months. The Sugar Trust adopted smuggling and under valuation as well as false weights. We got seven hundred thousand dollars out of them but they got it back immediately by raising the price of sugar." That's where the trusts, my dears, have the bulge on you. If they get entangled with the law and get put to any expense, they simply raise the price of the particular article on which they have a monopoly, and the public has to pay for prosecuting them, and then it has to pay their fines and legal expenses. The trusts pay nothing. For years my mail box was flooded with literature which set forth how I might make a fortune by investing in wheat oil and mining stocks. I knew the whole thing was a fraud, and I wrote to the men behind the scheme and said: "Keep your dope out of my mail box, I'm not sucker enough to fall for your game of con." A little later on I saw that the postal authorities had this precious bunch of swindlers in jail. Their frauds are said to have aggregated between forty and fifty million dollars. Anyway it was proved that they cleaned up a profit of thirteen million dollars. Poor people were bunched out of the savings of a lifetime by these heartless wretches, and for how long, pray, do you think they were sent to the pen? One year only. One year for stealing thirteen million dollars!!! If it had been a poor man stealing a loaf for his starving family he would have gone to jail for the rest of his life. Let me draw your attention to another little fact. If you kill one man you run serious risks, but if you kill several hundred no harm will come to you. There is a railroad in New York City maintained by one of the greatest corporations in this country the heads of which spend most of their money in Europe. This strip of road runs along the crowded public highway and in a few years has killed nearly six hundred people. The people have been agitating for years to have the road elevated or removed, but the corporation maintains a lobby at Albany, N. Y. and these gentry buttonhole the lawmakers and whisper something in their ears, and a lot more in their pockets, and the railroad stays right where it is and continues to murder people with impunity. The people hold indignation meetings and protest. A few of the newspapers protest too, but all in vain. Money rules, and the people are powerless. Such a condition of affairs would not be tolerated in any country on earth except the United States. No step must ever be taken to halt the piling up of wealth by those who already have more wealth than they know what to do with. It is cheaper to kill people than make the public thoroughfares safe. There is no risk you see in murdering hundreds of people. It's only when you kill one that you are liable to go to the electric chair. So you see the law winks at wholesale murder because it is only the rich and powerful who dare to do murder by wholesale. Equality before the law is the foundation upon which all our liberties rest. That foundation is being undermined and the most sacred of all our privileges, is being destroyed by the way, justice, or rather injustice is at present being meted out in our courts.

COUSIN JULIA OLSON (18),
SHEPHERD, N. DAK.

Now for a little chat about something else. I suppose you all read or heard of the great strike of the textile workers of Lawrence, Mass. That strike was like nearly every other strike that occurs in this country. The workers were hampered and kicked around like dogs, and official brutality displayed itself more brazenly than ever. So high handed, inhuman and outrageous were the actions of the authorities that Congress itself finally began to investigate conditions. This investigation brought out some remarkable facts. Of course you have heard told thousands of times that the towering tariff wall which surrounds this country is erected solely to protect the American working man from foreign labor. The capitalist of course would scorn the idea that the tariff or anything else could be used as an instrument for his benefit and it is only the dear working man that he wants to protect, and the dear working man's children whom he uses as raw material for profit making. It seems the highly protected woolen trust late last fall had a cash surplus of more than eleven millions of dollars. It had absorbed the immensely valuable Rockdale Mills, spent nearly a million dollars on permanent improvements and had retained ten millions of its common stock. That's a pretty good showing for one of our infant industries isn't it? That's what was discovered by experts who examined the books of the trust. A very different condition of things however, was revealed when another bunch of experts began to examine the poor, half-starved anemic wage slaves who by their labor had made all these millions for the trust. The woolen trust

was turning out enough woolen material to keep the whole nation warm, but of the poor, little wretched, emaciated, feeble-bodied mill children, ninety out of every hundred of them, were without any underclothing at all! These children also had to pay to the rapacious mill owners ten cents a week for drinking water. Bread and molasses seemed to be the staple fare of the mill employees. Meat once a week, beans occasionally and butter never. It appears that the machines have been speeded up by soaping the belts. "We have not the chance," one employee said, "that the miner has who is killed instantly; we are killed by inches." Children are forced to go into the mills because the fathers are unable to earn sufficient to provide them with food. During the strike many children were sent away by the strikers to sympathizers who resided in other cities, to be taken care of until the trouble blew over. This, apparently did not please the city authorities, and just as the last batch were about to be entrained, the mothers and children were pounced on and treated as though they were a herd of wild animals. The children being finally driven off to the poor farm. The only other country on earth where such an incident could occur is Russia. Wealth and officialdom in the United States, whenever they come in direct conflict with the people will ever be found without mercy, conscience or pity. Senator Poindexter speaking of conditions at Lawrence during the strike said: "The local government in Lawrence has failed to guarantee the right of these people under the law and constitution of the United States. Oppression is seen on every hand and complications may arise that will involve this country in international trouble. People here have been thrown into jail without warrant or law and hearings have been denied them. The plan of the oppressors is to starve them (the strikers) until they are willing to return to work at starvation wages." The senator found in one place that forty-four persons were living in a four story double flat paying \$117.00 a month rent. Among them were twenty-two workers whose total earnings were \$146.76 a week. That by the way is less than seven dollars a week for each person. Senator Poindexter found that the average wage paid in the textile mills is only a dollar a day. Twenty years ago, people living in the country could live on a dollar a day. A dollar in these days will only purchase about half what it would twenty years ago. In the country much can be done with a dollar but in the big cities it will scarcely purchase anything at all. Remember these people only struck for a fifteen per cent. increase in wages. If the workers had secured this advance it would perhaps have permitted them to have seen butter once a week through a telescope, purchased a few soup bones and maybe bought a suit or two of cotton underclothing once a year. Strikers, however who ask for fifteen per cent. increase in wages generally get but five, and a five per cent. increase on six dollars a week means the magnificent sum of thirty cents added to the pay envelope. Contrast all this wretchedness, misery and suffering and the inevitable disease and death that follows in the wake of hard toil and poor food, with the millions heaped up by the woolen trust at the expense of thousands of hopeless, luckless humans for whom life holds out nothing but toil and poverty and the inevitable poorhouse at the finish. Cruel and wicked is it not that after the toilers have produced such boundless wealth that they should be deprived of an equitable share of the wealth they create and given only enough money to barely keep them alive. Foreign governments are fixing minimum wage scales. In a hundred years' time perhaps our government will be doing the same thing. When that day comes our glorious star spangled banner will not be waving as it does today over thousands of children who in a bitter New England winter have no underclothing and have to pay from five to ten cents a week for a drink of miserable canal water.

There is no book on the market that has given so much pleasure and caused so much hearty laughter as Uncle Charlie's Poems. This gorgeous volume of rib tickling fun is bound in lilac silk cloth and among its 160 pages will be found an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and pictures of him before and after his invalidism. Sent free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each.

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I am always delighted to receive photographs from any of the cousins and will gladly publish those that are of sufficient size to reproduce clearly. Scores of people send me their photographs and expect me to write their names, ages and addresses on the back of same so that our readers will know who they are. I never act as secretary for lazy people. If you have not enough sense to write your own name and address on the back of your photograph, leave it at home. Don't send photographs if you want them returned after we use them. Now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you make room on your lap for a North Dakota girl? Say Uncle were you ever in this state? If you ever were here how did you like it? This is a prairie country and very level. The chief products of this state are cattle, horses, wheat, flax, coal and hay. You ought to see the prairies in the summer, they are completely covered with flowers. I don't think any state can beat ours for flowers, but in the winter it is nothing but snow—snow and wind. We have found a great number of Indian arrow heads around here. The Indians come down here from the

reservation sometimes and they are real nice people. There are quite a few deer along the Missouri river, which is about fifteen miles from here. We can see the Northern lights from here. They look very beautiful some evenings. There are a great many Russians living here. They evidently believe in Roosevelt families.

Say Uncle, I write to papers under a non de plume, but it isn't because I am ashamed of my own name.

I am a high school girl. I live in a consolidated district. I think they are fine. Our professor has a prophylactic bent and we have everything as sanitary as possible at school. We have paper toweling and each individual has his or her own folding drinking cups.

I have a kodak and snap about everything interesting I see. I think it is so much fun to take pictures. Tell Billy the Goat that I shall buy him a piece of candy when I come to Brooklyn if he will not eat this letter.

I should like to exchange pressed wild flowers with some of the cousins living in Florida. Uncle Charlie, I think your poems and songs are superlative. The songs are lovely.

Well, I must close now as it is getting late. Your most affectionate niece,
FLORENCE J. GANNON.

Florence, there is plenty of room on my lap for you, and all the other girls in North Dakota. I was in your state my dear, before you were born. All the elite of Fargo turned out in evening dress to applaud a performance of mine at the local opera house, some twenty years ago. It didn't take Fargo very long to get into evening dress. There was only one evening dress suit in the town. I think there are two there now, so you see the West is getting civilized rapidly. So the Russians in your section believe in Roosevelt families do they? Well, those who have Roosevelt's income can indulge in Roosevelt families of prodigious size, but Heaven help the ten and twelve dollar a week man and above all help the children of such a man who attempts to carry out the Roosevelt idea on starvation wages. I congratulate you, Florence on being a high school girl. There are very few of those who enter school who are lucky enough to get through high school. Let me also congratulate you, my dear, on living in a consolidated district. I don't know what a consolidated district is but it sounds mighty good to me. Now that you say they are fine, I want to examine one at once. I'm going to make inquiries and find out if we have any consolidated districts around here, and if there is one within fifty miles I'm going to have wheels put on my chicken coop, and the Goat will have to sit in it without further delay. But above everything, Florence I'm excited about that professor of yours. You call him a Professor. All professors in my time only had one f in their names. I suppose, however, professors who live in consolidated districts are different from the common or garden variety of professors, and need another f to keep them upright, and in good working order. What amazes me about your professor however is, that you state he has a "prophylactic bent." Now what the deuce is a prophylactic bent? Where and how did he acquire it, and how can a man afflicted that way attend to his scholastic duties and also instruct a bunch of ignorant, scrawny kids? You don't state in what part of the professor's anatomy the prophylactic bent exists, but I have no doubt it's in the poor man's back, and I suppose there is no cure for it. I don't wonder that everything in your school has to be as sanitary as possible when you have a professor with a prophylactic bent buzzing around. I suppose this dreadful affliction is all due to the fact that your school is in a consolidated district. Billy the Goat says that you don't mean the professor has a kink in his back, but that he is strong on sanitary science, prophylactic meaning a preventive of disease. In other words your professor is a germ chaser, a bacterium annihilator and a germ destroyer. That being the case, Florence, we will overlook the prophylactic bent, and hail your professor as a benefactor of the race. The world needs germ chasers. It's the nimble, destructive, ubiquitous, death-dealing disease germ, that is mankind's greatest enemy. The invisible microbe is far more deadly than the terrifying dinosaur and mastodon of old. Man has vanquished his big, terrifying animal enemies, and now with the aid of sanitary science, he is fighting the billions of invisible germs that lay in wait to destroy him, wherever he may be. I congratulate you on having a kodak and individual drinking cups. The old-fashioned cup chained to the water cooler which everybody used, has sent hundreds of thousands of humans to the cemetery. In many states the public drinking cup has been abolished by law. People had better go thirsty than swallow liquid death. I am sure, Florence, we should all be delighted if we could only see you pushing your face through a paper towel. It may not be as comfortable as the old hand towel on which everybody wiped their dirt and germs, but it is far more sanitary, and sanitation means health, and health is what we are looking for. You say you have a kodak and snap everything interesting you see. That being the case you might send us a picture of the professor walking around with that prophylactic bent. Billy the Goat will be glad to accept that piece of candy, but he would not know what to do with a "pelee". I'm surprised that young ladies who go to high school and write for the newspapers should fall down on spelling such a simple word as pelee. Billy the Goat says that they always spell pelee that way in a consolidated district. That being the case, why all is lovely and we will say no more about it.

DALE, S. O.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am a girl of thirteen years of age. I weigh ninety-three pounds, have light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. I have three sisters and four brothers.

My parents are both living. My father is a truck farmer, he raises all kind of vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn and yam. We live about fifty yards from the river and the river is two miles wide. We go boat riding in a gasoline launch. I go fishing and can catch fish. We have plenty of fish to eat and they are sure fine too. I go crabbing in the summer and catch all the crabs I can eat. Wish all of you cousins were here to help me.

How many of you like to go to school? I do. I am in the seventh grade. I study spelling, arithmetic, reading, geography, history, grammar, physiology. I sure have to study. I am taking music now, and have been doing so for two years. I can play a good many pieces.

Hoping to hear from you all.

Your friend and cousin,
ETHEL EASTERLIN.

I'm glad your father is a good truck farmer. The world needs vegetables almost more than anything else. I've been all over these United States and I know pretty well what the average hotel and boarding house serve up in the way of meals. Peas, beans and beets seem to be the only vegetables the average individual knows anything about. Of course you are handed the eternal corn but corn is a poor apology for a real vegetable. Why is it you can go into a hundred homes to eat a meal and not find those kings of the vegetable kingdom, cauliflower and brussels sprouts on the table? One cauliflower is worth all the ordinary cabbages in existence, and brussels sprouts have strawberries licked to a finish. Kale and sea kale you seldom find on a bill of fare, and they are far ahead of the ordinary cabbage. I knew an invalid who went into a New Jersey village and simply astounded the whole community. He only had a little bit of land adjoining his humble frame house, but he soon had a garden that was a work of art. He had ten more varieties of vegetables than any other man in that section. Peas, beans and beets, with an occasional cabbage were about the limit of their imagination. Too little attention is paid to the raising of vegetables by the ordinary farmer. Where in Europe you see a neat and beautiful flower garden in the front of the house, and a glorious fruit and vegetable garden behind. In every village in the land and in the suburbs of small cities as well, here too often you see some scraggly, anemic, consumptive looking grass,



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plentifully decorated with a variegated assortment of tomato cans and other choice hardware. Get busy in that flower and vegetable garden all of you, and see how many vegetables you can raise that you never raised before. Ethel you say you go "crabbing" in the summer. For Heaven's sake what is crabbing. The Goat says you mean crabbing. I thought the proper place to go crabbing was in the water, and not in the summer. Amongst your studies I notice that you have listed "grama and physiology." Grama and physiology must be some new study invented for the torture of children. Billy the Goat says that he thinks you mean that you study grandma. Now do you know you could not do anything better than study grandma? There is no better study than studying the old folks. In their heads they have the accumulated wisdom of many years. Experience has whispered to them her golden secrets. They have safely crossed the turbulent sea of life on which you are just embarking. They can tell you of all the pitfalls, rocks, contrary currents, tempestuous winds and piratical craft that you are liable to meet on your journey. They can tell you how to keep your life craft on an even keel, so that you may weather the storms, escape the sea robbers and ride safely into harbor at last. Instead of poking the old folks in the corner and pooh poohing their ideas as old-fashioned, listen to them with respect and heed what they say. The world changes, but humanity at heart changes little, and the problems the old folks have had to solve, you will have to solve in your turn, so if you study grandma, and grammar, cutting out grama and also acquire a knowledge of physiology, leaving physiology to take care of itself, you'll be a real smart young lady, and be able to cast a vote and live a life that will be a help to the nation.

TURKEY, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I'm getting too old to join the League, life's sun is sinking low.

By chance or accident COMFORT was passed this way; the result is I send two subscriptions.

I want to commend you Uncle Charlie for taking up the poor man's burden. If every "good" man and preacher would take up this subject as you are now doing, charity, ignorance and poverty would soon be shelved and looked upon as a relic of barbaric Rome.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

New England states, but as I never expect to get any farther East, would like to hear more about it.

No, Mrs. Dorothy Hartman, life on the farm is not the worst place in the world, and indeed I know whereof I speak, as I have lived in city and country both and will take farm life every time, and besides that good husband's health is to be considered. I would not think of it as a sacrifice if I were you, and what of it if your relatives and friends cannot come in every day? The joy of a visit will be the greater when made.

My husband's health is failing and we are making plans for settling in one of the Western states so he will regain his health and strength, and if we do I will have to leave my aged mother, past eighty, and my only sister.

I have been married twenty-six years and the happiest days of my life have been spent on a farm. I think your folks should encourage you, knowing why your husband is making the change and it certainly is not kind to try to make you unhappy and dissatisfied about going. Just try it one year and see if I am not right about farm life.

To keep cake from sticking to the pan, fit them with greased paper.

Wish some sister would send me the song, "Sherman's March to the Sea."

Wishing you all good luck.

Mrs. FLORA VALENTINE, Ft. Wayne, R. R. 14, Ind.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am going to try to write a letter to the Sisters' Corner. Have been thinking about doing so for years, but never had the courage, fearing I could write nothing worthy of print among all those kind and helpful letters in my corner. I have been taking COMFORT for years, and like it better than any of my other magazines.

I see the rest of the sisters describe themselves, so I will do the same. I am thirty-one years old, have blue eyes and brown hair, not a very good complexion, am five feet and seven inches tall, and weigh one hundred and fifty-three pounds. So you see I'm not a very "wee wee," but a very happy one. We have been married nearly nine years, and I too, was fortunate in getting one of the good Johns, only his name happens to be Harry, and I know he is one of the best husbands there ever was, and I feel that I can never thank him enough for giving him to me. We have no dear little babies. I wonder if those of you who are blessed with children know how to appreciate them? I met a lady the other day who has two, and she asked me if I had any and when I told her "no," she said, "well, isn't that nice?" I love children very much, and have really had some experience with them. I have given seven babies their very first bath, and have gained quite a reputation as a nurse in my family.

How many of the ladies are interested in church work? I am and was president of our Ladies' Aid for some time. Our church was just a little mission, but is self-supporting now. There were only twelve ladies in our aid, and we really did well, considering the small number. Last year we had the church frescoed, bought new carpets and altar cloths, and had the pews and woodwork refinished and the Ladies' Aid paid for it all.

Perhaps some of you would be interested in some of the ways we made our money. We always have one sale every year just before the holidays, and we sell and get donations for this sale whenever we can during the year. Then in October we have a "Harvest Supper," selling tickets at twenty-five cents a piece, and we always have all the people we can handle. You will be surprised to find how willing the merchants are to donate something. The large meat markets gave us whole fresh hams, and fifteen pounds of beef roasts. Also all bread and butter was given, milk from the milkman, pies from the baker, coffee from your coffee dealer. Let me really you can get almost anything you want; all you need is a pleasant smile.

Then did you ever have an experience like this? The ladies each decide to earn a dollar within a given time, then they decide on a certain evening to entertain their husbands and friends, and then each lady tells how she earned her dollar and as "a penny saved is a penny earned" there are lots of ways to earn a dollar. If you are fond of popcorn, and do not buy any when the wagon comes you have earned five cents, or if your husband sends his shirts to the laundry do them yourself, and earn from twelve to fifteen cents a piece, or do your own cleaning or pressing, instead of having it done. There are lots of ways, and it is very amusing to hear the ladies tell their experiences. Towards the close of the evening, light refreshments may be served, and then if you wish you can pass a plate, for a contribution from everybody present.

Did you ever have a "Shadow social"? Invite your friends and have each lady bring a box lunch for two. Of course you will have to provide some entertainment for the early part of the evening, then about nine thirty have the gentlemen go in a dark room, and the ladies in a room with a light in it. Have a sheet between the two rooms and have each lady stand back of the sheet, one at a time, thus throwing a shadow; and as the shadow falls on the sheet, the gentlemen bid, and of course the highest bidder gets that particular shadow, with the box lunch that goes with it. You must have one of the gentlemen to act as auctioneer, and if he is a good talker, and has a good imagination, the selling of the shadows will cause lots of merriment.

Then there is a "Mysterious Luncheon." You have small tables that will seat four. On each table will be the menu cards, have a waitress at each table. We had enough cards so each guest might have one, and the waitress could check things so she wouldn't forget. Everything on the menu had a mysterious name, and you never knew what you had ordered until it was brought. The guests can order just as often as they please, providing they are willing to pay the price. Will give the menu; you can add or leave off to suit your convenience.

Mysterious Lunch

MENU.	
Boston Brains (baked beans).....	03
Son of Noah (ham).....	02
Enchantment of the beach (sandwich).....	02
Cause of neighborhood contention (chicken).....	05
What mankind has been doing since Eve ate the apple (dressing).....	02
Chopped Commentators (potato salad).....	02
Unruly member (tongue).....	02
APPETIZERS.	
Skipper's Harbor (cheese).....	01
Child's Delight (cabbage).....	02
Fruit of the Vine (pickles).....	01
Tabby's party (milk).....	02
DESSERT.	
Cook's curious compound (cake).....	05
Berry extract (coffee).....	05
Boston's Over-Throw (tea).....	05
What I do when I mash my finger (ice cream).....	10
Ivory manipulator (tooth pick).....	01
Spring's offering (water).....	01

This mysterious lunch is sure to be a great success if you wish to try it.

I surely would never dare to send this letter to Uncle Charlie.

Sometimes I may come with games for young and old.

Will close now with best wishes to each and everyone of our great COMFORT family.

Mrs. H. J. WAGNER, 1470 12th St., Detroit, Mich.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

May I join your happy band of writers?

I enjoy reading the numerous letters that are printed in COMFORT every month, and gain much information thereby. Why don't more Mississippians write? I seldom see a letter from this state.

It will soon be time for all the teachers to return home and I know they'll be glad to join their friends and relatives after an absence of several months.

What a great responsibility rests upon us when a number of children are under our care. We should encourage the children to study, and if a child doesn't always know his lessons, we should praise him when he does, and encourage him when he doesn't. If he sees that his teacher is interested in his welfare, he nearly always becomes a studious child. How many of the writers like to read good books? I do for one. An instructive book is like a true friend. By reading books we learn many things that are very beneficial to us, and it helps us to become better conversationalists, and to increase our vocabulary.

A good way to teach children to become interested in Sunday school is to have one teacher to teach the boys, and another the girls. Tell them that at the end of every quarter that one teacher and the pupils will meet at the other teacher's house and have a "Sunday school match." It is conducted like cross spelling, and the side that wins is given a badge, or something one may think suitable. The badge is won by the one who stands up the longest.

I suppose all of you love music. I think some kind of a musical instrument should be in every home. I can play the guitar.

Springtime will soon be here, and though I like win-

ter I shall be glad when the flowers begin to bloom, and the birds to sing.

I would like to correspond with some girls living in different localities between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. I enjoy reading descriptive letters from unknown friends and think we can learn much about other states by writing to someone living there.

Best wishes to all.

MISS GENEVIA MATTHEWS, French Camp, R. R. 1, Miss.

Miss Matthews. Would you be willing to tell us from your own experience how teachers and pupils are benefited by parents visiting the schools? Among our sisters there must be a good many school teachers, and I believe some letters along these lines would be of mutual benefit to both teachers and mothers who have children in school.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

I would like to tell you of a remedy for a red birthmark.

I had some hard experience in that line before I learned that the persistent use of collodion would pucker and dry up those minute blood veins and the mark would gradually fade away and leave no scar. It is perfectly harmless but not very pleasant. It is composed of gum-arabic and ether and evaporates very rapidly. Keep a small bottle of ether and when it becomes too thick to spread nicely with the end of the finger thin it with the ether; it is more effective if used about as thick as cream. When one coating peels off put on more and keep it on night and day. The mark was removed with the deep red, raised like a very large blister, and grew very rapidly. I would advise anyone using it to begin at the edge and cover only a few inches to begin with. I believe that with perseverance any red mark may be removed, but it takes a long time in bad cases. After the first two or three months I could see the mark begin to fade and get thin. I used it for more than a year. Do not use it where the skin is broken, or near a fire. After the first few seconds there is no odor or sensation.

This remedy is well tested. We removed a very bad mark from the end of our baby's nose by this simple home treatment after we had spent more than two hundred dollars on specialists.

I answered an Anxious Mother in an exchange and I have been deluged with letters. I answered them all as a thank offering and I realize the need of people knowing such a simple and effective treatment more than I ever did. I know if this is printed in COMFORT it will enter so many homes. I have tried to make it as plain as I could.

If we had only known about it when we first discovered the mark it would have been so easy to remove it. I feel I would like everybody to know of it, as it would save them the money and suffering it did us.

Mrs. G. W. CRUM, Athens, R. R. 24, Pa.

Mrs. Crum. You have done a fine, generous act in giving this remedy to COMFORT and it will bring joy and relief to many a mother.

I can neither add to nor strengthen your letter, but will simply say that no doubt collodion can be obtained from country physicians by those not living in the vicinity of drug-stores.—Ed.

DEAR SISTERS:

Will someone of you let us know of a dear little boy or girl, tenement, of from two to four years of age that I could adopt into my home?

There are three of us; little four-year-old daughter, husband and self.

Mrs. J. A. DEWEESER, Bowie, Box 605, Texas.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT nearly all the time for twenty-one years. I always turn to the Sisters' Corner first, for heart histories are what interest me most, though some are very sad.

I read Mrs. E. E. Smith's letter with interest for I, too, am a flower lover. I had a beautiful yard of flowers and many pot plants, but in moving this winter I lost all of them. Even those that were hardy, such as caladiums, cannas and dahlias, all rotted. I suppose it was because I had to keep them out of the ground so long. And this winter has been so severe. I never had any trouble to keep my bulbs and tubers in the ground all winter by heaping a small mound of dirt on each hill. But now I have a new house and new yard and will take great pleasure in stocking my yard with flowers again. It will take quite a long time and many dimes to get as many flowers as I had at the old home. But I have lots of flower seeds and will have to be satisfied with annuals this summer, with a few house plants that I am going to order soon. In the fall I wish to make a bulb bed called "comfort," but of that I will tell you later on.

And now I wish to say to the sisters that are rearing families, or rather to those that have just begun to rear a family. Take your burdens just as patiently as you can. You have taken upon you gladly the crown of widowhood, now take patiently the burden of motherhood. Welcome each little child into this world. Love them before they are born, just as you know you will love them afterwards. And when the little ones are numerous and troublesome, do not get out of patience and say unkind words that will wound their tender little hearts, for they are not to blame for coming into this world; neither are they to blame for their natural dispositions. And if you see a child as a natural disposition, too, as best you can. Do not let your grief darken the lives of the children that are left. I can remember when I was a tiny child, how it hurt me to see my mother weep, when she looked at a little curl of hair that she kept among her treasures. I have reared my family, all are grown and only two are yet with me. I think they were only children again around my feet, how happy I would be. But time passes. None can stay its flight. So enjoy the children while you have them for all too soon they will be grown men and women, and gone out into the world to make homes of their own.

Can anyone tell me where I can get the old-fashioned quack seeds. They are long cantaloupes, or musk melons. We lost seeds of these about twenty years ago. Since then I have searched many seed catalogues in vain. I have tried the banana cantaloupe hoping to find in it the old quack, but was disappointed. If anyone has them and will send me a few I will return the favor.

With best wishes for all.

Mrs. S. E. BANDY, Scottsville, Fair View Cottage, Ark.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have never seen any letters from the Ozark mountains in Arkansas, I will try to describe it. The climate is mild, fine water and pure air. Most all fruits and vegetables grow well here. The Elberta peach crop was not very large last year though there are some fine orchards of this famous peach. There is some farming done here but stock raising is the chief industry. There are still some government lands vacant in this part of the Country though the best is taken up, and the unclaimed is rocky land. I am greatly in favor of the parcels post. I think it would be a great advantage to all living in rural districts.

I would be pleased to correspond with some of the readers of our splendid paper, as I am often lonely and it would help pass off the time. I deeply sympathize with the shut-ins and wish I were financially able to help them all. Uncle Charlie is doing a noble work.

With best wishes for the continued success of COMFORT and all the COMFORT family.

Mrs. ANNE KEERAN, Flint, Sharp Co., Ark.

My Dear Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

COMFORT has been a welcome visitor to our home for many years; and I can truly say I have enjoyed reading both the sisters' and cousins' letters.

We live on a farm one mile from the river, and I can always find plenty to do. We have had a big overflow this spring and it stays wet and cold.

I have been married three years. Can any sister tell me where I can get a little boy to adopt between two and three years of age?

Would like to hear from some of the sisters.

Wishing all success,

Mrs. ADA CROMPTON, Perate, R. R. 3, Ala.

DEAR SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

I have received so much help from COMFORT in the eight years I have taken it that I feel I must try and return the favor in a small way.

Our family doctor told me to treat thrush in my baby's mouth in this way:

Dissolve one heaping teaspoon of boracic acid in one cup of boiling water, and wash baby's mouth night and morning with this solution.

Also dissolve one half teaspoon of common baking soda in one cup of boiling water, and wash baby's mouth with this solution every time it is fed. This kills the acid that causes the thrush to form.

Also use the same treatment for the nipples.

Never put a swab in the solution after it has been in the baby's mouth or on nipples.

If expectant mothers will buy five cents' worth of glycerine and tannin at the drug-store, and use it on

the nipples before the wee guest arrives they will not have sore nipples at that time.

I wish every voter in U. S. would read Uncle Charlie's talks and views for I feel sure they are so plain no one could help but profit by them.

I am twenty-four years old, five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and sixty pounds. I have been married seven years and have a little boy three and one half years old, and a baby girl of eleven months.

I hope this will help someone.

Mrs. JOHN SILLMAN, Jr., Fowler, R. R. 32, Mich.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have thought so many times to write a letter to our dear little kingdom. The sisters' letters in COMFORT are very interesting and intelligent, take them all through. I enjoy the paper so much. Years ago I took it, then I let it go, but in time I yearned for it again, and now I don't think I will ever let another year go by without it.

I live in a lovely little town situated on Roanoke river. We are now in the midst of a big freshet; the river is swollen far above the banks and the poor little pigs and hogs, cows and calves have given up all hope of being rescued. It rises so fast people are unable to get over in the low grounds and get their stock out in time.

We have about three or four hundred inhabitants. We are surrounded by railroads about six miles each way, which is one inconvenience. Yet it would be a desirable place for anyone looking for rest and calm repose. The people are very refined and well educated.

It is a great place for bees all along the Roanoke river. In the low grounds are quantities of food for them to gather to make honey. The wild honeysuckle makes beautiful white honey.

People from the North come out here to hunt quail and squirrel. No one ever comes and wants to leave. There seems to be a hypnotism about the place.

Many of the people live in town and farm in the country. The climate is very mild, this is the most severe winter we have had in years. We have one bank, five stores and one factory. We need more Northern enthusiasm to come out and give us some push and vim. We are rather slow.

I am a great deal of the time and get very lonely. I all to be a Christian of the higher type. I long for something more than I get here. As a friend of mine said on his dying bed, "Oh, Lord, must I die and shall I live again?"

I am very busy most of the time yet I find time to do some fancy work. I do a great deal of darned bobbinet, it makes beautiful trimming for white dresses. I fine bobbinet darned with colored luster cotton trims secco silk lovely.

We are not such a great ways from Norfolk, Va. Many go down from here to bathe and rest up during the summer months. I hope to spend about six weeks at Ocean View.

I hope to hear from some of the Northern sisters.

Mrs. S. D. MATTHEWS, Hamilton, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having enjoyed the many interesting and helpful letters very much have often thought of writing, but dreaded the waste basket.

I have been in ill health the past three years, resulting from overwork and anxiety, as mother was taken from us ten years ago last February when I was nineteen, and I am the eldest of her eleven children; three having been taken before she was. Sister next to me was married in 1910, and the two younger, twenty-two and nineteen were married last October. I am left alone with the care and responsibility of a farm home. Although I'm improving in health I am not yet strong enough to do all the work and stand up to it. I feel it a duty to reserve a little of my regained strength as father is past seventy-six and I want to be able to care for him as long as God will spare him to us.

My two youngest brothers are at home. I am looking for a woman to help me; someone who also would be companionable.

To change the subject, I do not believe in woman-suffrage, but I do believe if all women who are so anxious to vote would take the New Testament and devote the same amount of time and energy in prayerful study of it, and try to live up to its teachings, and while thinking, talking and writing of the great reforms they are going to make, teach their children the Gospel of Christ, it would be a far greater uplift to their country, children, husbands and themselves, body and soul, than all the votes that have ever been cast or ever will be cast in the United States. Jesus said: "I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing."—St. John 15-5.

Mothers forget the ballot, and get God in your minds for His power is supreme. Instruct and pray for your boys and girls; they are the future generation, and what they are taught in the home they will never forget. If the brothel, saloon, gambling dens and all places of vice are to be abolished, it has got to be done in the home.

COMFORT is splendid and I like Uncle Charlie. I enjoyed Mrs. Beatrice Thompson's letter, she voiced my sentiments.

Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Maude James are also among my favorites of the May number, and I would not dare name all that I like as it would take up so much space.

I will close with Queen Victoria's prayer. God has been good to grant me some of the helps it asks, but I find it the hardest to obey His commandments as I slip so often.

Queen Victoria's Prayer

"Grant me Lord, the help of Thy Holy spirit, that I may read Thy word each day with reverence and joy. Teach me how to understand it. Give me faith in Thy promises, strengthen me to obey Thy commandments and shed Thy love in my heart. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ my Savior. Amen."

God bless COMFORT's staff and readers.

Sincerely,

MISS MAUDE DEMING, Oakland, N. Dak.

Miss Deming. Your strong letter is an appeal to womanhood throughout. You have been forced by circumstances to learn much of the philosophy of life at an early age, and although deprived of many liberties which rightfully belong to every young woman, your letter tells me you have constantly pressed onward.

Your vigorous protest against woman-suffrage is so genuinely convincing that every sister will, I am sure, read and consider.

It seems appropriate that I should quote from the pen of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania: "The great woman question is in reality only a mother question, and if we succeed in making out of every girl a mother in mind or body, or both, we shall soon occupy the position God and creation ordained for us. We women are priests without surplices, doctors without the title, healers without humbug, thinkers in every direction, as our boys take our brain stuff and brain power to think with."—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am going to ask admission to your corner as I have been a reader and subscriber for a long time and cannot tell of the many helps I receive from the COMFORT sisters.

Perhaps I should not have found courage to write had not Mrs. Diehl's letter decided me. She certainly hit me a hard blow when she told how she won out with patience over trifling things which upset the nerves. I have been traveling the same road; in fact I was a nervous wreck and every little thing seemed to worry me till my home life was trembling on the verge of total collapse, when I picked up my paper and turned to the Sisters' Corner, and the very first letter was Mrs. Diehl's. Well I read it through and sat and thought it all over, and decided what she had said I could do, and let me tell you I am a far happier woman today, thanks to COMFORT, and to one COMFORT sister in particular and the children are happier since I stop and control myself and don't scold.

Excuse this letter as I am writing with baby and he just won't keep still; he wants to write, too.

Will our COMFORT sisters send me a square of white cloth ten by ten, with their name in center for a COMFORT quilt? Also please write me. Your sister,

Mrs. MAUD HASSELL, Waxahatchie, R. R. 4, Texas.

Mrs. Hassell. Your letter brings me the very best kind of encouragement. I am so very glad, so happy that we have given you the little lift that you needed, and I know how gratifying your letter will be to Mrs. Diehl.

I have often wished that we sisters had something each could share in, and when I read Queen Victoria's prayer, Miss Maude Deming's letter, it was so helpful and strengthening that I wished we might adopt it. How many will join me in learning this beautiful prayer and re-

peating it each morning? A COMFORT sisters' prayer would indeed unite us in our services to one another.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

First I will describe myself so you will know more about the writer. I am five feet five inches tall, twenty years old, have blue eyes, and light hair, and weigh one hundred and twenty-nine pounds.

We live in the country, have rural route but no telephone. There are three boys and two girls in our family besides mother and father.

I agree with Miss Elizabeth Guelif about girls making little things for their homes to be, before they marry. I have quite a few things made, such as embroidered centerpieces, pillow cases, sheets, dish towels and face towels.

How many of the COMFORT sisters cut out the cooking recipes of dear old COMFORT? I paste them in an old book of any kind, each separately, under the different names, such as cakes, doughnuts, pies, cookies, etc. I have another book I paste all my songs in, another pieces and recitations to speak, another with remedies and they all come handy to me at times. Now for a few helps, then I must leave you.

When embroidering near the edge of a pillow case, I always sew (or rather baste) a piece of muslin to the edge, then I can put on the hoops much tighter.

When baking pies with one crust, turn the pie tin upside down and bake the crust on top of it. In that way you will always have a smooth surface inside your piecrust when it is done. I always stick the crust with a fork, here and there, before I bake them this way.

With best wishes to all who read this.

I am your COMFORT sister,

MISS ALMA HELLENGREEN, Larimore, R. R. 1, N. Dak.

My Dear Mrs. WILKINSON:

I have made some dear friends through your loving kindness in accepting some letters for COMFORT Sisters' Corner, which I prize far more than gold, and that is saying a good deal in this day of greed and graft. I am truly thankful for the dear and true friends, and their kind letters cheer us on life's journey.

I have nothing to complain of and I feel unworthy when I read so many sufferers that I am powerless to help. I am now seventy and blessed with health and strength to do the work for from twenty to thirty boarders, and I keep my house in good order.

My hearing is good.

I only take genteel boarders and they all are just as considerate and kind to me as if I were their mother. We have a lovely home, a horse and carriage, and cow, and my husband takes care of them and the place, and is painting the house now. He is seventy-one, but we are not old.

I so often wish dear Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. Gantt and blessed Uncle Charlie could come to see us. I have read COMFORT nearly a quarter of a century and do so enjoy it, though I read it with tears as there are so many pathetic letters and requests and always wish I had the power to alleviate some of the sorely distressed. It has been said every back is fitted for its burden, but sometimes the silver lining to the clouds are almost obscure, and though God knows what is for our best, many times we feel like Elijah of old; when overburdened with trouble he cried out "Oh, where is Elijah's God?"

I see a request for views on the servant question. I do not see any excuse why we should not make our help one of our family, whether a man or woman, as long as they conduct themselves properly. I have had the help of over one hundred maids, and with few exceptions they have as good accommodations as anyone in the house, and privileges to make them know that they are respected. We have a little girl now that has been with us six months. She has good clothes and I influenced her to start a bank account, and while she has less than a hundred dollars she has a good help with the utmost respect.

We are all God's creatures and are not commanded to exalt ourselves and look with contempt on our brothers and sisters that have been less fortunate than we think ourselves to be. This is a condemned idea of my own, and would like to enter into the subject more thoroughly.

With love and good wishes,

Mrs. LEWIS PARRIS, 628 Reana St., Lincoln, Ill.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Fudge and Flirtation

By Rita Alice Lambert

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THE Pittsburgh express was making her usual fifty miles an hour, despite the fact that the rain and hail were driving in sheets against her head and making travel more or less precarious. But the giant locomotive, indifferent to weather conditions, puffed and steamed along her uninviting way, as though anticipating the coming holiday with as much pleasure and satisfaction as were most of her passengers.

But though the coaches were filled with happy looking folks, anticipating the care-free enjoyment of a few leisure hours, there was one among them, whose face denoted anything but joy or satisfaction. For not even the least observing would have interpreted the drooping lips and saddened eyes of a certain young lady, lounging in one of the Pullman chairs, as an indication of pleasurable anticipation.

A very pleasing young person to look at was this somber-faced young lady, for pug noses are sometimes considered nice, as are fuzzy hair and grayish eyes. Her name it seems was Jane and she despised it.

She was gazing out of the window and reflecting on the coldness of the world in general, and Aunt Rate in particular. To contemplate a holiday through a steady downpour of rain, was bad enough, but when one had no brighter outlook than two weeks on a farm, with an elderly aunt, a spinster of angular build and disposition to match, it was not to be wondered at that eyes were tear-dimmed and lips dropped. It couldn't have been worse. Now after deep consideration, Jane decided that it could not have been worse. And though never before having distinguished herself as a prize mathematician she summed it all up:

Lonesome Farm—angular aunt—no young people—and, Easter vacation. Answer? Serious thoughts of suicide.

Having arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, and satisfied that no one had observed the two big tears that had fallen on the magazine in her lap, Jane ventured to look around at her fellow passengers. There were not more than a dozen persons in the car and Jane made a wry face as she took note of them.

An old man, deeply interested in an occult magazine, his wife and daughter, the latter (fat and good-natured looking) was devouring chocolates with a rapidity, which was amazing. Two seats ahead was an aggressive looking female, lost in the perusal of a dime novel, and next to her a decrepit old gentleman, half asleep, who was trying his best to appear wide awake whenever he thought he was being observed.

The inspection thus far proving as uninteresting as the rain outside, she was about to open her magazine, when a small white object lying upon her knee, attracted her attention. Except for the certain knowledge that it had not been there a moment ago, she would have brushed it aside and given it not a thought. But there it lay, the "spic-and-spanness" of her tailored suit, accentuating its glaring whiteness. A tiny piece of paper, folded and refolded, until it was quite as small as a dime (to be explicit, quite a "throwable" size).

"It must have been thrown from the rear of the car," Jane arrived at the conclusion, by a sort of Sherlock-Holmes' deduction, hence: the culprit was not among the passengers immediately within range of her vision. The damsel of generous proportions was as before, consuming chocolates, the aggressive old lady still quite interested in her novel, and the decrepit old gentleman now fast asleep.

"So," thought Jane, "they are quite harmless now what can it be and where from?"

The possibility of its having fallen there accidentally, never occurred to her, it was much too carefully folded, and obviously a note of some sort. Jane trembled with inward excitement. She wanted to giggle. What an adventure, and what fun if she should—Well why shouldn't she? There it lay, quite within her reach. What possible harm could result, and it might be just a piece of paper after all. Thus reasoning she picked it up, nervously turning it over and over in her fingers.

Should she, or should she not open it? And finally, curiosity predominating, she opened the mysterious paper. It contained only a few words, written in a sprawling hand, and as Jane read she laughed.

The decrepit old gentleman awoke with a start, the aggressive lady looked up from her novel, and the chocolate absorber, with a candy half way to her mouth, held it there in amazement at the outburst, for Jane was giggling, quite loudly too, it was so funny.

After her fellow passengers had resumed their several pastimes she reread the scrawl: "If you will let me sit beside you I will give you some of the fudge I have in my grip." It was scribbled on a leaf of a memorandum book and was signed "Lonesome."

Some well-informed author or poet once said "Pity is akin to love." It is almost an absolute certainty, had Jane's would-be admirer written anything else, she would have torn the missive to shreds and scornfully thrown it on the floor. But that signature "Lonesome!" It was so pathetic somehow, so frank and boyish, and Jane knew what it was to be lonesome. Wasn't she now in a deplorable state of the blues? It would be much nicer to be blue with someone than alone—and well why should she not share his fudge and lonesomeness? Before her were seven more hours of uneventful journeying. There could be no wrong in it surely and—

"May I?" said a voice directly behind her.

Jane whirled around in her chair and blushing furiously, faced the occupant of the next one, a big fellow with clear-cut features who was smiling apologetically. They scrutinized each other for the fraction of a second, then simultaneously laughed.

"I should like to apply for the position of private entertainer to a young lady who looks as if she might like to be entertained," he said, in very seductive tones.

"I might consider you as an applicant," she answered at once assuming a business-like air, "were your methods of introducing yourself, less unconventional. However what are your qualifications, sir?"

"I am afraid they are quite limited as yet, but I've been told that I am an apt pupil, and really I am ready and willing to learn anything so far a teacher might wish to impart," he said gallantly.

Jane wrinkled up her forehead adorably, and looking squarely at him with her large eyes, remarked soberly, "The first lesson you will be obliged to learn if you are engaged, will be: never speak to an unchaperoned lady, under any circumstances, unless properly introduced," then as she saw his evident chagrin and embarrassment, added with a winsome little smile, "unless one's lonesome."

They both laughed at this, though he became sober at once, and handed her his card. She read, "Robert Gracy, Boston, Mass."

"I am really quite respectable," he said, "though I did accept a young lady. But I have noticed you ever since you boarded the train at Philadelphia, and you looked so—so kind of blue and lonesome, that—well I just couldn't resist the temptation of speaking to you. I left Boston last night and am on my way to spend a few days in the country with relatives."

"Delighted to meet you Mr. Robert Gracy of baked bean town," Jane replied laughing and holding out her hand.

He took it and with mock seriousness said: "The pleasure is mutual I assure you Miss—Gray-eyed traveler. You see you have not told

me your name, though I'm convinced it is a pretty one."

Jane thought rapidly. To introduce herself, by the atrocious appellation her parents had bestowed upon her, was out of the question. Besides in an adventure of this kind, would it be wise? No indeed! Jane Rate would never carry on a flirtation, with a perfect stranger, indeed she would blush at the thought. The heroine of a novel probably would, in fact, heroines have a habit of doing that sort of thing. He would very likely leave the train before she, and as there would be no possibility of his ever seeing her again, why not adopt an alias and if one must, why not choose a pretty one?

During this soliloquy, her newly engaged companion was tugging at his tightly packed suitcase and by the time Jane had selected from her store of stage heroines the very "stagiest" name he was triumphantly dragging forth from the depths, a large square box, snugly packed with delicious little chunks of home-made fudge.

"There," he said, passing her the box, "it's worth fishing for, just try a piece. It is my favorite indulgence when traveling, and Martha (that is my sister) always makes it for me."

Jane closed her teeth on a large, succulent piece, and smacked her lips, "Um, I am so glad we met."

He laughed, "have another piece, Miss—Miss."

"Devereux," supplied she, "Thelma Louise Devereux," then blushing (Jane blushed most becomingly), I haven't card with me."

"It is quite enough to hear you say it," Bob answered, "It sounds very nice, er—it's quite a fancy name. Of course that was necessary to make it worthy of its owner."

After this they became very friendly and chatty. Jane found herself confiding the terrors of her visit to him, and discovered that his hostess too, would be an angular relative of peppery disposition.

It was such an adventure for Jane, this disregarding conventionalities, and when they went into the dining car to lunch, her cheeks were scarlet, and the unusual excitement made her appear more charming than ever. Added to this was the pleasure of knowing that plain Jane Rate had suddenly disappeared from the stage of mortal things, to be reincarnated, in the effulgent, and highly romantic personality of Thelma Louise Devereux. And she became merrier as her companion requested Miss Devereux to have another ice, or would Miss Devereux pour him another cup of tea.

She discovered that he was a Yale man, and he found in her a loyal little rooter, for his football eleven. There were mutual acquaintances to be discussed, and college sports, and as they talked more freely, Jane found herself, wishing they had met less informally, so a friendship might be possible. She was also mentally comparing him to some of her circle of male friends at home, and found that they suffered by the comparison.

There was something so frank and charming about this strapping young athlete, that she heaved a little sigh and looked wistfully out of the window at the fast gathering dusk, realizing that the pleasantest day of her life was about to come to a close, and that her little adventure was nearly at an end.

As the shadows deepened, and the train neared its destination, the decrepit old gentleman showed signs of returning consciousness, as did the other passengers, the chocolate consumer stopping that rather indigestible pastime, long enough to strenuously powder her nose.

There was a general hustle bustle, of porter, baggage-men and passengers, all of which indicated the speedy termination of a long and tiresome journey.

Amid all this Bob was racking his brain for a suitable phrase that would express his thoughts not too strongly, and yet win Jane's consent to a continuance of their acquaintance.

"Confound it, if I only knew where she was stopping," he thought, "if we had only been properly introduced, now that I know there is a girl like her, well she makes the rest look sick." These and other thoughts were racing through the young man's mind, and finally after a great deal of preliminary palaver, he ventured to ask her:

"Well Miss Devereux, we have nearly reached our destination, and—and you don't know how much depends on your answer. May I not see you again? Isn't there some way we could manage it?"

Jane, tugging at her gloves did not dare to meet his eyes.

"I'm afraid not. You see it wouldn't be right, now would it? I must thank you for one of the pleasantest days I have ever had, of course it must be the first and the last. However this is a very small world after all, and we may meet again—somewhere—sometime." Then laughing lightly, she added: "When we arrive in Pittsburgh, auntie will meet me, and whirl me away into the oblivion of her farm at Brayville and—"

"Brayville," he cried so loudly and joyously that the passengers near them stared in amazement, "why that's where I am going." And then this great weight of mental apprehension lifted, they both laughed merrily and unrestrainedly.

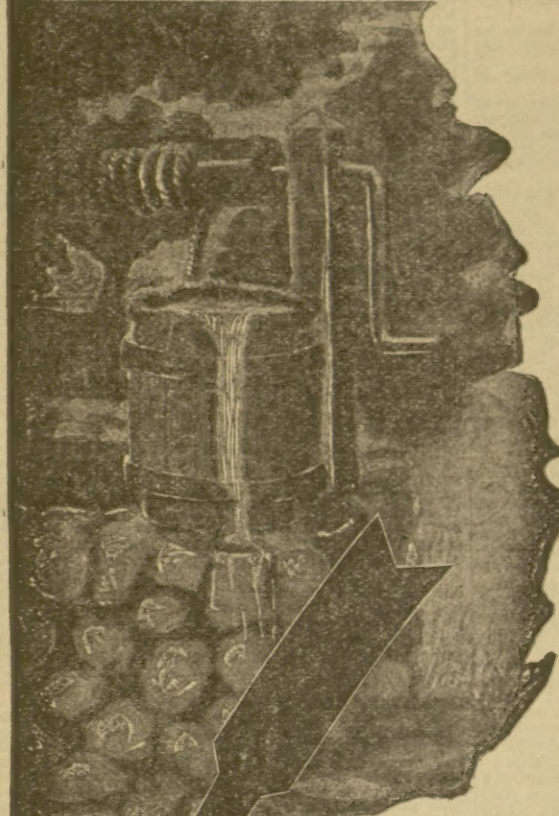
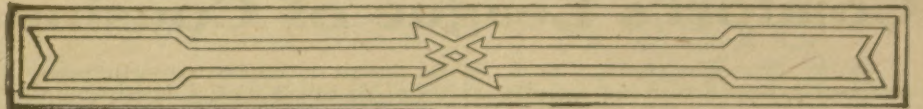
"Of course," he said, "Brayville is such a small suburb that your relatives and mine, are sure to have mutual friends. An introduction will follow (the sooner the better for me) and everything will be simply great." And he was so sincerely elated over this turn in the affair that Jane felt her heart hammering against her ribs.

"That is delightful," she managed to say, flatteringly herself that her eyes did not betray how really delighted she was. "I am sure I shall be pleased to meet Mr. Gracy of Boston, at any time, but I must warn you that auntie is, to say the least, peculiar, and very apt to give you a freezing reception. If you care to brave all this, of course—"

"Well, believe me, I'll brave the lion's den before twenty-four hours have elapsed, with your permission," and his eyes danced as he helped her on with her coat, and held her hand a trifle too long at parting as the train, puffing and snorting, came to a standstill, and the passengers commenced to descend to the platform of the great station.

The station was crowded with men and women, anticipating the arrival of guests. Prominent among them stood a large, bony woman with big dangling hands, and ill-fitting clothes. A close observer, however, might have noted a kindly expression appear in her eyes as she watched her trimly tailored niece descend from the Pullman. She held out her hand without advancing to meet her.

"Well, Jane, my dear, how do you do? No, kiss my cheek, I have a slight cold. Why ever do you travel so dressed up? How is your mother? Give your things to John, and we will get in the car presently. I am expecting another guest—Bob how are you? Now—now you should know better than to kiss me with so many people around. I can't believe I have really succeeded in getting you here. Jane my dear, this is a very distant cousin of yours, Robert Gracy of Boston. Bob this is my brother's only child, Jane Rate, I thought you would be company for each other, that is why I insisted on your coming at this time. Now children are we all ready?—John is the baggage in the car? Bob you sit with John—no I will, and you get in the back seat with Jane. Now mind both of you bundle up well, it is quite a long ride to the farm. Jane my dear, use this foot-muff, and wrap your veil well around your ears. Now I guess we are all ready, drive slowly John, the pavements are still wet from the rain, and—why children what ever



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is the matter with you?" And Aunt Rate finished her long disconnected oration, with an amazed stare at the couple in the rear seat. They emitted peal after peal of laughter, until tears running down their cheeks, they stopped to take breath, then off again into another hysterical fit, till at last, quite exhausted, Jane, dabbling

her eyes with her handkerchief exclaimed: "You— you, or! it's too funny." Aunt Rate still craning her neck to look at the couple behind her, mouth and eyes wide open with astonishment, insisted upon an explanation. "I had no idea you two knew each other," she exclaimed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

No more would Washington, D. C. send experts across the country doctoring beasts while thousands of human beings lie dying in filth and rage.

What should be done? We ask you Uncle Charlie for your opinion which I have learned is worth more than gold.

Though what is done should be done as quickly as possible and in no uncertain way! It is a privilege and it is our duty to learn what causes disease, what causes poverty and milllions. A nation that can invent machinery, turn out physicians and produce food like this nation, if it can't distribute among the workers accordingly then the intelligence of the race is not of a high order.

My boy wrote this for me. Mrs. A. H. PAYNE.

When the sun is sinking to the rim of life's horizon, the vision clarifies, and we seem to see things with prophetic eyes. Our vision either results in a pessimistic or optimistic view of things. Mrs. Payne is pessimistic. I, on the contrary, am just the reverse, for though conditions as they exist in this country today are enough to make the heart of a wooden monkey ache, still there are on the otherwise dark horizon constantly appearing so many hopeful and cheery signs of a brighter tomorrow, that anyone who looks below the surface of things, and studies the mighty forces that are slowly but surely working for human uplift, cannot help but be heartened and encouraged. Humanity now is in the birth pangs of a new and better order of things. It is a comforting thing, however, to know that better times for humanity are close at hand, and even though we, dear friend, may not live to see them, the young folks will. There is going to be a mighty change for the better in this country in the next twenty-five years. We shall never again be compelled to stand idly by and watch a nation of ninety millions of people handing over the reins of government absolutely and completely to two autocratic representatives of plaital wealth. This is what actually happened quite recently under a so-called republican form of government, during the regime of Can non and Aldrich. Wealth still controls, but public opinion is gradually putting a ring in the nose of the money hog, and monopoly is not quite so impudent and arrogant as it was, though the Lord knows it is still sassy enough. The next administration, no matter of what political complexion it may be, will be a great improvement on and much more responsive to public opinion than those that have preceded it. The progressive element in both parties is slowly but surely gaining ground, and the stand-patters, and reactionaries—that is the men, who, from selfish motives wish to keep things as they are, wish to keep the people from running their own government, and wish to stop all progress so that monopolistic thieves can continue in their nefarious tasks of plundering the people—are gradually being eliminated from public life. A number of these political Judases will be throwing corporation gold right and left next November in an effort to secure reelection. Look out for them, you voters male and female. Look out for the standard political wolves in sheep's clothing, and sign their political death warrants for they have been harrying the public sheepsheads for years. The bad old days are nearly over. Public-spirited men are now springing up on every hand. The national conscience is awakening from its slumber of slothful indifference. I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I can tell you to an absolute certainty, what reforms will be inaugurated, and what great changes for the better you will see in this country in the next generation. For the last few years we have been marking time, practically making no headway whatsoever. The public needed educating, and they have been getting a lot of expensive and painful education, and now they are going out to make good use of it. Competition as we understood it of old is dead, dead as Methuselah's buck goat. In theory competition is the life of trade, but in practice it is just the reverse, for the man who has the most money can always run his smaller rivals off the field of business. The era of small business and wasteful, ruinous competition has gone forever. The man who tries to revive it might as well try to galvanize into life Balaam's oratorical quadruped or convert scrambled eggs into spring chicken. This is the era of big business and big things. Conditions have changed absolutely in the last twenty years, and people have got to shed their old-fashioned, antiquated ideas and adapt themselves to the new order of things. Don't be scared of big business because it is big. It's easier to keep your eye on a few big things than a thousand little ones. Big business has been lawless, aggressive and injurious, but it has taught the people a mighty lesson, the greatest of all economic lessons, the value of cooperation. By eliminating waste, by cooperating and working together, great combinations have gathered in enormous profits. This cooperation, however, has been one sided, all on the part of the men of wealth, who have used their vast resources, their mighty monopolies, to plunder the masses, whose underpaid labor, gullibility and docility, have made these combinations possible, and enormously profitable and powerful. The people have learned the lesson the trusts have taught them, and in the next few years you will see big business, which is now considered private business, becoming more and more public business. The trusts, instead of being the masters of the people, will gradually become their servants. They will become benignant enterprises for the creation of widely distributed wealth, instead of plaital machines for public plunder. This will come about gradually, but surely. Only fools would destroy the trusts. The trusts came because they had to come. The time was ripe for them, and now human intelligence must ripen so as to take advantage of them. They came as a result of economic evolution, and evolution is simply God's way of prodding laggard man onward and upward, forcing him to climb whether he wishes to or not. Let me put the whole programme of progress before you. The next administration will give you parcels post. Not a miserable apology for it on the rural routes alone, but a nation wide service. It will also give you an income tax that will put the burden of taxation where it belongs, namely, on those who are most able to bear it, and who hitherto have escaped it. We shall have popular election of senators, and that will put an end to Lorimer scandals, and our American House of Lords will no longer become an eyre for the eagle of privilege, but an assembly hall for the representatives of the plain people. Corporation will be curbed and made to obey the law. The administration succeeding that will abolish child labor and give us the initiative and referendum and the right of recall. I also predict that it will see the United States taking over the entire express business of the country. An expert estimates that fifty million dollars will be all that will be necessary to acquire these properties. The profit they will yield to the government will be enormous. Four years later you will have the pleasure of seeing women voting in every state in the Union, and the right to send liquor into a prohibition state prohibited. The whole telegraph system of the country will become government property, and a few years later the telephone will follow suit. The eight-hour labor law will have long previously been written into the law of the land. A minimum wage in all industries will also have been established, and within thirty years the railroads will have become national property. Old age pensions, national insurance against sickness and unemployment are only ten years off, and with the advent of these great reforms, the poor-houses will forever have disappeared from our land. Monarchy will have vanished from the old world, and we shall have the United States of Europe and the United States of America vying with each other in the race for human betterment. Within a quarter of a century we shall see the abolition of all armies and navies and an international police will keep in order those

who attempt to disturb world-wide peace. In religion the narrow lines of sectarianism will be wiped away. The church instead of holding aloof, will reach down to draw the struggling masses up and out of the depths of despair in which they wallow. The church will lead in every movement for public welfare. The people will make their own laws. Politicians will merely formulate them. Education will be real, practical and thorough. Instead of farcial, half hearted and incomplete. The health of the people will become the concern of the nation, and instead of fighting one another we shall be fighting disease, insect pests, rebellious nature, and any ignorance that may yet lurk in the brain of man who moulded in the image of His Creator, is yet to be worthy of his divine origin, noble and godlike. No, dear friend, you need not be pessimistic. What I have outlined is coming to pass. It is not the dream of a visionary, for though I am a dreamer, I dream only along practical lines. Half of the things I have predicted, other and more progressive nations already have, and what others have, we have a right to have and will and shall have. The people of this country have the ballot, the mightiest and most powerful of all weapons, mightier than bullet or sword, mightier than fleets or armies. Through the ballot the sovereign will of the people can be expressed, and as the nation grows more intelligent, and develops a greater capacity for self government, the ballot will be more than ever instrumental in solving national problems and helping man triumphantly onward along the paths of progress. It is the people who own the land and own its institutions, and they can mould these institutions into any form that they wish. There is no power higher than the people, except God, and it's God's wish and God's will that humanity should come out of the shadows of poverty and darkness, misery and degradation and live in peace and prosperity in the bonds of brotherly love protected by His all-sheltering arms, and warmed by the sun of His eternal righteousness.

MARTIN, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Here I come for a little chat with you and the cousins, if there is room on your lap for me.

I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds, have blue eyes and brown hair.

Now Uncle, don't you think I am pretty?

I live on a farm among the West Virginia hills. This certainly is a grand place out here. The scenery is simply fine. I don't see why our American citizens go to Europe and other countries to view the Alps and other famous mountains, when they can find just as lovely scenery among the West Virginia hills, especially where the pine and other evergreen trees are covered with snow, and the holly leaves and the berries are peeping from their white coverlet!

We have been readers of COMFORT for a good many years, and I like the paper just fine, but my favorite corner is the COMFORT's League of Cousins. I certainly do enjoy reading the letters from the cousins and Uncle Charlie's answers.

Well, Uncle, I received my book of poems and think they are just fine. The book certainly is a cure for the blues, every line a laugh, and every verse a scream. I guess I had better close as "Billy" is watching for my letter. Will answer all letters and post-cards I possibly can.

With love to Uncle Charlie and all the cousins,

I am your loving niece, RUBY L. BUTLER.

Lots of room on my lap for you, Ruby. When you were describing your life why didn't you tell us your age? I am glad you are in love with your mountain home. Like you, I often wonder why it is that people hike off to Europe. Thousands go yearly, who have never been west of Pittsburgh. If the people who blow in their money on European trips would spend about half of what the jaunt across the pond costs when, in getting acquainted with their native land, it would be better for all concerned. I know a lot of human geese who can chin by the hour about Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin and London, who have never been fifty miles away from New York. They would think it a waste of time to visit the Yellowstone and Yosemite wonderlands, and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, not to mention other of the many marvels of nature we have to show in this country. If people saw a little more of their own country it might give them a higher grade of citizenship and a nobler quality of patriotism. A trip through the Yellowstone National Park would put some red corpuscles into the anemic veins of the sallow-faced money burners who beat it to Paris every summer, and spend their lives nosing around the Moulin Rouge and other notorious joints, jollying themselves the while with the idea that what they are doing is real devilish, and that they are a bunch of dead game sports. All Europe lays itself out to fleece the American tourist, and the way they skin the star spangled victims who are foolish enough to get into their clutches is a caution. You can imagine how cheap the average American feels when he goes abroad and people start asking him about Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Niagara Falls, the Great Lakes, the Rockies, the Sunny South, the Pacific coast, etc., and the brave, bold, boastful, star spangled phonograph, has to crawl into his hole and admit that all he knows of the glorious United States is Hoboken, Jersey City and Yonkers—oh, yes, and Coney Island. None of these cities by the way can be called strictly American. Yes, it gives me a pain to hear people raving about the Alps who have never seen the Rockies, nor the Sierras. To get any enjoyment out of foreign travel people should know their own native land first. If people studied this vast country more they might have enough real love for it to want to see it better run and better governed. Whenever Uncle Sam gets short of money he might put a tax of say a hundred dollars a head on the geese who go quacking all over Europe every summer instead of spending their money inspecting the country which gives them their bread and butter, a country of which they know practically nothing. Charity begins at home so should travel. I thank you, Ruby, for making a plea for your native land. Your letter came at an opportune moment for it is at this season of the year that everyone who can beg, borrow or steal the money is making a bee line for the old world. I believe about a hundred million dollars of American gold is dumped in Europe every summer. That's good for Europe, but it's pretty tough on the United States, and especially is it tough on the masses of the people who have to toil at starvation wages to earn the money the idle rich scatter broadcast all over Europe.

LEON, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Here comes a schoolma'am from among the West Virginia hills. You like the schoolma'ams, don't you, Uncle Charlie?

I live in the country and am proud of the fact for I do not like the city.

We raise most all grains in this part of the country and we also raise many kinds of fruit, but all kinds of crops were short last year on account of dry weather.

We live on a small farm, and I can do many kinds of farm work and all kinds of housework, but I go to school in summer and teach in winter, so I do not do much of either. This is my third year of school, and I like teaching pretty well. I do not have to use the hickory very often. We have organized a literary society at a schoolhouse near my home and we debate some question each Friday night. I think it is fine.

Uncle Charlie I am sure you will be glad to hear that we have organized an Anti-Tobacco Society to try to get people to quit using tobacco. I cannot see any use in anyone using the stuff.

I had a dream about you Uncle, the other night. I dreamed that I saw you out under a shade tree just outside of a large city, and cousins he just looked as his picture does in his book of poems, which by the way I think is fine. Now wasn't that a silly dream? I wish it had been true for I would like to see the man who entertains us every month with his wit and wisdom.

This letter is getting rather long so I will describe myself. I am about five feet six inches short, weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds; have dark hair,

blue eyes, am fair and am twenty years young. Now what do you think of me? I have a father, mother, four brothers and three sisters, oh, yes and three nieces and two nephews. My father is totally blind in one eye and cannot see very well out of the other, so I try to help him a little as well as helping myself.

Please feed Billy some tin cans and don't let him have my letter. With best wishes, your niece, ETHEL GREENLEE.

ETHEL, I am always delighted to hear from schoolma'ams and especially delighted to hear from one who writes as well as you. I am sorry you had short crops last year. I also understand that all the men who went into the barber shops to get a hair cut were complaining because they had short crops. Any young lady who can do farm work, housework and educate children deserves the thanks of the nation. Before the law however, Ethel Greenlee is classed with idiots and criminals and is not allowed to vote. Never mind, Ethel, this insult to your sex will soon be removed. Within ten years, possibly within five, every woman in your state will be able to vote. So you don't have to use the hickory very often on your scholars. When I went to school all knowledge was imparted with a hickory stick. The seat of education was half way between the head and the feet. Absorbing knowledge in those days was a painful experience, especially if you tried to sit down. The educational center has moved to a different section of the body in the last thirty-five years, and is now located in the brain, or rather the skull which contains the brain. When we want to hasten the absorption of knowledge instead of using a hickory stick, as was done in the days of yore, we use moral suasion instead of force. Moral suasion is more civilized than the old barbarous methods, and the advantage to the boy is that moral suasion can be administered to him while sitting down, and without pain. I congratulate you, heartily Ethel, on having a literary and debating society. The anti-tobacco society is all right in its way but there are lots of channels in which you can direct your energies to better advantage than trying to make men quit smoking tobacco. There is no doubt that vast numbers of men spend entirely too much money on tobacco and smoke too much. Too many men convert themselves into human chimneys, and about the only time when they are not emitting smoke is when they are eating or sleeping. Tens of thousands of women simply cannot endure tobacco smoke, and when that is the case men ought not to force them to endure it. Of course every man's health and pocket are the better for leaving tobacco alone. There are millions of men, however, who find in their pipe or cigar, more pleasure, solace and enjoyment than anything else on earth. Many of these men do not oversmoke and can afford to indulge in the seductive weed when they feel disposed. There are others that cannot afford to smoke; men earning the miserable sum of a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day and who when they burn up money, deprive wife and children of much needed food and raiment. If these men could be induced to give up tobacco on the plea that it is a luxury they cannot afford, their families would naturally benefit, but most of the men we made the sacrifice would feel that they had been deprived of the one thing that made their hard life of ill remunerated toil endurable. The man who has been smoking all his life, the best thing to do is to let him continue to smoke, for the habit is so deeply rooted that it would be next to impossible to eliminate it, and the man would be so wretched and miserable without his pipe that he would make everybody else wretched around him. What we want to do is to get after the young folks and try to prevent them from acquiring the habit. Explain to them that their brains would be clearer, their pockets less depleted, their nerves less ragged, their clothes cleaner, the breath less reeking and foul, and the women about them more comfortable, healthy and happy if they would not acquire the tobacco habit. It is easy to prevent the acquiring of a habit, but it's cruelly hard to break up a habit that is once acquired. Personally I think if you had formed an anti-ignorance society; anti-bribery, graft and corruption society; anti-machine politics society; anti-swearing and blasphemy society; anti-poverty and low wage society; anti-high cost of living society; anti-crime and murder society; anti-dirt, disease and adulteration society; anti-slandering, backbiting and slander society; and a lot of other "antis" of that kind which you could have discussed and threshed out in your debating society you would have done far more to benefit your community than by trying to put the kibosh on the tobacco habit, bad as it is. Anyway I congratulate you, Ethel, and the people of Leon, W. Va., that you are trying to do something for the uplift of the community; that you are getting people to think, for it is only by thinking, only by the power of thought that we can improve the quality of our citizenship and rise to higher things.

CARTERSVILLE, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

Will you admit a cousin into your charming circle from eastern Oklahoma? Cartersville is a little town just growing into a city. I live three miles east of Cartersville.

How many cousins like to go to school? I for one like to go. Our school did not begin until the first day of January. There is so much cotton to gather in this country that we can't have any school until after New Year's.

We like a one bale being through picking cotton. There is more cotton made this year than any year I have ever known.

Say Uncle, how did you enjoy Christmas? I wish you could have been with me I would have fed you on baked turkey and-bolled ham. Billy the Goat could have lived on freckers.

Do you ever hear much about Oklahoma? The people of Oklahoma had a free life before a statehood, but now we are taxed heavily. We are not allowed to vote on our school tax, and sometimes we don't have enough money to keep our school going.

Well, Uncle, as my letter is getting long, I will close.

Your loving nephew, MILTON PRICE. (No. 35,356.)

Milton, in your letter you say: "We like one bale being through picking cotton." How is it you only like one bale? Why have the rest of the bales incurred your displeasure and dislike? What has this particular bale done to win your affections? What have the others done that you have cast them out of your heart? What is the reason you have dropped your young affections on this one bale of cotton? Is it handsome and better dressed than the others? There must be some reason and what it is I certainly would like to know. What's that William? I have misunderstood the gentleman? Milton, Billy says that you did not intend to convey that you had got a crush on a bale of cotton, he says you used the word "like" for "lack" that you meant to say: "We lack one bale, or are one bale short of being through picking cotton." Remember after this that like and lack are very different words, and it's little short of a crime to use like when you mean lack. I did not know you made cotton. I thought it grew. Thank you, Milton, I had a very happy time at Christmas. Turkey and ham are a great combination. It's strange how few people know that. Your mother must be a good cook. I congratulate her on serving bolled ham with turkey or chicken? About half the people in the U. S. think themselves lucky if they can get bread. Turkey is only for the favored few. I am sorry to hear that your school did not commence until January the first. No wonder you perpetrate such onslaughts on the English language. What is the matter with Oklahoma if it can't open the schools until January first? If you were going to spend seven years in study later on, it would not matter much whether you went to school now or not, but as you will probably be put to work about the time you ought to be going to school, it's a very serious matter that you are getting such little schooling. I thought Oklahoma had the best, most democratic and progressive state government in this country. You say: "We are taxed heavily and are not allowed to vote." Who



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Is it that taxes you and does not allow you to vote? Do you mean to tell me that the people of Oklahoma have allowed any man or any set of men to deprive them of their liberties? In every community in every state there is a bunch of unscrupulous, lawless, arrogant, overbearing, power-usurping politicians, human wolves, ready to rend the sheep they have been paid to protect. It is the people's fault, however, if they allow any man or any set of men, to get the upper hand and turn a free state into an oligarchy, tyrannical and corrupt. That's the trouble with the American people, they are so easy and good natured, so short sighted, lax and indifferent to their own interests that the men they elect to office immediately take advantage of them. When the people elect a legislature they should also elect a committee of public safety. If the legislature commences to run things with a high hand the committee should remind it of its duty to the electors, and if this brought no results, the committee should invoke the right of recall and throw everyone of the recalcitrant lawmakers out of the state capitol with such force that the whole bunch would think they had been struck by a cyclone. Keep the same eye on your public servants (your public hired men in the state capitol, your hired man governor, your hired men lawmakers, your hired men judges, your hired men officials generally) as you do on your hired man at home. Don't allow these gentry to put on any lugs or airs, and don't you invest any of them or all of them with a halo of any description. It's all right for fool Europeans to invest their little monarchical nonentities with halos of various dimensions, for royalty stripped of its gilt and tinsel trappings would be a sorry thing indeed. Europe pays for the tomfool flummies of royalty, and expects to get its money's worth. We broke away from that rotten nonsense more than a century ago, but we are rapidly returning to it. Directly men are elected to public office they begin to stick their noses in the air, acquire lugs and put on a whole lot of dog, and gaze contemptuously at the common herd that elected them. On the dome of every state legislative chamber and also in Washington should be printed these words in big letters: "You are the public hired men, the servants of the people and you must render them faithful service just as other hired men do. If you falter in your duty you will not be a hired man, but a fired man. The sovereign people rule in this country, and not you. You are here merely to do their bidding, and to carry out their instructions." I would make every legislator in the country read those words aloud daily, before

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Profit in Thoroughbred Fowls

Q.—Is there any advantage to be gained by keeping thoroughbred fowls?
 Q.—What is to be gained by sending birds to shows?
 Q.—Do you believe it possible for a family to live comfortably from the profits of a poultry farm?
 Q.—Are White Orpingtons good general purpose fowls? Do they lay well?
 These and kindred questions have come to me so frequently of late that I determined to do some investigating among established farms in different parts of the country, and give the readers of COMFORT the benefit of other people's experience.

The place which seems to give the most practical answers to all these questions is a small farm situated on the side of a hill not far from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. About five years ago it was a run-down, worthless place. According

in the afternoon, and the whole mass cooked for another two or three hours in a steamer, then covered and left to cool through the night. Feed tubs are filled with the mash at 7 A. M., and should any of it be left at 9 A. M., it is collected and used in fattening pens. Mr. Jackson is a strong believer in cooked food, his principal reason being that it is not so apt to sour, that the birds like the warm mash, and most important of all, that it reduces the food to a condition in which it is easily digested and assimilated by the birds, so that what they eat goes immediately to feed and sustains them, instead of part of it being wasted, which is the case when food is only partly digested.

At 11 o'clock fresh cut grass or clover is fed during the summer; early spring or fall, rye or rape, and in the winter, cut cabbage or sprouted oats. The floors of all the coops are covered with cut straw to the depth of six inches, and at 3 o'clock every afternoon a dry grain mixture is scattered over it. Wheat, hulled oats, cracked corn or Kaffir corn, millet and sunflower seed are all mixed. Enough is fed to insure a small quantity being left over for the birds to scratch for in the early morning when they first get off the roost. Fresh water, grit and oyster shell and charcoal are kept before them all the time.

Growing stock is kept in colony coops, and feed is taken around in a small pony cart, the boy doing the work. The pony takes less feed than a horse, the boy less wages than a man.

Baby chicks are fed nothing for the first forty-eight hours; the following day they have a light feed every two hours of hard-boiled egg which has been passed through a meat chopper, shell and all. Then for four days they are fed three times a day chopped egg mixed with three times the bulk of dry bread which has been toasted and passed through the meat chopper. After this they are fed on regular chick grain mixture until they are two weeks old, when they are gradually worked on to the same plan of feeding as the older birds.

When birds are to be fattened for market, they are confined in small individual coops, the floors of which are made of slats, so that the droppings

breeding is also believed in to a very marked degree. In speaking of this particular subject, Mr. Jackson says:

"Line breeding in its simplest form consists in starting with the best cockerel you can buy, breeding back to him his daughters, granddaughters and great granddaughters, and so on until he is too old or until one of his cockerels is found to excel the original male, when this new cockerel is substituted in place of the original male. The original male, by line breeding, stamps and re-stamps his blood line points on his offspring."

"This cannot be kept up indefinitely without new blood, but it can be kept up for some years if great care is taken to breed only from absolutely sound, vigorous, healthy stock. It can be easily understood that the very principle that applies to the fixing of characteristics by thus repeating over and over the same details of color and type, by using the same bird over and over, will also double up the same way on weakness or disease, if weak and diseased stock is used for breeding."

"It is an absolute law that mutations acquired during the life of the animal do not show in the offspring. This law was proven by Darwin. It is also proven by the fact the combs of gamecocks have been 'dubbed' for a century, yet the comb grows on the game cockerel the same as ever. If you have a good cock bird which has its comb frozen off, do not hesitate to breed him the next year. Of course, while his comb is healing he is not a good breeder, because he is not well. If you have a good male bird which has lost his eye from injury, do not hesitate to breed him; if, on the other hand, he is born with a deformed eye, do not breed him, as congenital characteristics may be transmitted."

Correspondence

M. B. T.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT, and as I have benefited a great many times by reading it, I will ask you to tell me what all the chickens I have now, four weeks old, that seem to have air under the skin. It is so swelled or bloated that it can scarcely walk. I can pierce the skin with a pin and it will swell, but in a little while it is as bad as ever. Please name the disease, what causes it, and give me a remedy.

A.—The bird has air puff, or, to be more exact and technical, emphysema. It is caused by injury to the lungs. With little chicks it is usually inflicted by the old hens stepping on them. With older birds fighting or rough handling may inflict injuries not to be detected until the skin commences to puff up. Breaking the skin with a needle and allowing the air to escape, relieves the pressure for a time, but nothing will effect a permanent cure until the internal wound is healed. The best plan is to shut the bird up in a small coop where it will be quiet and undisturbed, and feed lightly on mash. If you live in a district where oysters are easy to procure, put one in a glass, and a little more than cover with milk. After four hours strain off the jelly like liquid and give it to the bird to drink. It is most healing, and will gradually help to recovery.

A Subscriber.—Will you please tell me which variety is best for laying? (1) Are Leghorns good layers? (2) Would you recommend Rhode Island Reds for egg-producing purposes? (3) Also would like to know if White Wyandottes are good layers? I am intending to start in the poultry business.

A.—As you live where the winters are severe, I would advise you to select either Rhode Island Reds or the Wyandottes or Orpingtons. They are all good winter layers and make excellent table birds.

K. B. W.—I am a subscriber to COMFORT for ten years. Have just started to keep some chickens. Have the Rhode Island Red; twelve hens and one rooster. This spring I have hatched two settings and have thirty little chickens. They seem to be healthy and strong till about three weeks old; then they seem to get lame in one leg, and in a day or two the other one gets lame and they die. We have them in a room twelve by twelve, with six inches of sawdust on the floor. I feed corn meal shorts and scraps from the table and whole wheat. Would be glad if you could tell me anything to do for them. They have plenty of gravel and grass and shells and pure water.

A.—Your method of feeding is not good. Read the beginning of this month, and note Mr. Jackson's method of feeding young chicks.

G. D.—Will you please tell me as near as you can what caused my turkeys to die? They seemed perfectly healthy in every way up to two days ago. The gobble seemed to act sick and drooped his wings and was too weak to fly on the roost. He ate hearty in the morning and died the next morning. When he died, I cut him open, but could find nothing wrong except some blood in his mouth and at the top of his windpipe. His crop had whole corn, Kaffir corn, and green rye in it. They were raised this year and were fat. They died within twenty-four hours after they were taken sick. The turkey hen acted just like the gobble, and had blood in her mouth before she died. I swabbed her mouth out with coal oil, gave her poultry medicine, but nothing did her any good. I could find no swelling; no place about them. My turkeys have free range. They acted as though their throat was sore, but I could see nothing but blood. Their crops had no blood in them. Please tell me what caused their death, how to cure them, and what to do to prevent the others from taking it? They roost on the henhouse and in the trees. Please answer me as soon as possible as I am afraid the others will take it.

A.—I don't think the turkeys had any disease; at least I never heard of anything such as you describe.



GROWING STOCK IS KEPT IN COLONY COOPS AND FEED TAKEN AROUND IN PONY CART.

to the present owner, there were only a few worm-infested fruit trees and a much out-of-repair house on the place, and the slope of the ground was so great that it was of little use for garden or farm crops; but the situation and price appealed to him for a chicken farm, so he bought it and started to breed first-class White Orpingtons.

Today the house is a comfortable home with all modern improvements. The fowls have eaten the insects which were killing the fruit trees, and they have borne enormous crops for the last two years. Hundreds of first-class birds have been bred and sold from the place, and the twelve acres which constitute this hillside farm have proved most profitable ground.

The gentleman who bought the place was a doctor who was tired of city work and had a young son for whom he was desirous of building up a business. Mr. Jackson was fortunate in being able to start with excellent prize stock, but during the five years in which he has been devoting his whole time to chicken raising, he has by careful breeding developed such a splendid family of Orpingtons that eggs for hatching are in demand at high prices. But even if this were not so, his general management is so good that even if he only had market birds he would realize a comfortable living for his entire family, for he gets an average of twenty-four cents a pound for table birds, which weigh six and a quarter pounds at four months of age.

All market birds are especially cooped and fed for a month before killing, so they are in prime condition when marketed to go under the class term "soft roasters," which always brings special prices. Scrub birds poorly cared for could not be developed to such a condition in so short a time; so this part of the farm work seems to answer the question about keeping pure bred stock, and also as to the utility of the White Orpington breed.

The question of the benefit to be derived from showing stock is also answered on this hillside farm. Mr. Jackson's first venture with poultry was the purchase of one hundred and fifty eggs. These were hatched in an incubator in the early spring, and late the same fall several birds were selected and sent to the Pittsburg poultry show, where they won seven silver cups.

Soon after the show letters commenced to pour in from all parts of the country, asking for eggs for hatching, with the result that eggs laid by the pullets raised in the incubator brought two dollars a piece. Mr. Jackson's one hundred and fifty eggs had brought him three hundred dollars because they were from excellent stock, and, as I have said before, he used great discretion in subsequent breeding.

Still the advantage of the first investment was undoubtedly shown last July, when the balance sheet for 1911 was made up, for it showed returns as follows: Birds shipped, \$6152.88; eggs shipped for incubation, \$3880; little chicks shipped, \$220. Total cash received for twelve months, \$10,252.88.

Surely this is a pretty good showing for twelve acres of hillside land which would be worthless for any other kind of crops. But it is the real practical side which appeals to me, and will probably be of the greatest service to the average poultry keeper, as it is not everybody who has the capital to begin with such good birds, nor the talent needed to select and breed to such perfection, but the strict economy and system which is exercised would have assured success even with an ordinary beginning.

There are no expensive or elaborate houses or fixtures. Everything is of the plainest and cheapest, though practical and serviceable. Everything, to the smallest detail, is done on schedule time, and at the right season. The birds are healthy, hearty, and profitable producers. Everything is arranged to save time and promote cleanliness. At 7 A. M. a wet mash is fed, which consists of one part bran, one part Alfalfa, two parts middlings, one part corn meal and one part bone meal.

Bone meal is boiled for three or four hours in sufficient water to make a strong soup. The grain mixture is moistened with the soup early

fall through; and they are fed on corn meal and milk.

There are several different kinds of coops or houses used on the farm, but the greatest number of the colony coops are made of plano cases, which don't cost more than two dollars and twenty-eight cents each. The land being on such a steep hill, the back of the coop rests on the ground, and the front on legs, which leaves a dry sheltered place under each coop for the birds to scratch and dust in.

As you will see, everything is business-like. Cleanliness is positively a religion, as the following schedule of daily and weekly work would prove.

7.00 a. m.—Feeding of mash.
 8.00 a. m.—Filling water cans.
 9.00 a. m.—Gathering and cleaning mash tubs and feed pans.
 10.00 a. m.—Cleaning roosts and feed pans.
 11.00 a. m.—Feeding green food.
 1.00 p. m.—Odd jobs and cleaning.
 2.00 p. m.—Gathering eggs.
 2.30 p. m.—Cooking mash; steam pans.
 3.00 p. m.—Feeding scratch feed.
 4.00 p. m.—Odd jobs, cleaning.
 4.30 p. m.—Gathering eggs (last trip).

Just before dark all water cans are emptied and rinsed, so they will be ready for filling at



THE HOUSES ARE PRACTICAL AND SERVICEABLE.

the scheduled time for watering the next morning.

Before closing up the laying houses at night, all the broody hens found on nests are placed in what are called "broody coops."

The weekly schedule of work, systematically persisted in, is as follows:

Monday—Oiling roosts and cleaning.
 Tuesday—Filling grit, charcoal and byster shell boxes, and cleaning.
 Wednesday—Attention to dust boxes; cleaning.
 Thursday—Cleaning yards and changing litter.
 Friday—Cleaning yards and changing litter.
 Saturday—Cleaning up generally.

Breeding, as conducted at the farm, is with the idea that constitutional vigor is the first essential element towards establishing such desirable qualities as shape and color, so characteristic of the breed; in other words, that care and feeding are the essential principles in breeding for stock of standard excellence. Judicious line

My own solution of the trouble is, that the birds have been chased by dogs, and had overstrained the heart and lungs.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

DEAR EDITOR AND ALL MY SISTERS:

I have often been tempted to write for this corner and now the temptation has got the better of me so here I am.

First I want to pat Mrs. Maud Jones on the back. I was delighted with her letter. She has expressed my mind exactly, and she has framed her theme in terms so clear and expressive in her letter in the May number.

Mrs. James why should there be any secrets in nature? Did not God place us here with inquisitive minds? Did He not intend us to learn? Why should we wish to remain in ignorance of the most vital subjects? We could not if we choose keep the little minds in the dark very long and why not we give them the information they seek? If the mother turns them away and they have to look elsewhere for their

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knowledge it raises a barrier between mother and child, and there will be one chamber of the little heart sealed to you. Teach the little minds God's great plan of replenishing the earth, both with vegetable and animal life, and through it all keep the golden thread of God's infinite love for His creation. Get them to think that all God's works are noble and pure. That certain subjects are avoided only because they are sacred. You know Paul says in Rom. 14-15 that "whatsoever cleaves to the neck of a man to him it is unclean." I say teach the little mind as to his knowledge; keep your own mind pure and free from taint and you will be richly rewarded. I speak from experience also as I have a little boy eight and one six.

Well I will say just a word about the hired man. We mothers with growing children and daughters have too great a responsibility for the moral and spiritual welfare of our children to receive men of questionable character into the bosom of our home. A hired man that is not chaste in his conversation or is profane or shows any immoral traits should not be welcomed as a member of the home, but should be furnished with clean, comfortable quarters where he can spend his leisure hours and have access to the family library, or be furnished with literature of a high moral class. In this way we may sow the good seed that is to bring forth a hundredfold.

Also there are men who through circumstances are placed in the position of "hired man" who are morally and intellectually equal, and sometimes superior, to their employers. Such a man one need not hesitate to welcome in the home, as their influence will only be for good.

But how shall we know who is worthy? "By their fruits ye shall know them." I think we should use the same judgment and discretion that we would in welcoming a visitor into our home. If we could not give him a welcome as a visitor, would it not be more wise to provide him with comfortable quarters elsewhere? The home is the most sacred place on earth.

Some of our sisters are wondering who and what I am. I am living on a farm at present. I am thirty-three years old and have four children; the oldest eight, youngest a brown-eyed girl of nearly three. I think it is so nice where the sisters tell the children's names so I am going to do so. The boys are Lethe, Gerald and Donald and the girl is named Lenore.

Perhaps someone could suggest something that would help my little boy who was a tiny, premature baby and has never grown as he should. Now at nearly five he weighs twenty-three pounds and has grown "pigeon breasted," and has weak lungs.

I can sympathize with all you sisters who tell of suffering as I have been a sufferer for six years with rheumatism and all its allies, but I did not come to tell of my griefs. The good Lord has given me strength to bear all and will safely guide me home. I hope to meet all of COMFORT's family in the sweet by and by.

With a prayer for all the shut-ins, Uncle Charlie and all of you and three cheers for COMFORT, I am, MRS. MARTHA FOSTER, Wallows, Box 24, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to say that I certainly do agree with Mrs. Maud James in regard to the way of bringing up children. I never leave my children in doubt about anything. If I can't explain what they want to know I promise them at some other time I will. I never punish a child for something that is natural or for something it could not help. I have two little girls aged twelve and fourteen that are trying to be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Mid-Summer Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

NOTHING distinctly new has developed this season, and the same simple, straight lines appear in the latest models.

Four of the seasons' best skirt designs are shown on this page. No. 5732 developed in cotton or linen and finished with pearl buttons makes a smart summer skirt. The tab as shown on No. 5665 is a very popular feature of gingham and linen dresses, and when trimming is used a band across the lower edge of tab is effective. An odd little touch is gained in this skirt by making V-shaped section in front breadth of a contrasting color, and simulated buttonholes to match. These skirts make equally good designs to combine in one-piece dresses.

Many of the summer blouses are continued below the waist in a peplum as represented in No. 5854, and with the belt, collar and tie of corresponding color a nobby effect is gained.

No. 5779 shows the genuine middie lacing at neck which is always a pleasing feature. The lacing begins at the bottom of opening and ties in a bow knot at top.

If you have not yet realized the convenience and charm of one-piece dresses you should lose no time in doing so.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 5665—Ladies' Four-gored Skirt closed at left side of front. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures two and one quarter yards around lower edge and requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material; five eighths yard of 18-inch or wider contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5786—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures two and three eighths yards around lower edge and requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5732—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt, with high or regulation waistline. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5682—Ladies' Six-gored Skirt with side flounced sections. Cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure; size 24 measures three and one quarter yards around lower edge and requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5854—Ladies' Sailor Waist, with peplum and long or short sleeves. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 requires two and one quarter yards of 36-inch material; five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5779—Ladies' Middie Shirt-waist, slipped on over head. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust; size 36 requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material, three quarters of a yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5809—Ladies' Kimono Dress. Cut in seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust; size 36 requires five and one quarter yards 36-inch material, one yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5784—Ladies' Dress having Six-gored Skirt. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three yards around lower edge and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5688—Ladies' House Dress with Side-front closing. Cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; size 36 measures three and five eighths yards around lower edge and requires seven and one quarter yards of 27-inch material with one yard of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5694—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, closed at front. Cut in three sizes, 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires five yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of 24-inch silk. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5841—Misses' and Small Women's Shirt-waist with or without back yoke. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires two and three quarters yards of 27 or one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5745—Misses' and Small Women's Dress, having three-piece Skirt. Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; age 16 requires four and one eighth yards 36-inch material; three quarters yard of 18-inch all-over and two and one quarter yards of insertion. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5835—Boy's Blouse with or without back yoke facing. Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years; age eight requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5793—Girls' Dress closed at back and with body and sleeves in one. Cut in sizes six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years; age eight requires three yards of 36-inch material, with one and one quarter yards of 27-inch contrasting material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5795—Children's Dress closed at left side of front. Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age eight requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material with five eighths yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5790—Children's Yoke Dress, slipped on over head. Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; age four requires two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material with one half yard of 22 inch all over. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5755—Children's Rompers or Creepers buttoned at leg seams. Cut in sizes one half, one and two years; age one requires two yards of 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5734—Girl's Dress closed at front and with removable chemisette. Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; age eight requires four yards of 36-inch material; two and one quarter yards of plaid for collar and cuffs. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-5-41A—For Belts. Three belt designs for solid embroidery; lazy-daisy stitch and solid and braiding, which may be worked on woven belting, ribbon or plain linen with either cotton or silk thread. Price, 10 cents.

No. 10-4-41—Infant's Cap, French and eyelet design for an infant's cap; medium size to be transferred to fine linen, batiste, nainsook, lawn or crossbarred muslin and embroidered with fine white cotton floss. Price, 10 cents.

How to Make a Skirt

If you have never tried to make a skirt perhaps you regard it as quite an undertaking, but a simple skirt is actually less trouble than a waist. There are longer seams, it is true, and sometimes many of them, but they require only straight stitching and the machine can be depended on for that. Then, with the addition of placket, belt and hem, the skirt is complete.

Once you have mastered the making of a plain skirt the plaited and more complex styles are but a step further. The principles are the same for all. A plain seven-gored model will explain these principles as well as anything.

It may be that you are not tall enough to require the entire length of the pattern, so test each piece, placing the upper-edge at the waistline and remembering that two and one half inches are allowed for a hem. If the tissue is found to be longer than you need, lay a plait at the knee in each gore.

Lay all the pattern pieces on the material before cutting any, so as to be sure not to come out short, and it may be necessary to rearrange them to make them fit without waste. The front gore must be placed with the edge having a triple perforation on a fold of the material, and the side and back gores with the lines of three small perforations running exactly parallel to the selvege, or, in other words, lengthwise of the material.

Pin the tissue near the edge every six inches to make sure it does not slip and thus cut an uneven edge. Clip out the notches. After cutting,

baste the gores together, matching the notches. Remember that the back edge of each gore is more or less bias and it should not be stretched the slightest degree when the basting is done. Leave open the seam notched and described for placket.

Make a belt from a lengthwise strip of material two and one half inches wide and double over

through the middle. If the material is heavy it is better to use it for the outside only and make the inside of belt of lining, stitching the two pieces together at the top. Cut the belt several inches longer than the waist measure, so there will be an ample lap at the ends. Pin the belt around the waist, with the right end at center-back and the lap underneath.

Try on the skirt, pinning the center of front gore to the belt and smoothing the side gores over the hips. If the skirt hangs out at the front instead of falling straight, it must be raised a little at the back, and this will draw the front in. If too tight around the hips and waist, let the seams out on both sides as much as needed, or if too large, take it in. Sometimes the hips only seem a little full and maybe fitted by pinning in the side seams at the hip line. Be very careful not to make the skirt so tight that it will wrinkle across. Mark the center-back of belt on both sides, and also the center-front, so that it can be readily replaced after the skirt is stitched.

After making the alterations, if any, stitch the seams, trim their edges and press open. If the material is likely to fray, overcast the seam edges or bind them. Stitch the plait one quarter inch from the fold edges and press.

To make a placket, sew hooks under the right or turned-under side, placing them one eighth inch back from the edge and about one and one half inches apart. Conceal the sewing of the hooks and the turned-in edge of cloth with a facing of lining, hemming it in place. On the left side of placket, place the eyes, inserting them half under the plait, first separating their ends a little so that they will slip through the plait stitching. They must be sewed from the outside. Under face the left extension with lining material, and fasten securely at bottom of placket.

The belt which was removed for the stitching can now be replaced and finished. Stitch it to the skirt and fasten it with two hooks and eyes, one at center back and the other to hold the lap or extension in place.

It is well to keep skirt hanging from the time it is cut until the hem is turned which should never be done until the belt is finished. This allows the back to sag from its own weight, and a gentle stretching of the two back gores just before hemming is a good thing. With the belt hooked and in exactly the same place where it will be worn, and the placket fastened, the lower edge may be marked for turning. The easiest way to do this is to have someone measure up from the floor with a ruler an even distance all around and mark with chalk. Turn the skirt up at the chalk line.

See that the hem allowance does not vary in depth; measure this also and trim it if necessary. Then the hem may be basted. The fullness at top of hem must be "eased" in. This can be done by taking tiny plaits where necessary or by running a gathering along the top after turning under the three eighths inch allowance.

If heavy cloth is used, the three eighths inch hem should not be turned under, but instead a binding should be sewed along the edge—this after the plaiting or gathering is done.

Baste the hem in place, and stitch by machine or hem by hand. If by hand, be careful to take up with the needle the least possible amount of material on the right side, and do not draw the stitches too tight. Press the hem well.

To prevent the lower edge of a cloth skirt fraying, it is well to sew a piece of braid inside, with the lower edge about one quarter inch below the skirt. Its upper edge should be hemmed in place and a running stitch used to fasten it at the edge of skirt.

The skirt is now finished, and quickly and easily, if directions have been followed.

Answers to Correspondents

REPAIRING STOCKINGS.—MRS. MONTGOMERY, you are right, the stocking basket is an "ever present trial." As a preventive try gluing pieces of old velvet into the heels of children's shoes, and another two-inch wide strip running around the counter, letting it neatly meet the heel piece. Another way is to line heel and glue a strip well up the back of boot. Be sure that your children's shoes and boots are not too wide, and seemingly a half inch too long. This rule would prevent a large per cent. of ill-shaped and painful feet with grown-ups if applied in youth. Such a fitting boot does not allow the foot to slip around and wear out the stockings. One clever woman after darning stockings at the knees until they are unsightly, cuts them off above the ankle, turns them around and sews them on again, thus bringing the darned parts under the knees. By carefully following these directions anyone can refoot stockings so they are comfortable and can even be worn with low shoes. Cut off the foot of the stockings transversely, leaving a point in front to the leg. Place the detached foot lengthwise from the stocking; cut around the top, toe and heel, but not underneath, as a seam there would hurt the foot. Sew around the toe and heel. Place the point of the leg even with the toe seam and sew around to the heel, making the back of the leg join the heel-seam, and sew on around to starting-point.

DYEING.—MRS. E. G. COLLINS, the following suggestions may assist you in coloring your suit and dress, and let me say that I certainly admire your thrift. Your suit I should judge is a cotton-and-wool material, in which case you should purchase a package of dye for cotton and another for wool of the same shade and mix them. Dye to alkali is also purchasable. Right here is the reason of many failures; not buying the right kind of dye. If you still are unable to find the dark shade of green, I think by adding a little blue dye to your green you will get the right shade. The first step is to take your skirt from blind, rip out plaits, thoroughly brush and remove any spots, as soiled places will color unevenly. If found necessary, to wash material, be sure and rinse thoroughly as any residue of soap will cause streaks. Follow directions for preparing dye carefully. Use wooden sticks to keep the material moving through the dye as otherwise you may get folds more deeply colored than others. When material is the required shade, remove to tub of cold water, and change until the water that drains from material is perfectly clear.

Boll your lace in strong tea or coffee twenty minutes. You will have a pretty ecru color that is durable.

TO HOLD SHADES OF BROWN.—MRS. C. P. AVERY, strong cold tea added to the rinse water and starch when laundering brown holland, linen or other wash fabrics will help a long way in preserving their original color.

Summer Necklace Novelty

SILVER CHAIN WITH PENDANT

Artistic neck chain of silver with Platinoid Pendant, mounted with ruby or emerald with three brilliants in lower pendant. The most graceful and most fashionable neck ornament for this season. Both silver and gold chains and pendants are in vogue, with silver in the popular lead. Platinum jewelry is the rarest, most costly and most sought for today by those who wear always the correct thing, but its cost is prohibitive for all, but the few very rich.

In this outfit we offer an 18-inch cable link silver chain with Platinoid Pendant, stone set, and to those unfamiliar with the genuine there is no difference except in price. To wear with Summer Dresses, and Shirtwaists there is no equal, for daintiness, for hot weather.

Club Offer. For a club of but two subscribers to 15 months, we send post-paid one of these Silver Chains with Platinoid Pendants and give you choice of Ruby or Emerald setting. If inconvenient to send a club send 35 cents to extend your own subscription 15 months and receive a Necklace and Pendant free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Provide Shade and Shelter in Pasture

MANY a stockman is unwittingly cruel to his animals. He is so when he allows mares and nursing foals to run out all day on bare pasture in the hot, flytime of summer. Foals should gain in weight and strength every day they run with their dams in summertime and be big and strong at weaning-time. They should be weaned when five months old, if well developed, or at six months if somewhat backward. The exposure to hot sun and the irritation of flies keeps many a fine colt from developing properly. The mother supplies good milk, but the nourishment is unable to offset the effects of bad management. The foal will grow if properly sheltered. If trees are not growing in the pasture put in a cheap shed and it will serve the purpose nicely. Here feed boxes should be kept supplied with oats and bran for foals and if the grass is getting bare the mares also should have extra feed. The shed should be open so that there will be a movement of air under the roof; but if possible it should be darkened to keep out the flies or hinder them from biting. Flies do not pester so much when the stable is kept dark. Screens of wire may be put in the windows; or they may be covered with loose mesh gunny sacking. Curtains of gunny sacking also may be used as side walls next the sun. Horses soon learn to pass through such curtains; but as a rule they are not absolutely necessary. It may be set down as certain that mares and foals derive little benefit from feed when fighting flies on bare pasture in the end of July and August and much of the profit of horse raising may be lost in those two months, by stunting of the foals. Keep them growing. To do so they must not only be well fed, but they must also be sheltered. Cut green corn fodder and throw it into the pasture field for the mares in hot weather. This succulent feed helps mightily and if oats and bran also are fed the mares will do well and the foals thrive apace. On no account should the young growing foal be allowed to run on unsheltered pasture when its dam is at work. Better keep it in a darkened, clean shed or box stall. There it should early learn to eat oats and bran.

Weaning the Foal

The foal should be early allowed to learn the grain-and-bran eating habit. It will lick oatmeal when about six weeks old. Let it do so and gradually add some wheat bran. As the foal takes to oatmeal increase the quantity and bran may form a fifth part of the ration by the time the youngster is old enough to wean. Put the oatmeal and bran in a box where the foal can get at it, but so placed that the mare will not be able to steal the feed. Gradually add whole oats, as the foal is able to chew, and soon it will also take to grass and may have a little fine hay when grass is getting bare and brown. It does not pay to let the mare and foal run out on bare pasture during the heat of the day. Have a shed for them to run into for shade and have the box where the feed mixture can be fed by the mare also will need extra feed, as the pasture grass dries up. Nothing is cheaper or better, as a milk producer in mares, than green corn fodder cut and thrown over the fence into the pasture. It is well to seed some land to corn in the field next to the pasture, that this supply may be had; and the seed should be put in as one sows sweet corn, a little at a time, with a week or so between seedings, so as to have the fodder green and tender. As ears form and come toward the roasting stage, some of them may be jerked off at feeding time. Too much corn at this time will be injurious to the mare and her foal. If the foal is given a chance to get plenty of grain and bran when nursing he will soon be ready to wean and the weaning may easily be done. Lessen the mare's feed gradually and increase that given to the foal. Wean the foal at five months old and do it once and for all. Take the foal right away from the mare and do not let it "taper off" by taking a little milk once or twice a day. It will be necessary to milk the mare partially night and morning and in addition bathe her udder with vinegar and water to check milk secretion. If she is a very persistent milker, rub her udder with camphorated oil twice daily, and if that does not suffice, use a mixture of equal parts of camphorated oil and fluid extract of belladonna leaves. She may also have half a dram of fluid extract of belladonna leaves in her drinking water twice daily and the dose may be increased if she persists in making milk. The increased feed to the foal should be given in the form of a milk mixture. It is certainly lost if the foal is not fed oats and bran before and after weaning. It will be more surely retained if the foal can be allowed some sweet skim-milk daily after weaning. To get a foal to drinking skim-milk keep water away from it and place a bucket with some skim-milk in the manger. The foal will begin to dabble in the milk and after a time drink some of it. Then there will be no further trouble, but the bowels will have to be watched and scouring prevented. The foal should weigh practically one hundred pounds for each month of its life when one year old, if it is of heavy draft breed. If it weighs much less than that it has been stunted and will never grow to the big weight of a heavy drafter. Feed is as necessary as breed, when it comes to making a ton gelding. Remember that blood worms are a common pest of young growing colts and they often keep him down after weaning time. When lots of nutritious feed is allowed to the weaned colt it will be less liable to show ill effects of these worms; but it also is well to give medicine with the purpose of keeping down the worms. To this end give the colts at all times free access to a mixture of four parts salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron, sulphur, ground gentian root and fenugreek.

Preparing Stock for Show

The professional showman of live stock beats the amateur in the judging ring because he not only is most expert in selecting the right animals to fit, but because he fits them from the "word go." In many cases the farmer who wishes to show a calf or colt at the county fair sends Johnnie into the pasture or timber lot a few days before the show to "find" the animal, desired and it comes up to the farmyard wild, dejected and it comes up with burrs. These are hasti-

ly brushed and picked off and a halter put on after a fight; then away goes the candidate for honors, struggling, fighting and pulling back on the rope. It does not know how to stand still in the showyard, let alone stand in the most perfectly becoming pose and position. The beast exhibited by the professional may not have been a bit better to start with, but it has been fitted to the hour, polished until it shines and trained until it behaves and poses pleasingly before the judge. Get at it now if you wish to win in the show yard. Bring the colt up and trim its hoofs level and true. Groom it thoroughly and often. Feed it to put on flesh and polish. Train it every day to stand and show off well. One has to rehearse over and over again exactly what will have to be gone through in the show ring and if this is done the chances of victory are enhanced an hundredfold.

Feeding Corn to Hogs

Are you feeding ground corn to hogs? Are you feeding hogs on cooked corn? If you are doing one or other of these things it is now our duty to advise you that it is not always profitable to do so. Extended experimentation has shown that these old methods of preparing corn often are wrong, expensive and unprofitable. In experiments carried out at the Iowa station comparisons of dry-ear corn, soaked shelled corn, and soaked corn meal, and soaked corn-and-cob meal were made with 312 hogs of all ages. The results clearly indicate the most profitable farm practice where corn was the main part of the ration for hogs. The fastest and most profitable gains were secured by feeding dry-ear corn until the hogs were close to 200 pounds in weight. The scoop shovel was all that was needed to prepare corn for the hogs. Then if the hogs were to be fed longer, and the weather permitted, the most profitable gains were secured by changing them to soaked shelled corn. Spring pigs to be sold the next fall and winter thus gave the best results when fed dry-ear corn until sold. Fall pigs and the spring pigs carried over to be fattened the following spring, were handled most profitably by feeding dry-ear corn until the weather became mild enough for soaking corn in the following spring, and then feeding soaked shelled corn until the finish. This was especially true when the hogs were run on pasture. The old sows made faster and more economical gains on dry corn meal than on ear-corn, but the benefit from this was largely lost when it was finally necessary to ship them to market on ear-corn. They were handled most profitably by feeding soaked shelled corn. It should be borne in mind that corn soaked 24 hours gave better results than that soaked 12 hours. It proved useless to grind corn for hogs of any age when the weather was warm enough to permit of soaking. In every case, where grinding has shown a saving of corn, simple soaking for 12 hours in water has shown a still greater saving. In general hogs that had been accustomed to corn prepared in some form received at least a temporary check in rate and economy of gains when for any reason a change was made to dry ear-corn. When the gains had been very rapid on the soaked or ground corn this effect was most marked and in some cases offset any beneficial effect of the preparation of the corn.

These experiments indicate that grinding corn for hogs is as a rule unnecessary and unprofitable, although soaking may be of advantage under certain circumstances. The simplest and most profitable method in most cases is to feed dry ear-corn with a scoop shovel. It costs three cents a bushel to grind corn, so that Iowa farmers who feed out 100,000,000 bushels of corn a year would be wasting \$3,000,000 were they to grind all of the corn fed. As to the cooking of corn for hogs that has over and over again been proved unnecessary and unprofitable. It may pay to cook potatoes for hogs, but corn is not improved in the cooking. Indeed it requires more cooked corn to obtain the same gains as are had from feeding dry corn in hog feeding.

Cutting and Curing Alfalfa

A great many farmer readers of COMFORT no doubt have successfully seeded some of their land to Alfalfa (lucerne) and are preparing to reap the crop this season. They were careful to sow good seed on suitable soil and to inoculate the soil with earth from an Alfalfa field, or from a roadside where sweet clover has thrived, they may have some Alfalfa to cut and cure this year; but as a rule it is not good policy to reap the first crop if it is thin and weak. If the young plants are clipped too short they will die. The cutting destroys the bud center of the plant and it cannot grow again. Always in cutting Alfalfa do not go closer than an inch or two of the ground, so as to leave the root buds intact. The old plan of always clipping the alfalfa close to the ground is no longer advocated by experts. It is better to wait until the crop is well established before doing any cutting.

The first cutting from a well established crop will come in June unless in some southern states and districts where irrigation is in vogue; the last cutting usually is made before September first. In the irrigation districts the crop is easy to handle as the air is dry and hot and a breeze generally is blowing. In such ideal circumstances the crop is cut in the morning and raked at night. It may then be immediately stacked or stowed away in the barn, if thoroughly dry; but if at all damp it must be cocked, or at least raked into windrows and afterward may have to be opened out to dry. Cut when a tenth of the plants are in bloom. If cut earlier the plants are too "washy" and tend to open the bowels of animals too freely, and the hay may not cure well. If cut too late the stalks are harsh, woody and tend to fall off in handling. The aim should be to cut and fall off in such a way that the crop has to be handled as little as possible, so as to prevent loss of the leaves which are the most valuable part and full of nitrogen.

Start the mower on a fine, bright, airy day, after the dew is off in the morning. Cut at least an inch from the ground. If the day is suitable the crop will be ready to rake in the afternoon and should be put into small, narrow tall cocks, unless the climate does not necessitate such extra work. The cocks must be moved to a new foundation every two or three days, otherwise the young Alfalfa plants on which they stand will be smothered out. It is easy to drag a small

cock to a new place, by simply inserting the fork and pulling it there. If the Alfalfa is exceedingly green when cut, or the weather is wet the crop will be apt to heat and become moldy, unless the cocks are opened up every day or two until cured.

The best quality of Alfalfa hay is made by the use of caps for the cocks. These prevent loss from rain; they also seem to assist in preserving the green color and "good" of the Alfalfa plants. Make the caps out of new unbleached light cotton duck. Cut each four feet square. Hem each cap. Make eyelets in each corner to hold strings by which to keep the caps in place. Caps may be fastened in various ways. One way is to cut heavy wire into eighteen inch lengths and with a loop in one end. The loop end is tied to the corner of the cap by means of string and the free end is then tucked into the cock or thrust into the ground when the cap is in place. Some farmers sew a pocket into each corner of the cap square of cloth and fill it with gravel or stones. Others tie on a bit of stone or metal as a weight to keep the cap in place. A good plan is to cut an old horseshoe in two and bore a hole two inches from the cut end. Tie the string from the cap corner into the hole in the half shoe and the two inch end will stick into the side of the cock and keep the cap in place.

Stacking Alfalfa leads to considerable loss. It is best to protect it in a barn after curing. If it must be stacked cover the stack with a stack cover or tarpaulin, or at least give it a good roofing of marsh hay. The Alfalfa should have sweated in the cock, rather than allow this to take place in the barn. If it heats in barn or stack it may become moldy and unfit or dangerous as feed.

Questions and Answers

FRUIT TREE CULTURE IN ARID DISTRICTS.—What is the best fertilizer for fruit trees? What is the best cultivation in arid districts? Where can I procure books on fruit farming?

J. B. CRANMER, New Mexico.
A.—There is no better fertilizer for any farm crop, fruit included, than barnyard manure, though in orchards that are thoroughly tilled it is better economy to apply this manure to the other farm crops. Potash and lime are the most important, applied at the rate of 150 to 300 pounds annually per acre. Forty or 50 bushels of wood ashes will answer the same purpose. Green manuring should also be practiced. In arid regions we should cultivate shallow and very frequently to preserve a dust mulch and prevent surface evaporation. Bailey's "Principles of Fruit Growing" and "Fruit Growing in Arid Regions," both by the MacMillan Book Company, New York, are among the best books. For further information relative to fruit culture in New Mexico see the latter book.

ONIONS, CUCUMBERS, POTATOES AND ASPARAGUS.—I wish to know should the onion tops be bent to the ground, or cut off, when they are grown to the full size, and should they be left in the ground until fall, or taken out of the ground as soon as the tops wither, for to keep over winter? Also tell me what is best to put on cucumber vines to keep bushy and if it is safe to sprinkle potato vines twice with Paris Green mixture if bugs get too thick? And I don't get rid of them first time as some eggs are generally hatched after the first time they are sprinkled. And if you have to split asparagus roots when you transplant them, and if the same roots are good more than one year? And if strawberry plants can be moved in fall without harming them? H. J. C. Dwight, Ill.

A.—Onions. Allow onions to ripen naturally and do not disturb tops. Harvesting should be done as soon as tops are dry, topping one half inch from bulb either before or after pulling, as desired. Let them dry a day or two on the ground if weather is favorable, then get them in a warmer temperature and especially in cool, dry place, allowing for free circulation of air. Cucumbers. The best plan is to cover the young plant with an inverted box 12 to 16 inches square provided with a screen bottom. Keep this over the plants until the rough leaves appear and the beetles will not bother them. Potatoes. Yes, potatoes may be dusted repeatedly with a mixture of one part of Paris Green to 30 parts of air-slaked lime without danger to the vines, provided you don't use too much. An excess of Paris Green will kill the vines even at the first application. It is not the number of times but the amount used. Asparagus. No, asparagus roots need not be divided when planting, though more economical. A good asparagus bed should last five or six years without resetting. Asparagus growers usually start new beds from seed, transplanting when plants are one or two years old. Strawberries. Strawberry plants may be moved any time after they have done bearing. The best time to set plants, however, in your climate, is in early spring.

STORING ROOT CROPS.—What temperature is required to keep Irish and sweet potatoes through the winter? Can I keep cabbage and onions through the winter in this part of the country? Do Leghorn hens set and hatch their eggs? JOSEPH RIBART, Ark.

A.—Roots and tubers keep best at a temperature just above freezing. They will do well if the temperature can be kept not over 40 degrees. Sprouting is likely to start in a warmer temperature and especially if light enters the cave or cellar. Ventilation is necessary to good results. You should put in a root cellar and well dried onions will keep perfectly there. Cabbage may be kept in the field by pitting. (2) Certainly, Leghorns sit and hatch successfully.

PEAR SCAB.—Please tell me what is the matter with my pear trees. I had a fine prospect for a good crop of pears, but the leaves are dying and on the branches where the leaves have died the pears have dried up also. The trees that have no fruit on them are not affected. Please tell me how to mix the lime and sulphur wash for spraying. MRS. E. T. S. Austed, W. Va.

A.—The leaves and fruit are affected with pear scab, due to the fungus known as *Fusicladium pirinum*. If you get rid of this pest in the fall, spray with lime, sulphur and salt every other year as late in winter as possible; spray with Bordeaux mixture twice while the buds are unfolding, to kill the scab developing on the bark as the buds swell, not on the young pears after they have formed. See recent back numbers for formula of Bordeaux and other spray mixtures. We also recently gave the lime, sulphur wash formula. Here is the one containing these ingredients, plus salt: lime 40 pounds, sulphur, 20 pounds; salt, 15 pounds; water, 90 gallons. Slake the lime, add the other ingredients, boil from one to two hours, strain, and apply while hot. As you are interested in pear culture see if you can obtain a copy of Bulletin No. 163 of the agricultural experiment station of California, at Berkeley, Cal. It deals with the subject of pear scab.

RYE, WHEAT AND BUCKWHEAT.—How many bushels to the acre would be a fair crop of rye? Which gives best results on sandy soils, wheat or buckwheat? J. K. Shelbyville, Mich.

A.—Twenty to twenty-five bushels is considered a good yield. The average crop in many districts is fifteen bushels. It is the crop for poor soil and generally will produce fair crops on land not suited for wheat, barley or oats. Prefer it to either buckwheat or wheat on sandy soil. While buckwheat succeeds on light, rather poor soils it succeeds much better on light, rich soils.

SOIL MULCH.—In May issue of COMFORT'S Farmer's Column the following statement appears: "Cultivate and cultivate frequently, but not too deep. Three or four inches is enough. You cannot cultivate too often." I would like to ask a few questions. Is it possible to get a mulch so fine that we defeat the desired object, viz. the conservation of moisture? Is not a mulch composed of the most fertile part of the field and can the plants draw any nourishment from beneath? Should this soil mulch be more thick at the beginning of the growth period or toward its close, and why? In farm investigation work I find that the cost of a crop is materially increased by cultivation and if we cultivate unnecessarily we needlessly add to the cost. Now how many times in a normal year on clay soil should a crop of corn be cultivated, and same on sandy soil? A. L. GREENGO, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

A.—Your economic view of the subject is justifiable and necessary. The statement "cannot cultivate too often" is a commonly accepted saying regarding the making and keeping of a soil mulch. It means of course that one cannot do any harm by constantly stirring the surface soil, or mulch, but one cannot afford to do that and so will only cultivate a sufficient number of times to preserve a state of pulverization at the surface. It is absolutely necessary on all classes of soil, and more especially on clay soil, to break up the crust which forms after a rain. If rains are frequent, cultivation will have to be correspondingly frequent, but without it the profit will be lost. The saved and made crop pays for such cultivation. So long as the mulch

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Is intact it need not be cultivated. The old rule on good corn lands in the corn belt was "five times through before laying by." With better suited cultivating implements, high corn may be cultivated to keep the surface soil stirred. As to the number of times, though nothing can be set down as positive. One has to use his judgment to insure a successful crop, yet not spend unnecessary time and money in superfluous cultivation. The roots do not take nourishment in the constantly stirred soil, but some nutriment is carried to the roots from that soil by the rain and moisture circulation. The mulch should be thickest in the driest weather to prevent evaporation of moisture most active at that time.

BEST PASTURE GRASSES.—Please suggest a good mixture of grasses for a pasture. M. E., Ohio.
A.—The mixture recommended by the Department of Agriculture is: Timothy, 10 pounds; red clover, 8 pounds; alsike, 2 pounds; orchard grass, 4 pounds; Italian rye grass, 8 pounds; English rye grass, 4 pounds; meadow fescue, 4 pounds. This is suggested in place of Timothy alone. It will give a heavier hay crop and hay of better quality than Timothy alone, and when left as pasture will afford a much greater quantity of forage throughout the growing season. Besides being better, Kentucky bluegrass will usually come into the pasture of its own accord, but can be hastened by seeding about 5 pounds with the mixture mentioned above. If the grasses mentioned above are not available, then a mixture of 12 pounds of Timothy, 8 pounds of common red clover, 4 pounds of mammoth clover and 4 pounds of alsike may be seeded. The grasses should be seeded in the fall with the winter grain and the clovers in early spring when the frost goes out, or both may be seeded together with the spring grain. If a grass-seed attachment to the grain drill is not available, the seed may be mixed in the proper proportion with the grain in the grain box and allowed to run down the grain tube with the grain.

CULTIVATING CORN.—What is now held to be the right depth to cultivate corn and how often should it be cultivated? Do you believe in throwing the dirt up against the rows the last time through? U. G., Iowa.

A.—The consensus of opinion of those who have made tests of this matter is in favor of shallow cultivation. It is no longer considered good practice to delve deeply into the ground between the rows. The old practice to cut the side roots or "braces." Corn too closely and deeply cultivated, so that the brace roots are cut off, tends to fall over during heavy winds and rains. Deeper cultivation may have to be done when the soil has been packed by heavy rains; but as a rule it is only necessary to break up the crust and then keep the surface soil well stirred. When corn has grown to a height of two or three feet, the soil, even in the middle of the rows, should not be worked deeper than four inches, and shallower cultivation will give better results. A two or three inch mulch of loose soil is all that is needed to retain the moisture. Corn should be cultivated often enough to keep down weeds and maintain the mulch just mentioned. The crust must be broken up after each rain, and the mulch restored. Unless weeds threaten constant stirring is not necessary after the mulch has been formed and nothing has happened to form a crust. Never allow the surface soil to become hard and dry. It is not necessary to ridge up the rows the last time through.

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Interesting Incidents of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence

By C. E. Irvine

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THE Declaration of Independence, the adoption of which by the Continental Congress on the evening of July 4, 1776, marked the birth of a nation in a day, was first proposed by Richard H. Lee, who suggested the independence of the colonies from English rule. His personal correspondence shows that as early as July, 1768, he was proposing upon all reasonable occasions to impress upon the minds of the people the necessity of a struggle with Great Britain "for the ultimate establishment of independence—that private correspondence should be conducted by the lovers of liberty in every province!" But it was not until June 7, 1776, that he introduced the resolution which proposed that the adoption of a Declaration of Independence be considered by a committee of the whole Congress. The result of this deliberation was the appointment on June 11 of a committee that was instructed to prepare suitable declarations of principles. Lee was called to his home by sickness in the family, and by reason of his absence Thomas Jefferson was made chairman of the committee, the other members being John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and R. B. Livingston. To Jefferson was then a man of thirty-three, was delegated the task of making the original draft, which was presented to Congress July 1, and discussed until the evening of the 4th, when it was adopted. It was not until July 19th that the sacred document was ordered engrossed, and that work not being completed until August 2nd the instrument was not sooner adorned with the names of the fifty-six patriots who supported it. The signature of John Hancock, President of the Congress, is the only one that was affixed to the Declaration when it was first published. The enormous impression prevails that the signers of the historic document were all present and affixed their names to it on the memorable Fourth of July, when it was adopted; but this was not the case. Franklin, Rush, Clymer, Wilson, Ross, Carroll, Taylor and Thornton were not members on that day. Quite strangely, the name of Thomas McKean does not appear upon the printed records as one of the signers, although historians generally agree that he was present and voted for the adoption and affixed his signature after the document had been engrossed. Henry Wisner, a member from New York, is also said by the writers of that period to have cast his vote for the Declaration and signed the original manuscript, but for some unaccountable reason his name has never been properly recognized. How these errors occurred cannot now be told. In the life story of the patriots it is read that "Liberty dipped her golden pen in the cerulean font of Justice and recorded the names of fifty-seven upon the shining tablet of enduring fame." But as speaking for itself, the Declaration contains the signatures of only fifty-six. Perhaps the honor of being the fifty-seventh should go to Wisner. In the life of McKean the student of history is told that McKean was so anxious, when it came for final action, that the Declaration should be adopted unanimously he sent an express to Caesar Rodney, who was absent at the time, and as a result of this activity Rodney arrived just in time to give an affirmative vote. The biographers of Rodney, in telling the same story, say that on the day previous to the final consideration Rodney was in Delaware devising means to arrest the career of certain Tories. "Mr. McKean informed him by express of the approaching crisis. He immediately mounted his horse and arrived at Philadelphia just in time to dismount and enter the hall of Congress and give his vote for Liberty."

It is related of William Ellery that when the hour arrived for signing the Declaration he took his stand by the side of the secretary, Charles Thomson, for the purpose of observing the apparent emotions of each member as he came forward and signed the important document. Ellery often afterward referred to this circumstance and said an undaunted resolution was observed on every countenance.

Josiah Bartlett, who was first of the members of Congress to vote for the adoption of the Declaration, was also first after the President to sign it. Matthew Thornton was among the last to sign, as he was not elected to membership in the Continental Congress until Sept. 12, 1776. When he took his seat he affixed his signature.

From every walk of life came the immortal band of patriots. Of the entire number, twenty-four were lawyers, fourteen were tillers of the soil, nine followed mercantile pursuits, four were doctors, one was a minister, and one a manufacturer. Three of them lived to be over ninety, ten died after passing the eightieth milestone, and eleven lived beyond the allotted threescore and ten.

Benjamin Franklin was the oldest of the signers, he being seventy years and six months of age at the time of the adoption of the Declaration. The youngest was Thomas Lynch, Jr., who was only twenty-seven. John Morton was the first of the original band of zealots to die, passing away before having the pleasure of enjoying even a single celebration of the anniversary of the birth of freedom. On the same day and within a few hours of each other, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died, on July 4, 1826—on the fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration. Charles Carroll outlived all of his colleagues of the Continental Congress, dying in 1832 at ninety-five, after having been for six years the sole survivor. He lived to enjoy fifty-six years of life under the Republic which he had assisted to form and did not die until fifty-five years after the passing of the first signer who responded to the summons.

Several of the deaths of the men whose bravery won for them enduring fame were tragic. Accompanied by his wife, Thomas Lynch, Jr., in 1779 embarked for Europe, for the benefit of his health. The vessel on which they set sail was never heard from after she passed out of sight of land on the ill-fated journey. A violent gale came on and the ship is believed to have gone down with all on board. Button Gwinnett challenged Gen. McIntosh to a duel and received a mortal wound on the field of false honor. Elbridge Gerry died at Washington City while on his way to the Capitol, to preside over the deliberations of the Senate. Abraham Clark died from sunstroke within two hours from the time he was taken ill.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

starting public business. Another thing every lawmaker should be compelled to do: On the day he accepts office he should also tender his resignation, so that he can be instantly fired when he is derelict in his duty. What you, the sovereign people need to do, when you elect men to office, is to keep not only a string attached to them, but a good-sized rope, and every once in a while you want to give the rope a jerk and bring these gentry who have a habit of eternally soaring into the altitudinous regions of conceit, vanity and big headedness, and straying from the paths of rectitude and public duty into the morasses of corruption, graft and plunder, back to earth with a rude jolt. If you allowed your hired man about your store, farm or office to cut up in the same way that your public hired man does, you would soon be in bankruptcy. Use the same common sense in conducting public business as you do in your private business. You do not engage your private hired man for four years and let him hold his job whether he makes good or not. You would be a lunatic if you did so. Why then do you elect men to office for a number of years, and let them hold down their jobs in spite of the fact that you

know they have betrayed you and are neglecting your business, withholding reforms you have been instructing them to put through, and flitting openly and brazenly with your enemies, privilege and monopoly? You do this, but why do you do it? They do not do it in Canada, and they are not crazy enough to do it even in monarchical Europe. Governments in England, Canada and France hold the reins of power only so long as they retain public confidence. Directly the people show dissatisfaction, and the ministry gets into disfavor with the people, parliament is dissolved and another election is held. In Canada we had an instance of this sensible, business-like way of running public business quite recently. The Laurier government wanted reciprocity with the United States. To make sure that the public favored this proposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier dissolved parliament and left the matter to the decision of the people. The people voted against reciprocity, and Sir Wilfrid and his ministers were out of a job. That is the way our government should run, municipal, state and national. Each and all should be directly answerable to the people, responsive to the public will, holding office only as long as public confidence can be retained. This idea of putting a four-year brick wall around public hired men, and letting them do as they darned please is preposterous and ridiculous. It is putting a premium on plunder and debauchery. It is not the act of a sovereign people but the mark of an irresponsible, thoughtless nation of two-legged sheep, ripe for the shearing. Keep your eye on public hired men. Don't be a squirrel and don't be a nut.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to create a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the latter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, and you have once joined all you have to do is to keep in good standing by keeping your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT's LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 18 months. If you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration. If you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 18-month subscription at 25 cents and send \$1 in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 18 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal. The League numbers only forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 18 month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who send a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

(Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.)

All appeals from shut-ins must be accompanied by written references from a doctor or postmaster. All appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

John H. Keaton, Winston, R. B. 5, Ga. Worthy invalid. Send him a dime shower. He is a fine character. Get to know him. Wilbert L. Cowgill, Nuckolls, Buckingham Co., Va. Has heart disease. Unable to work. Family to support. Highly recommended. Do your best for him. Mrs. Nannie M. Millers, Crumpler, N. C. Helpless for fifteen years. In needy circumstances. Grateful for any assistance. Excellent references. J. E. Gardner, McBee, R. R. 1, S. C. Was operated on last year and has been paralyzed ever since. Has two little girls, five and three years old respectively. Neighbors are poor and though they do their best to assist can do but little. This is a case you all should help. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pa. The postmaster, speaking of her says: "Miss Eshbaugh is an invalid, worthy your aid. She is unable to help herself, is without support and in need of any assistance you can give her." This poor soul would like someone to send COMFORT to her regularly. She needs money also. M. H. Sewell, Hadley, Okla. Has had leg amputated and badly needs an artificial limb. Father is aged and not able to do much work. Do your best for him he is highly recommended. Mrs. Lizzie Montgomery, Dallas, Miss. Helpless for four years with rheumatism. Husband is aged and unable to do work. She would like material for piecing quilts and would be grateful for any assistance. Highly recommended. Mrs. C. H. Allen, 481 Glisan St., W. Portland, Ore. Is crippled with rheumatism and unable to walk. Husband has been sick for three months. There are three children of school age depending on them for support. Quilt pieces, clothes for children would be gratefully received by Mrs. Allen. Highly recommended. Prepay the express charges on anything you send her. Miss Nannie Brown, Hustonville, Ky. Invalid for many years. Lives in her wheel chair. Has been unable to lie down for five years. Send some sunshine into her life of hardship and suffering. James M. Backus, Kutch, Colo. Leg has been amputated. Wife dead and has a family of five children to support. Is trying to prove up on a homestead. But is sadly hampered from earning. Who will help this poor soul. Highly recommended. T. P. Bryant, Kosse, B. E. 1, Tex. Helpless invalid for fourteen years. Has lost one eye and is almost drawn double. Greatly in need of money and other creature comforts. Help this poor soul. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Felcher, Hyde Park, Vt. Offers a home to a healthy boy between twelve and fifteen. He will be well provided for and given a chance to go to school. Ben Waldon, Weston, Oregon. Can find a home for a poor invalid girl. Address him and give full particulars. Charles Timmins, Magnolia, Md. Would like to hear from residents of New Mexico and Arizona. His doctor has advised him to go West as he has rheumatism. He is, however, able to do work that does not require much stooping. Robert A. Reeves, Taylor, R. R. 1, Miss. Wants letters and cards. I regret to report the death of Mrs. Gertrude Rials of Rogersville, Mo., one

of our shut-ins. Alice L. Lyon, Box F, Palmer, Mass. Is an inmate of the Monson State Hospital. Send her some cheery letters. Alice B. Baily, White Plains, Ky. Send him some cheery letters and postal cards. He is fifteen years old, and is a helpless invalid. Open your hearts to any pocketbooks and send to the sick the sympathy that buys bread. Make others happy and you will be happy yourself. Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Says Uncle Charlie's Books Helped Her Wonderfully

Miss E. Kuehne, Mankato, Minn. writes: "Your books have been wonderful helps to me when I have had the blues. They never fail to cheer and encourage me. I would not part with them at any price." That's what they all say. Uncle Charlie's Poems, the greatest blues chaser of the age, can be obtained absolutely free for a club of only four fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. 160 pages of roaring fun, with fine pictures and an absorbingly interesting biographical sketch of the author's life, beautifully bound in ribbed lilac silk cloth, weighs nearly a pound. Makes an ideal gift. Work for it today.

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Mrs. T. J. Lyons, Jacksonville, Texas, writes: "We love your splendid song book. The songs are all good. Not one poor one amongst them. We enjoy them greatly." Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, just the songs for moonlight, summer evenings. Full music for voice and piano. A superb song folio, the handsome cover of which is adorned with four splendid half-tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Can be obtained free for a club of only two fifteen month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books for a club of six. Work for them today.

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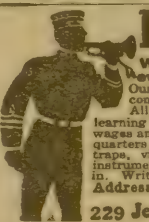
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1861 1865

A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY BENSON J. LOSSING LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE BRADY WAR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERMISSION OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT WASHINGTON D.C.

PUBLISHED IN 16 SECTIONS WITH A GREAT BATTLEFIELD SERIES IN FULL COLOR BY OGDEN THULSTRUP, DAVIDSON AND OTHERS

SECTION I

THE WAR MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK 1912

Thousands of Stirring War Pictures

In Sixteen Sections of this Wonderful Edition

Printed by Authority of the U. S. Government

Back through half a century, to the grim days of war, when brother fought brother, when often father and son met each other in deadly combat. The wonderful Brady Civil War Pictures show you more than any soldier saw for Brady went everywhere through all the four years of the struggle. These Brady Pictures, valued at \$150,000 by Grant, and published now by special permission of the U. S. Government, which owns the plates, are included with Lossing's vivid History of the Civil War and SIXTEEN FINE COLOR PLATES, reproducing famous historical paintings, in a great sixteen section work, now offered the readers of COMFORT for the first time at almost the cost of the printing and engraving.

The War Memorial Association have spent thousands of dollars to bring out this series of Portfolios and they are a wonderful pictorial presentation of the memorable Civil War. The present generation have never before had such a great privilege as this to procure for their homes, for schools and libraries, a complete and truthful history of the Civil War embellished with color plates and half-tone pictures in profusion. Every phase of the War is presented, every important person, place or engagement, as well as the military paraphernalia of the period, all is shown and with the truthful precision of the artist's camera.

We want you to first send for Sections One, Two, Three and Four to examine. These are given for a club of four. In this way you can best appreciate what each section contains, and you will not be content until you have persevered and secured the whole set of sixteen.

Each section opens with a full page 10-color picture 9x12 inches. The first four are "Grant in the Wilderness, May 6, 1865," "Sheridan at Five Forks, April 1, 1865," "Sherman at Kennesaw Mountain, October 4, 1864," "Thomas at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863," each of which is suitable for framing. In addition there are in Section One forty other illustrations in black and white, thirteen of which are full page subjects. Many page illustrations consist of groups of pictures all of which illustrate better than words the events they portray. Each section concludes with a Chronological Summary and Record of every engagement between the troops of the Union and of the Confederacy, in the Civil War in the United States, showing the total losses and casualties in each engagement, compiled from the official records of the War Department at Washington. There is a full page 10-color picture in every section representing a famous Civil War shown to the whole people for the first time. The value of the color prints of these famous Generals and their armies in action, all is shown and with the truthful precision of the artist's camera. The handsome and durable cloth binder supplied is a valuable addition to the set of sixteen sections, and should be obtained early in order that none of the folios become lost or soiled. This binder is arranged to accommodate the sixteen sections and is substantial and attractive in every way.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Keeping at Bay Summer Beauty Ills

NOW that the balmy days of summer are once more with us, it behooves me to urge all you seekers after beauty to take care, else your erstwhile creamy skins become an unromantic nut brown and your glossy hair streaked and faded. There is no doubt at all in my mind that maid or matron needs to exercise great care if she expects to escape with an unblemished skin from the out-of-door life that prevails throughout the hot months of the year.

Summer joys, I am perfectly willing to admit, give as much as they take away, but the up-to-date girl would naturally prefer not to pay a price for the benefits she receives from her long frolics in the sun's rays. The question now before us is, "How shall we cheat Mr. Tan?" This is not the easiest question in the world to answer, but I think if I put on my thinking cap for a few minutes I will perhaps find a way out for you all.

A happy thought, or, to be quite accurate, several happy thoughts have come to me, as a result of my meditation. I will proceed to put them into words, and can guarantee that if you will lay them to heart the summer wind and sun will not have even one chance to make mischief. This is good news, is it not?

One of the inevitable results of an out-of-door life is a coarse skin, it would be a sensible idea for the girl who objects to an apparently pitted cuticle, to take preventive measures. I am a firm believer in the old saying which runs thus: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The treatment that I recommend to keep the skin fine as fine can be, as follows:

First of all, do not fail to give your skin an energizing massage, with an astringent cream, every day of your life. This rubbing and smoothing of the cuticle will tend to keep the pores on their good behavior. Do not be stingy with your cream if you want to get the best results from this treatment. This stimulating skin massage must not last long, as it is just as much a beauty crime to knead the skin too much, as it is to knead it too little. In my judgment a ten minute treatment would be just right for the average cuticle.

And here is a formula for an astringent cream which it will delight your hearts to use, it is so extremely effective.

Astringent Summer Cream

Mutton tallow, one half pound; glycerine, two and one half ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; spirits of camphor, one half dram; powdered alum, one quarter dram; best Russian isinglass, one half dram; orange-flower water, one ounce.

When ready to compound this cream, try out the tallow, which should give about one cupful of fat. There should be equal quantities of it and the glycerine; beat these two together, then add the alum. Next dissolve the isinglass in the orange-flower water at gentle heat, and beat into the other mixture while that is still warm. Add the tinctures last of all, pouring in slowly with constant agitation.

The best time to take the skin tightening treatment is the first thing in the morning, just after your bath.

A parasol of some kind is an absolute necessity in the summer, as the skin needs some protection from the sun. "Why not a hat?" Because only one girl out of ten will stop to pin on a heavy hat when rushing out for a ramble through leafy lanes, and she is as apt as not to seize upon a minute bit of headgear that will be about as much protection for the face and hair as a cowbell. The same does not apply to parasols, as they give splendid protection to the complexion, look pretty, are always becoming, and are easy to carry. There is no escape for you, you must have at least one parasol or umbrella to your name.

And this is not all. Having a parasol, see that you use it! Never go out into the sunshine, if only for a moment, without opening your parasol over your head. When you once realize how extremely pretty you look with a white parasol held coquettishly over your head, I will not need to beg you almost on my bended knees to avail yourself of this pleasant means of protecting the skin and hair from King Sol's advances.

Since freckles are the bane of every girl's existence, it would be a lovely thing—would it not—to keep them at a respectful distance this summer? There is not a particle of sense in a girl getting her dimpled cheeks and saucy nose decorated with unbecoming flecks of color. Give the skin a hardening treatment twice daily from now until autumn, and I am almost willing to wager my hopes of a new fall hat that the obnoxious blotches will not come near you the summer long. But I forget! In all probability you haven't the slightest idea what a "hardening treatment" is, but don't let this fact discourage you, as I know and will be glad to tell you all about it.

Those of you who are desirous of toughening the cuticle so it will not succumb so readily to the attacks of the sun, pour a goodly quantity of the following astringent into a basin:

Elder-flower Skin Lotion

Place in half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water, and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well, and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower water.

Next take folded strips of cotton cloth—like unto the ones shown in illustration—and dabble them in the fragrant fluid until they are as wet as wet can be. These dripping compresses should now be pressed against the face for five minutes, after which they are once more saturated with the elder-flower liquid and again applied to the face. After a lapse of ten minutes, the bandages must be removed and a piece of ice run rapidly hither and thither over the face. This treatment can be considered complete when the face has been frictioned with a dry towel until skin is perfectly dry.

Persist with this treatment, you who detest freckles, and you will run little chance of making their acquaintance.

Since one's crown of glory can become just

as streaked from immersion in salt water as from exposure to the sun's rays, the summer girls who live near a body of salt water must not bathe in it without first taking one precaution. Underneath your purely ornamental bathing cap, wear a rubber cap! Thus will your hair be saved from the bad effects of a salt bath.

Pretty hands are one of woman's greatest charms, so it is worth while to keep them white and soft. This is easier to accomplish in the summer than in the winter, although I fear that you doubt this statement. Hands in the winter require much treatment to keep them on their good behavior, while in the summer-time they are as good as you please if they are kept under cover, as it were, when out of doors. The moral is plain—if you don't like freckled, tanned hands, make a point of drawing on a pair of white silk gloves when preparing for a ramble.

Questions and Answers

Fat Mother, Billie, Too Fat, Unhappy Girl and others.—You certainly are in a bad fix but you know where there is life there is hope, so don't get too discouraged. I thought I had given the quantities of the epsom reducing liquid but will reprint for your especial benefit. Dissolve one pound of epsom salts in one quart of rain-water. Shave fine three bars of white soap and dissolve in one quart of boiling rain-water. When partially cool, pour in the epsom salt solution. Now add two more quarts of water and it is ready for use. At night, rub the preparation on such parts of the body as you wish to reduce, and let it dry in. When morning comes, wash it off. Continue the use of the fat reducer until the desired results are obtained. In addition to this wash, take the juice of half a lemon in a cup of hot water, three quarters of an hour before breakfast. The average reduction in weight is two pounds every week. Since you are anxious to obtain a little more information about reducing, here are particulars of a reducing treatment that has my approval. While not infallible, it generally gives good results. According to my idea those wishing to reduce cannot do better than to live on lactated milk. This diet causes one to lose, on the average, two pounds of flesh every ten days. In order to prepare lactated milk, you must boil sweet milk and treat it to a pinch of salt and a lactic leaven. The leaven, which comes in the form of tablets, is sold at the drug-store. The formula calls for one tablet (crushed) and as much salt as will lie on the point of a knife, these to be put in a quart of milk after it has been boiled. Milk should then be set away until it becomes perfectly cold, after which it is put in stoppered bottles and left for twenty-four hours, when it is ready to drink. If you use the tablet and salt while the milk is hot, your milk will be spoiled. Dispense with food as much as possible, and confine yourself to the lactated milk diet. Only in this way can you secure satisfactory results. Exactly how much milk should be taken? That is a question easily answered. For each two pounds of a person's weight, take one ounce of lactated milk.

Mrs. R. S., N. Y.—I am sorry but the sage tea will not stain the yellow tress so it will match the rest of your hair. My advice is to leave well enough alone.

Miss Grace.—I am quite sure if you are patient and massage bosom for fifteen minutes, night and morning, with quantities of warm cocoa-butter, that eventually your bust will develop. Massage very gently indeed, else you will break down the fatty cells. Before commencing this cocoa-butter massage, bathe bosom for a few minutes in very hot water. After completing treatment, deluge bust with ice-cold water. I also advise you to drink a quart or two of rich milk daily, as milk is the best bust developer of which I know. Dark rings underneath the eyes are generally caused by weak eyes, indigestion or constipation. If the first, go to an oculist and have eyes examined. If the second, eat sparingly of rich food and chew it well, also drink two glassfuls of hot water after an hour before each meal and before going to bed. If the latter, take a dose of the following paste every night:

Fig-and-Senna Paste

Chop together one pound of prunes and one half pound of figs, then add one ounce of senna powder. Pour over all one quart of water and let mixture simmer on stove for three quarters of an hour. Put resulting paste in a jar and use as wanted.

B. E. W.—Liver spots will oftentimes disappear if moistened nightly with fresh lemon juice for several weeks. Juice must be allowed to dry on the face and must not be bathed until next morning. This treatment is harmless, inexpensive and in many cases, effective.

Margery.—If you object to using rouge, you should give my color inducing paste a trial, as it brings the blood to the cheeks in a torrent and keeps it there for several hours. If you want natural bluish rose cheeks, write me for the formula of my color inducing paste.

Mrs. Will.—Letters are not answered personally. Quince seeds can be obtained at your drugist and, if you ask him, he will make the mucilage for you. Use either distilled water or rose water.

Mrs. L. S. Dakota.—I do not answer letters personally. Unbeaten milk builds up flesh, hot milk does not. If you are anxious to gain flesh on fresh, unheated milk, take from three to four quarts each day.



A SKIN TOUGHENING TREATMENT.

drinking a glassful every half hour until your day's milk supply is exhausted. Sip each glassful slowly, as it is important that milk should be well salivated before it is swallowed.

Before commencing any massage, the face and neck should be washed in hot, soapy water; rinsed, dried and the skin coated thickly with the following cream:

Massage Cream

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; Sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from the fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it with an egg beater until cold.

When ready to manipulate the flesh, run fingers lightly across forehead lines, using a circular motion. Crow's-feet must be treated carefully as the skin around the eyes is so delicate that it is an easy matter to rub in more wrinkles than you can ever rub out. Put the first and second fingers on the nose—just above the eyes—and massage out beyond the eye corners, then sweep in underneath the eye toward the nose. Press down very lightly indeed. The cheeks should be massaged up from the point of the chin with the palms. This will keep them from sagging. Laughing wrinkles should be effaced thus: Put first and second fingers underneath the center of lower lip, then massage out around corner of mouth and up to nostril. Hollows under the chin and behind the ears should be massaged with a delicate rotary movement of the fingers. When massage is completed, wipe off surplus cream, spray face with the following astringent and brie you to bed:

Elder-flower Astringent Lotion

Place in half pint bottle one ounce of cucumber juice, half fill bottle with elder-flower water and add two tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne. Shake well and add very slowly one half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shaking the mixture now and then. Fill bottle with elder-flower. The entire treatment should not consume more than fifteen minutes if the face is badly wrinkled—or five minutes—if there are only two or three tiny lines. Please read my reply to Anita and Laura.

Anita.—Blackheads are a great trial but daily treatment will finally banish them. Never forget to wash your face at night before retiring with hot, soapy water and a rough cloth. After this rub in a little boracic powder and if this smartens the skin, massage in cold cream. Every other night scrub blackheads with a soft soapy nail brush, after bathing the face and before the boracic powder is rubbed in. Scrub very lightly else the skin will be irritated. Once a week, after the face has been washed, steam it over a basin of boiling water, then rinse in hot water and spread over face a handful of soap jelly. After ten minutes wash this off and massage for several minutes. On this night omit the boracic powder.

Soap Jelly

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax. Boil until mixture jellies. Put in covered glass jar and use as wanted.

Laura.—A good way to fill out hollow cheeks is to open mouth widely, then tense muscles and close lips to the count of twenty. Do this fifteen times, morning, noon and night. If you wish to tighten flabby muscles, run a piece of ice slowly over face for five minutes. The shock of the cold will cause muscles to contract and tone up relaxed skin.

Virginia, Gary, Indiana.—The following cream will be just the thing for you to use when making up Quince Cream No. 3.

Orange-flower Skin Cream

Oil of sweet almonds, four ounces; white wax, six drams; spermaceti, six drams; borax, two drams; glycerine, one and one half ounces; orange-flower water, two ounces; oil of neroli, fifteen drops; oil of bigarade (orange-skin), fifteen drops; oil of petit-grain, fifteen drops.

Put the fats and the oils into a double-boiler and place over a low flame until ingredients mingle smoothly. Next add the glycerine to the orange-flower water, and dissolve the borax in the mixture, then pour it slowly into the creamed fats, stirring continuously, the last just before cream firms, add the perfumed oils.

Brown Eyes.—Simply stir the three ingredients of the plume lotion together. It should not cost over thirty-five cents. The best eyelash grower I know of is sweet almond oil. It should be warmed and applied nightly to the outer edges of eyelid rims. You should not wait any longer. Go to a doctor at once and he will give you some medicine that will make everything all right for you. Don't be frightened. You won't become insane or consumptive, but still it is just as well to have the matter looked into. Don't neglect this warning, girls, but see a good doctor at once.

Miss M. C.—Alcohol, used frequently, is apt to dry and yellow the skin. I suggest that you substitute the following astringent for the alcohol. It will remove oil, discourage excessive perspiration and whiten the skin:

Astringent Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, fifteen drops; hamamelis water, fifteen drops; orange-flower water, one ounce.

Emma.—Indeed you have something to be proud of if you possess a perfect figure. If you will moisten hairy growth several times daily with Peroxide of Hydrogen, and will continue treatment for a number of months the hair roots will eventually die. Peroxide of Hydrogen bleaches the hair to invisibility and causes the roots to decay. Wash your shiny nose off several times each day with the oil-destroying lotion given below:

Oil-Destroying Lotion

Tincture of benzoin, ten drops; alum, ten grains; rose water, one ounce.

Three or four days after exposure to the sun twenty drops of glycerine should be added to each ounce of the lotion. Why do you take the juice of three lemons daily? If you have some reason for taking lemon juice, be satisfied with the juice of one lemon. Pimples are generally caused by too great a fondness for sweets. If you wish the ugly blotches to disappear, and of course you do, you must taboo candy, pie, cake, pudding, fried foods, hot breads and greasy meat. I also advise taking plenty of outdoor exercise, sleeping with your bedroom windows opened wide and making a habit of the daily bath. In addition, it would be a good plan to touch the pimples several times daily with the following lotion:

Pimple Lotion

Precipitate of sulphur, one dram; tincture of camphor, one dram; rose water, four ounces.

Mrs. E. McC.—I mean ordinary breakfast oatmeal, uncooked. There are several brands and all good.

Mrs. L. M. J., Seattle, Wash., Janet, Wide and others.—Is this the formula you asked for?

Wrinkle Cream

Mutton tallow, one half pound; glycerine, two and one half ounces; tincture of benzoin, one dram; spirits of camphor, one half dram; powdered alum, one quarter dram; best Russian isinglass, one half dram; elder-flower water, one ounce.

First try out the tallow, then take an equal quantity of glycerine and blend together, after which the alum should be added. The isinglass should now be dissolved in the fragrant water at a low heat, and the resulting liquid beat into the other mixture while it is still warm. Last of all, add the tinctures, stirring them in slowly, drop by drop.

Mrs. A. P., Iowa.—Use the best white kitchen soap sold by your grocer. The treatment is not harmful. Yes, I have just finished reading a letter from a Comfort subscriber who is trying this reduction treatment and she writes in to say she is having good results. This treatment, however, works well with some people and indifferently with others. There is no known remedy that will act alike on everybody.

Mrs. M. B. M., Detroit, Michigan.—You have my entire sympathy. I understand somewhat of how you must feel. The only thing you can do is to be brave and try to help others when they come to you in distress. Please read directions for massaging given in my reply to Mrs. L. S. Dakota. Formula for a good wrinkle cream was given to Mrs. L. M. J., Seattle, Wash.

Mrs. T. O. B., Nevada.—Read my reply to Laura as the exercise given therein will fill out cheeks and throat. If you wish to fill out around upper shoulders, practice revolving head—with muscles held tense—on shoulders, keeping chin stretched up and out. Revolve head in this manner for five minutes, morning, noon and night.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Christians and they are often a help to me in studying the scriptures for they have more time and do not forget as I do.

Anna is the one that takes this helpful paper and I have been a constant reader of COMFORT since my childhood. I have just finished reading the letter where the minister's wife was being praised. Oh, if we only had more like her! I think if we cannot say something good, let us be silent.

I am getting a little old in appearance, getting to be just a little gray, but my heart and mind are still young. I am not very large, my weight being one hundred pounds.

Will some sister give a remedy for chronic bronchitis? My little girl of twelve years is afflicted. With love and good wishes,
Mrs. ELLIS C. MURDOCK, Atkins, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit another young sister. I am five feet three inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds, have black hair, brown eyes and dark complexion and am seventeen years old.

My mother died two years ago and only those who have lost their mother can know how to appreciate her. I, being the oldest child, am keeping house and doing the cooking, sewing, washing and ironing for papa and five brothers and sisters (two boys and three little girls) so you sisters see I have my hands quite full.

I want to say a few words in regard to cheap, trashy reading. I think all parents should forbid their children to read such, especially the boys and girls who have not finished at school. When once a child gets started in reading trashy books the habit is as hard to conquer as the tobacco habit. I have known women with a house full of children that would neglect their work and sit down with a ten cent novel while her children ran around in the streets with their hair uncombed, faces unwashed and looking like a lot of little beggars. Thousand of young minds are so poisoned with these books that good wholesome reading matter does not interest them in the least, even after they are grown. Mrs. Wilkinson, and sisters, do you agree with me on this subject?

As most of the sisters are sending in helps and hints I will add my mite.

A lump of gum camphor laid on the pantry shelf will keep out ants.

Equal parts of soda and salt make a good substitute for scouring powder.

Remove ink stains from the fingers with vinegar.

To make ironing easy, wet one half of a blanket, fold the wet side in, spread over ironing board and iron without dampening.

I have been a subscriber for two years and think COMFORT a fine paper. I wish there were more papers like it.

I would like to get letters from the COMFORT sisters. Miss VERA WADLINGTON, Bluff Dale, Texas.

Miss Wadlington, I do agree with you, and too much cannot be said against growing boys and girls reading literature of a class that excites and falsely impresses them.

"As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," and I know of no truer application of this old adage than a child's reading.

The best books to start a child with are those written expressly for children. Sophie May and Louisa Alcott are among the best writers of children's stories. What could be better for boys than "Tom Brown's School Days," by Hughes, and "Robinson Crusoe," by Defoe, or "The Wayside Game," in June COMFORT for either boy or girl?

A book may be harmless, but at the same time valueless, and such do not train the mind for instructive reading.

I am glad you brought up this subject.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I hope you all will excuse me for coming again so soon, but while reading April COMFORT I came across Mrs. Whipple's letter from Olympia, Wash., stating that I had misrepresented things in Washington.

Now, I cannot have all the COMFORT sisters pointing a finger at me, so I hope Mrs. Wilkinson will allow me to slip through again, and justify myself.

It does rain in Washington from September until June; at least it did last year, and now it is the 12th of April and cold and cloudy and rainy while I am writing this. I have spoken to people who have lived here as long as twenty years and all have said about the same thing in regard to the climate. Of course Washington is beautiful with lovely forests, berry farms and snow-capped mountains. Also beautiful cities, but that does not alter anything on the fact that we have long, cold, rainy seasons, which are very bad for anyone affected with catarrh or lung trouble. Certainly, like everywhere, there are people here who like it, and there are lots of them who do not like the climate, and are in my situation, having bought property and cannot get away as soon as they would like. We sleep under blankets all summer, and most evenings it's cool enough for a fire.

Mrs. Mary Neathery. If you will eat plentifully of honey you will find a relief from constipation. I have been troubled that way for twenty years, and tried every cure in the drug-store, at last I could take eight pills without any effect whatever. At this stage of affairs a neighbor made me a present of a colony of bees, and I found after eating regularly of honey I had no more constipation.

How many of you sisters keep bees? I like to work with them and find pleasure and recreation as well as profit from keeping them.

Mrs. Diehl. Your remark, "don't expect children to have the reason and forethought of an adult," went home to my conscience. I've done this many times. I've learned lots from the sisters' letters. I wish to thank all the Arizona sisters who responded with information about their different localities. I have answered everyone and if any did not receive a reply it was through mistake and not through lack of appreciation.

Now for fear of Sister Wilkinson thinking I am staying too long, I will put my head inside the door before the Washington sisters begin throwing stones at me.

Long live COMFORT!
ANNA BREKKE, Station B., Tacoma, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you make room for a Louisiana sister?

I have been a subscriber to dear old COMFORT for quite a while and have been reading it ever since I can remember. And can truthfully say it is the best paper published.

I am five feet five inches tall, have dark brown eyes and hair and dark complexion, and weigh one hundred and thirty-one pounds, age twenty-three years.

Have been married five and one half years to one of the good Jims. We have no children and do get very lonesome.

I would like very much to adopt a little girl between the ages of six months and one year. Could give one a good home.

Husband is a railroad tie-maker and leaves home early in the morning, not returning until nearly dark at night.

Would appreciate silk or wool pieces eight by eight inches square; also letters.

Wishing COMFORT and its many readers happiness and success.
Mrs. ANNIE M. JONES, Colfax, E. R. 2, Box 27, La.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please allow me space for a few minutes' chat with you all. COMFORT is a welcomed visitor to my home every month, and I do so much enjoy the letters from the sisters.

I am a very busy woman. I do my own housework and care for my three little boys, besides a lot of other things such as making quilts, doing stencil work, and working hair into switches, etc., but I enjoy it.

I have one little boy aged five who has placed a quilt, doing the work during his fourth and fifth year, and it is done nicely, too. He has started another of calico pieces and will have each piece of a different color.

Now let me tell you who are suffering with that awful disease, white swelling, of a remedy that cured my sister even after the bone had opened, and has cured others to my certain knowledge.

Take one pint of turpentine, one pint of alcohol, one ounce of gum camphor, and one ounce of pure Castile soap. Shave soap and gum fine and mix all together. Bathe the affected parts well with this two or three times each day, being careful not to let it get on where the skin is broken as it would burn. Keep yourself wrapped in flannel. Now try this sufferer and I know you will thank me for sending this simple but grand remedy to you. It is also fine for rheumatism. I would be glad to hear from any who may try this.

Best wishes for each of you. I am,
Mrs. OLLIE M. KEYS, Curryville, Gordon Co., Ga.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please give me a small space to thank the many sisters who wrote to me in my sad bereavement, especially the young girls who will take our places by and by? I don't want them to get discouraged and think their letters were not appreciated, but to pass on the sunshine.

I thank one and all for the sunshine they have brought into my lonely life; it has been balm to my aching heart to feel so many sympathized and cared for.

MARTHA I. SEFORD, Mt. Ulla, E. R. 1, N. O.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Well as I have been one of COMFORT's family for several years I thought I would write a short letter to express some of my views on a subject that several spoke of in the May number.

Just nine years ago this evening, May 8th, the angel of death entered my home and took our only child, a sweet, blue-eyed and brown-haired little girl, aged six years and seven months. She was never sick before in her short life and this sickness of scarlet fever which robbed me of her was only of three days' duration. Well, it left our home oh, so lonesome, for she was a very dear one to us.

We had never spoken of taking a little one to rear as our own, but on going to the city of Oskaloosa to do some business we heard of a small boy to be placed in a good home.

We went to see him, and oh, the poor little pinched face, so delicate in body that we found. We took him home and we kept him.

I want to say to the sister who said she did not want a red-haired baby, that I had always objected to that color of hair, but our boy as he got older (he was only fourteen months when we took him) has developed a head of red hair, but we love him so much in fact could not love him more if he had black hair.

He is now ten years old and not so very strong and as I was looking at him today and thinking if my little girl had not died where would he be?

Now sisters by all means if you can and feel able, take a little one to rear as your own.

MRS. MAUDE HAMPTON, Oskaloosa, E. R. 3, Iowa.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps.

DILL PICKLES.—Select medium-sized, smooth-skinned cucumbers, and, after washing them thoroughly in cold water, wash a layer of vine leaves at the bottom of wood or earthenware vessel; sprinkle them plentifully with dill, and then put in a layer of cucumbers, packed as closely as possible. Then make another layer of leaves and dill and one of cucumbers until the desired quantity is reached. Now make a brine of eight quarts of water to one quart of salt. Pour it over the cucumbers to cover them plentifully, using a weight to keep them below the brine.

At the end of three days drain the brine from the cucumbers, boil it ten minutes, and when it becomes cold pour it over the cucumbers again. Be sure to keep the cucumbers below the surface.

GREEN TOMATO SOY.—Slice two gallons of green tomatoes and twelve large onions. Put them on the fire in the preserving kettle, then add a quart each of vinegar and sugar, three tablespoons of salt, two tablespoons of ground mustard, and a tablespoon each of ground cloves, and cinnamon. Now stew very gently until the tomatoes and onions are tender. Then pack in pint glass cans and seal at once.

SWEET PICKLES.—To each hundred gherkins, allow one ounce of mustard seed, one ounce of cloves, a heaping tablespoon of salt, two cups of sugar and three red peppers. Put the gherkins on the fire in the preserving kettle and cover with strong vinegar. Add the spices tied loosely in a piece of cheese-cloth, and the sugar and salt. Boil the vinegar, done, very slowly to the boiling degree; then the pickles are ready to put away in a cool place in a large stone crock. It is an improvement to add a piece of horseradish when the pickles are put in the crock.

E. H. OBERT, 58 Berkshire Place, Irvington, N. Y.

CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Take two cups of salt and dissolve in enough boiling water to cover one hundred and twenty-five small cucumbers. Cover and let stand forty-eight hours, then wipe each one dry. Put into a jar or bucket, cover with strong vinegar, and at the same time add a small piece of alum, a green pepper, one peeled onion stuck full of cloves, and some scraped horseradish. Put a small cup of mixed spices into a muslin bag and boil a few minutes in vinegar before it is poured over cucumbers. Keep this bag of spice in pickle.

PICKLED CABBAGE may be done the same way.—Ed.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Strain the juice, and rub the pulp through a wire sieve; add to every pound a pound of loaf sugar. Boil until solid; try it often to know when it is sufficiently cooked. When done, put it in tumblers, and paste papers over them with the whites of eggs. Keep it in a cool place.

Miss M. A. REICHERT, Pine Grove, E. R. 3, Box 24, Pa.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Eighteen bitter oranges, one dozen sweet oranges, two lemons. Slice the oranges thin and take out the seeds. To every pound of fruit, add three pints of water. Let stand for twenty-four hours, next day boil down to half the quantity; next day measure it, and to every pint of boiled fruit add one and one half pints of sugar. Let this come to a boil and as soon as the syrup jellies remove from the fire, not to boil too long.

SADIE NICHOL, Fishkill on the Hudson, Box 644, New York.

SWEET POTATO PRESERVES.—Make a syrup as for peaches. Parboil the potatoes, first cutting in round slices, then boil in the syrup until clear.

CRACKER PUDDING.—One quart of scalded milk, five tablespoons of rolled crackers, small piece of butter, and four eggs; bake thirty minutes, serve with any sauce.

FISH-POTATO CAKES.—Mash cold boiled potatoes and cold fish together, add a beaten egg, season with salt and pepper. Make into cakes and fry. Nicer if dipped in beaten egg, then in flour, and fry in hot fat. Any cold meat can be used in place of fish.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Slice lemons thin, removing seeds, add three pints of cold water to each pound of fruit after cutting. Let it stand twenty-four hours, then boil until tender, pour into an earthen bowl until the following day. Weigh it and to every pound of fruit add a big pound of lump sugar. Boil the whole together until the syrup jellies and the chips are rather transparent.

Mrs. NETTIE CAYLOR, Piqua, Kans.

TO PICKLE BEEF FOR LONG KEEPING.—First, thoroughly rub salt into it and let it remain in bulk for twenty-four hours to draw out the blood. Second, take it up, letting it drain and pack as desired. Third, have ready a pickle prepared as follows: For every one hundred pounds of beef, use seven pounds of salt, salt-peter and cayenne pepper, of each one ounce; molasses, one quart, and soft water, eight gallons; boil and skim well; and when cool, pour it over the beef.

This amount will cover one hundred pounds if it has been properly packed. I have found persons who use nothing but salt with the water, and putting on hot, scalding again at the end of three weeks, and putting on hot again. The only object claimed for putting the brine on the meat while hot is that it hardens the surface which retains the juices instead of drawing them off.

TO PRESERVE SMOKED MEATS FOR YEARS.—After carefully curing and smoking hams, if they are packed in pulverized charcoal, no matter how hot the weather, or how thick the flies, hams will keep as sweet as when packed for years. The preservative quality of charcoal will keep them till charcoal decays.

PICKLE FOR CORNING BEEF.—To five gallons of water allow a gallon of salt and four ounces of salt-peter with a pound and a half of brown sugar. Boil together ten minutes after the salt and sugar are completely dissolved. Let the brine get perfectly cold. Wipe each piece of beef dry and pack in keg or barrel. Pour the cold brine over all. The meat should be covered several inches. Put in cold cellar and cover keg.

PRESSED CORNED BEEF.—Take six pounds of the brisket of beef, remove the bones and tie it tightly in a cloth. Put it in a kettle and cover with cold water. Simmer gently for five hours. When done take out of the water, place between two tin sheets or large plates, and put a heavy weight on over night. Remove the cloth next morning and it is ready for use.

PIE CRUST THAT NEVER FAILS.—Melt one third cup of lard, add one cup of cold water and let it get cold. Add one half spoon of salt, and four enough to make stiff as any crust. This is always flaky. If mixed the day before needed and kept in cool place, it improves greatly.

Miss BETTA O. SAGHE, 2520 W. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALICE CAKE.—One and one half cups of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, one cup of cream, salt, two cups of flour and one heaping teaspoon of baking powder. Bake.

Mrs. PETER C. DIEDRICH, Chilton, Box 324, Wis.

WAFLES.—Two eggs, one cup of milk, one table-spoon melted butter, pinch of salt, one heaping cup of flour and two level teaspoons baking powder.

Mrs. JULIA GOODREAR, Sank City, E. R. 1, Wis.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one half cup of butter or lard, one cup of molasses, one tablespoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, two teaspoons of soda dissolved in one cup of boiling water, and flour to make a batter a little stiffer than when eggs are used.

SOFT CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of thick, sour cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of soda, and pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg, mix soft and bake in hot oven.

SPICE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one fourth cup shortening, one cup of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of cinnamon, and one teaspoon of allspice. Flour to make a moderately stiff batter.

Mrs. EDITH DIEHL, New Lothrop, Mich.

ORANGE FILLING.—Mix two rounding tablespoons of corn-starch with a little cold water, add one cup of sugar, grated rind of one orange, juice of one half orange, then put in one cup of boiling water. Cook in double boiler till thick enough to spread, stirring constantly, then beat in the whites of two eggs well-beaten. Let cool and put between layers, and on top. The top layer may be spread with thin slices of orange.

Mrs. BERTHA GREEK, 131 Lipan St., Denver, Colo.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

For those who make carpets and rugs. When making up a piece of goods, sometimes a narrow strip from the edge will never be missed in cutting. If not, in this way balls of bright new colors can be had without sewing. Would like to hear from sisters.

Mrs. C. E. GIBSON, 455 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tea stains may be removed from cups or tinware by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

Rusty and blackened knives are cleaned by rubbing with half a raw potato dipped in brick dust.

Rinse milk dishes in cold water before washing. Copper and brass are made clean by rubbing with a half lemon which is occasionally dipped into salt.

Before using a new iron kettle, rub inside and out with fresh grease and let stand forty-eight hours. Then wash in hot water in which a large lump of cooking soda has been dissolved.

In keeping fruit, let it be spread out separately in a light, airy place with no two pieces touching each other. If piled together, or if stored in a dark or damp place, it will decompose rapidly.

Bread must be allowed to get perfectly cool after baking before it is put into crock or tin, which previously has been thoroughly washed, scalded and dried.

Charcoal is a good disinfectant. A piece kept in meat larder will help preserve contents.

Would like recipe for canning pumpkin.
Mrs. FANNIE S. COWGILL, Deer Park, E. R. 1, Box 36, Md.

Soot sprinkled on young cucumber vines or other vegetables will keep insects away.

Mrs. KATE SHAMSTER, Borkboro, E. R. 3, N. C.

A useful bag for soiled linen is made from two towels. Sew together, put an inch facing on the inside two inches from top and run in cord.

A teaspoon of syrup added to pan when frying bacon improves color and flavor.

A tiny bit of butter often improves the flavor of frosting, especially chocolate.

Mrs. W. T. BARNING, Tipton, E. R. 6, Iowa.

When cakes stick on bottom, try turning tin upside down and covering with wet cloth. The steam will loosen cake so it will come out whole.

Mrs. LESLIE DICKERSON, Henderson, Ky.

Remedies

BURNS.—Sprinkle powdered alum over the white of an egg and beat until it curds. Bind enough onto burn to cover, and when hot renew.

Mrs. FLORA B. PADGETT, Brattletown, Ky.

THRUSH.—To sage tea add a small quantity of borax and strained honey. Apply with cotton swab or soft cloth. Use swab only once and burn.

Mrs. S. O. PACKE, Hayden, N. Mex.

QUINCY.—Poultice the throat with grated raw carrots, changing poultices five or six times in the twenty-four hours.—Ed.

PILES.—Make a salve of two large tablespoons of vasoline, one lump the size of a large thimble of burned alum pulverized, one half grain of morphine. Mix well together and apply.

Mrs. ANNIE WILLIAMS, Indianapolis, Box 37, Okla.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Spikenard tea to be used the last one to three months as follows: Use the root either dried or green. One tablespoon put into a teacup and filled with boiling water and covered. Prepare this at night and drink in the morning all you can of it; the more the better. It may also be drunk through the day. Spikenard can be found in spring growing wild, or is sold dried by the druggists.

AMANDA LAHMAN, Hancock, E. R. 3, Box 47, Md.

VERMIN.—A strong tea made from quassia chips will kill vermin in children's heads. Strain and wet head. Harmless.

Mrs. A. KUHL, Omro, E. R. 1, Box 24, Wis.

HARACHE.—Roast the meat of four butternuts on top of stove. Put into clean, stout white cloth and press out oil. Put one drop of oil into ear every half hour until relieved.

Mrs. JENNIE BOGERS, Lakeside, Box 44, Mont.

FITS.—One half teaspoon or more of epsom salts in hot water two or three times a week early in the morning.

H. DAVENPORT, Hammon, N. J.

Requests

The song, "Octoroon Girl."—Ed.

Mrs. Emile Gynn, Coweta, Okla., invalid, quilt pieces.

Sarah Wright, Lenoir City, E. R. 3, Tenn., how to remove apple stains.

Mrs. J. Thortsen, Hartley, Iowa; remedy for yellow jaundice.

Mrs. J. Q. Hunter, Myrtle, E. R. 2, Box 26, Miss., invalid; letters and quilt pieces of silk or velvet.

O. Cheever, Jim Falls, E. R. 1, Box 3, Wis., song, "Nick Carter and Nate Champion."

Mrs. E. Y. McElroy, Cottage Grove, E. R. 2, Tenn., cripple, letters.

Mrs. A. M. DuBois, Sour Lake, Texas; how to extract perfume from rose and violet that will not sour.

Mrs. A. W. Hodgen, Endicott, E. R. 1, Wash., letters from Canada.

How to dry green string beans.—Ed.

How to make protose from cereals and nuts.—Ed.

I'll Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'll off to the wars again,
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battle-field no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow,
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride,
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my war-like lord,
And gave me a silken suit,
I thought no more of my master's sword,
When I played on my master's lute;
She seemed to think me a boy above,
Her pages of low degree,
Oh! had I but lov'd with a boyish love,
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast ev'ry selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
When smiles await the bridal pair,
I'll haste to give them mine.
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festive train,
And if I survive I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But one golden tress of her hair I'll twine,
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom.
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my lady love is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

Sent in by
Miss LUCILLE STOKES, Scotia, Box 4, S. C.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

GO ON THE STAGE Will tell you how. Address G. W. Faulk, 116 W. South, Akron, Ohio.

68 PHOTOS Art, Actress, Bathing Girl, etc., 10c. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio.

MONEY (\$ \$ \$) Unk \$ Secrets, etc. Key Frea. E. ROGERS, HORSESHOE, N. O.

50 HOT AIR CARDS. "Lots of Fun," 10c. Sun Book Co., Dept. C.C., Harrisburg, Mich.

\$100 MONTHLY and expenses to trustworthy men and women to travel and distribute samples; big manufacturer, Steady work. S. Scheffer, Trans., S. W. CHICAGO.

LADIES Make Shields at Home. \$10.00 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped envelope. EUREKA CO., Dept. 21, Kalamazoo, Mich.

GINSENG Worth \$200 a sq. rd. \$7.50 a lb. Easily grown in ordinary garden soil. Book on cultivation, profits, etc., with prices of seeds and roots, Free. HIGHLAND GINSENG GARDEN, R. F. D. No. 10, Buschell, Ky.

MONEY IN IDEAS—My Book "The Inventor's Assistant" tells how to get it out. Mailed Free on request. Henry M. Copp, Registered Patent Attorney 63, Washington, D. C.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. FIDMONT TOBACCO CO., Box 120, Danville, Va.

OLD COINS WANTED \$7.75 paid for rare 1853 quarters; \$20. for half dollar. Keep money dated before 1890, and send 10c. for new Coin Value Book. May mean a fortune. A. H. KRAUS, 253 KRAUS BLDG., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

Gold Finished Signet Ring your initial free. Will stand acid test. 10c. each or \$3 for

Four Wheel Chairs in June

152 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four wheel chairs, or to be exact three regular wheel chairs and one baby carriage, would seem a pretty good showing for June if it were not that I feel that the Club can and ought to do better than that. In fact the Club subscriptions fell a little short of earning these for June, but I am sending the four in June relying on you to make up the deficiency of subscriptions next month, as I am always ready to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours, and am especially anxious to do so at this season of the year when the shut-ins that are housed for lack of wheel chairs suffer most.

It is a pity that during hot weather of each year the wheel-chair subscriptions drop off. Just think how distressing the dogdays heat of July and August must be to the bedridden cripples, and as Providence has been merciful to you do exert yourselves a little in aid of COMFORT'S mercy work by getting some subscriptions for the benefit of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Following are the names of the recipients of the three June chairs and the baby carriage, as Mrs. Boone preferred a baby carriage for her crippled child, and after each name is the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Club: Mrs. M. S. Earle, Hasty, Colo., 100; Earl Marsh, Montrose, W. Va., 73; Mrs. May Boone, Edith, Texas., 72; Mrs. O. P. Nelson, Kettles Falls, Wash., 57.

You see how much the friends of these recipients have done in their behalf; the Wheel-Chair Club has done the rest.

A number of other shut-ins and their friends are working for subscriptions to get them the much needed COMFORT wheel chairs. They are all deserving and all suffering for a wheel chair. Now, my good readers, you that are interested in the splendid work of the Wheel-Chair Club, even though you do not know these shut-in applicants, do please do something for them this month; get your name in the Roll of Honor, it is easy to get a club of five subscriptions for \$1.00 to help the Wheel-Chair Club, but if you think you can't do that don't fail to send in at least one subscription in July. If you all would even send one subscription each we would make a glorious showing in July.

This month's Roll of Honor and the following letters of thanks will interest you.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair makes this Shut-In Happy

NEVADA, MO.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I thank you, Mr. Gannett, and all of COMFORT'S readers who aided me in getting my wheel chair. It is a beautiful gift, and I could never begin to tell you how much I appreciate it. May you live long to carry on this noble work and make others as happy as you have made me.
Your grateful friend,
MRS. NANNIE C. COLLINS,
ONA, W. VA.

Says COMFORT'S Wheel Chair is Certainly a Blessing

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely this morning, and I could never find words to express how grateful I am to you, Mr. Gannett and all COMFORT'S readers who helped me get this chair. It certainly is a blessing to me, and may God reward you all for your kindness.
Your grateful friend,
FLORENCE ARTHUR.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair a Help and Comfort to Her

TAYLOR, PA.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
The wheel chair arrived yesterday and is just fine, and just what I needed. I could never find words to thoroughly express my appreciation to you and the COMFORT readers who so kindly helped me to get this beautiful chair. It will indeed be a comfort and help to me. May God bless and prosper you and Mr. Gannett in your good work.
Ever gratefully yours,
MRS. JOHN EVANS, JR.

Only Those Who are Crippled Can Appreciate the Blessing of a Wheel Chair

BARTLETT, OREGON.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair arrived safely and words cannot express my appreciation for this beautiful gift. Only those who are compelled by sickness to stay permanently in one place, unless someone is good enough to move them, can appreciate the blessing of a chair which permits one to move about at will. May the good Lord bless all those kind friends who, through this gift brought so much happiness to me.
Your grateful friend,
MARY A. JONES.

Expects to Go Visiting in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair Soon

SANVILLE, VA.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my wheel chair last week, and it is just lovely. I want to thank you and all of my friends who helped me get it. COMFORT is doing a noble work by sending such nice presents to lonely shut-ins. I expect to go visiting in my wheel chair soon. I have been in bed three years the first of June. May God bless you, Mr. Gannett, and everyone who helped me get my chair.
Your grateful friend,
JULIA KOGER.

Wheel Chair Such a Help and Comfort to Her

509 E. Oscar St., TYLER, TEX.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My wheel chair has just arrived, and I simply have not words to express my gratitude to you and all who aided in getting me such a lovely present. My chair is so much better than I expected, and will be such a help and comfort to me.
Ever your grateful friend,
S. M. SANDERS.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Earl Marsh, W. Va., 44; Mrs. Albert Ryder, Wash., for Mrs. O. P. Nelson, 44; Mrs. Mary Brown, Colo., 40; Mrs. May Boone, Texas., for her Baby 28; A Friend, Kans., for Vincent Glausner, 25; Mrs. W. A. Jordan, Colo., for Mrs. M. S. Earle, 20; Emma Benefield, Tenn., for Mrs. L. Wimberly, 20; Alice Gramly, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 20; Miss Gertrude Howard, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 20; Mrs. William A. Williams, Pa., for Mrs. John H. Evans, Jr., 20; David Wilson, Tex., for own wheel chair, 20; Della Willis, Ky., for most needy, 18; Winnie Winters, Wash., for own wheel chair, 14; Mrs. Ethel Walker, Tex., for Mrs. May Boone, 13; Mrs. C. A. Govey, Neb., for Mrs. J. H. Baker, 12; Alice Modgling, Tex., 11; Mrs. Alice Harris, Miss., for Lucille Harris, 11; Lillie Wilson, Tex., 10; T. G. Lewis, Tenn., for Delcie Mitchell, 10; Mrs. Nettie Bolyard, Va., for Earl Marsh, 9; Mrs. Maude Camp, Ala., for C. C. Brooks, 9; Mrs. Ima Mann, Neb., for Sarah Howell, 8; Mrs. E. E. Jones, Del., for one most needy, 7; Mrs. S. K. Knowles, Ala., for Mrs. Cooley, 7; Mrs. Susan, Ohio, 6; Jennie Putnam, Tex., for Trany Reed, 5; Berta Bell, Ark., 5; Mrs. Norva Golden, Okla., for Bennie Long, 5; Ella Benefield, Ky., for Laura Wimberly, 5; Lena Robbins, Tex., for David Wilson, 5; G. S. West, Ill., 5.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, my dear summer girls, did you have a rosy time in June? It's a lovely month, isn't it? And still if it were June always we would get so tired of it that we would be even glad to have November come around wouldn't we? That's human nature and is why we have to be born again to go to heaven because if we went as human beings we would be sure to want a change, no matter how good and beautiful it all was. However, June is a fine month and now that it is over we must get ready to keep cool during July. You know how I do to forget all my other troubles? It's the best way, to do it, too. I just go to work and work. And here is where I begin.

The first one is from Cousin Different of Campbell, Mo.—Don't lose a prize when you can get it. Ask the young men and by and by you will have a chance until your home affairs are such that you can marry. I think he will understand and wait. You both are plenty young enough to wait for a while.

Despondent, Chicago, Ill.—When in doubt, my dear, don't marry. You have time to wait until you are sure. The trouble with most girls is that they are too anxious to get married.

Sound Lily, Orting, Wash.—It is a fine thing for a girl to marry a good man who is paying for a farm, and do all she can to help him get it paid for. She may find it no easy work, but when it is paid for and they have a home of their own she will know that she paid her part of it. Love that does not fear sacrifice is the kind that counts.

Sour Pickles, Lowe, W. Va.—If you are to blame for the quarrel, it is for you to apologize to him and restore relations. Write him a note. If he does not answer, then he is to blame and owes you an apology.

Sweet Sixteen, Kernes, Texas.—A girl of sixteen who keeps house for her widowed father and two younger sisters should be allowed some relaxation and association with her young friends and your father is making a mistake not to let you have this relief. As you are a good Methodist, I think, if I were you I would talk to the pastor and have him give your father some wise advice if he doesn't want to lose you entirely. Too many fathers are like yours and to be too strict is as bad as to be too careless.

Blue Eyes, Stanley, Wis.—You should not have quarreled over his use of tobacco, because there are so many worse things than that. Now having lost him apparently, don't mope, but be nice to all the young men to come back and ask him also to wait to tell this one that you have changed your mind a little. After that it will be easy if he really cares for you, as he said he did. (2) In these days of more sense than sentiment, it is believed by the best women that girls should be perfectly frank with young men who try to lead them astray and tell them plainly that they know what a serious matter it is and what it means to a girl's life to yield to such temptation. Men who want to deceive girls cannot stand facts and arguments and they will let them alone. If all girls were wise there would be much less trouble. (3) If two people really love each other no trifling matter will change their love. It is different when they only think they love each other.

Anxious, Winsfield, Tenn.—As you don't want to marry him and can't give him up and the sound of another's voice is music in your ears and you are not sure about some others, I think you should stay at home and take care of your sick mother and the rest of the family as you have been doing. You have enough trouble without adding to it.

Broken Heart, Arlington, Oregon.—He is a bad man who only cared for you to deceive you, and you should be glad that no greater harm has come to you through knowing him. Look upon him as a snake and avoid him.

Floesie, Toledo, Ohio.—Get another bean in place of the one who does not want you to go with anybody but him. He is afraid other men will be more attractive. If they are, you certainly shouldn't want him. Don't try to get acquainted with young men; let them try to get acquainted with you. They will if they want to.

Brown Eyes, Sebika, Minn.—You are vain and dishonest to permit two men to fall in love with you and lead them on as you are doing because you "can't help it." Nobody with a sound mind can help acting dishonestly.

Perplexed, Columbia, S. C.—Indeed, you are silly to have told him you cared for him, when he hadn't said as much to you. Now you will have to put up with his indifference as best you can. He doesn't care for you except as an easy one he doesn't have to win and some day some other girl will get him because she will keep him guessing.

Bright Eyes, Independence, Kans.—My dear, you have too little spirit. Any girl of spirit would snap her fingers at the young man who neglected her and would never be asking him whether she should wait for him or not. Now get some spirit and use it on him.

Brown Eyes, Fayette, Mich.—The best thing to do with a young man who is known as a flirt is not to let him practice on you. Be friendly, that's all.

Brown Eyes, Dickson, Tenn.—You are just like hundreds of other silly girls who listen to silly young men's sweet talk and become engaged to them, then after a while meet some other young man and find they like him better. Until you all have learned to use a little common sense in your love making, there is no help for you. Get out of it the best way you can. Tell Elizabeth that girls with so many beaux usually pick up a stick at last.

Golden Lock, Biloxi, Miss.—Wait till he is of age and give him plenty of chances to meet girls younger than he is. If he still insists that you are the only one, even if you are three years older, marry him. Maybe that will change his mind.

W. M. J., Amsterdam, N. Y.—If the only objection to the young man is his drooping eyelid, I think I would rather risk that in a husband than the drooping morals of some of them.

Black Eyes, San Jose, Cal.—Tell your parents about your engagement and be fair and frank with them, as the young man is all right except his poverty. I don't much believe in people marrying unless they have a little something ahead. I think, too, that when two poor folks marry, that the wife is quite justified in taking a situation and earning all she can to help get a home. You have my blessing.

Wee Bits, Murfreesboro, Tenn.—Some people have married on even less than ten weeks' acquaintance and been happy ever after, but more have not. The only way to find out if you can do it is to try it. I think I would wait a year.

Sheep, Grand Rapids, Mich.—It is all right to help reform a young man by being friendly with him, though other good people are not, but don't let your heart run away with your head. Be his friend for two or three years and if by that time he has re-established himself in public favor, then you may marry him.

Sweetheart, New Ulisses, Kans.—As your parents brought you up to believe that the young man was the only one for your husband and now have changed their minds, but you have not and he has not, I say for you to marry and let pa and ma get used to it, as they will before long. Of course it isn't right for them to put your brother to any on you, and if he had any of the real spirit in him, he wouldn't do it. Show this to him.

Ollie, Belton, S. C.—My, my, here you are with a nice home, plenty of friends, good health, good looks and youth and yet you want me to help you to look on the bright side of life. My dear, stop asking any-

body to help you look on the bright side of life, and begin to help others to do it.

Troubled, Lillian, Texas.—If all the girls are so fast you won't go with them and all the men you know don't like girls unless they are fast, except one who is a preacher, take him by all means, for you will be just suited to each other.

L. E. R., Ft. Pierce, Fla.—Goodness me, you write that you think my advice to girls is fine and that you have been following it and think you are a better girl, and then go right on and say: "I am engaged to two young men." Now, is that following my advice? However, as you say you have told them of the engagements and they are satisfied, I suppose I ought to be. But don't marry them both or there'll be trouble.

Unhappy Girl, Gonzalez, Cal.—Life looks very dingy to you because you can't marry your darling, doesn't it? It always does to girls of your age under those circumstances. But cheer up, and wait till you are twenty-one and by that time maybe he will be somebody else's darling. They often are.

Brunette, Richmond, Va.—You know, my dear, if I could marry either one of two men, and didn't know which one to choose, I should have my doubts about it. I should be afraid to marry a man like that, or you'll have to support him. He is not the man for you or he would be earning more than that and saving instead of spending. Drop him and find a younger and thrifter one.

Bright Eyes, Raymond, Nebr.—You twenty and be forty-two and you as a bookkeeper have saved two hundred and he on seventy dollars a month hasn't saved a cent in twelve years, is that it? And besides you have a small inheritance of three thousand dollars. My child, don't you marry a man like that, or you'll have to support him. He is not the man for you or he would be earning more than that and saving instead of spending. Drop him and find a younger and thrifter one.

R. E. A., Rolla, Mo.—You don't love him very much or the jokes of your friends because he is six feet tall and you are less than five wouldn't touch you. Still, if you are so sensitive and would rather marry for size than sympathy, let him go.

Dandelion, Miles, Ia.—You would not be happy with him. How could you be if now you like him when to one who got me. If I were a man I would be out with him because he is homely and your friends call him "Germany." There is not much in love that can't stand sacrifice.

Nannie, La Fayette, Ala.—Well, maybe, as he is poor and jealous and comes of a drinking family and your mother doesn't want you to marry him, maybe you had better marry him just to find out how much trouble you can bring on yourself by being stubborn, as girls are sometimes.

Troubled Heart, Oak Mount, Maine.—That you are twenty and he is thirty-five doesn't make as much difference as that at thirty-five he hasn't saved enough to start bookkeeping on, seeing that it takes so little. Better wait till he has made a little extra, or marry a thrifty young man.

Dink, Rogersville, Pa.—Finish your summer school and teach a year before marrying, and don't marry then, unless the young man can show you absolute proof that he has quit drinking. A young man of twenty with the drink habit is about the last thing a girl should try for a life-long happiness. Time enough for your other questions by and by.

Doubtful, Ravenna, O.—Probably one of the reasons why your chum is not living with her husband is why she was so forward with your man and took him away from you when he had come expressly to see you. I think you would be wise to disclaim both your chum and the young man.

J. M. K., Newark, N. J.—As the young man has snubbed you by mail and also over the phone and broken his promise to come to your party, it seems to me that a sensible girl of any fine feelings would not be chasing after him to be calling on her. Do you want him to slap you in the face to make you understand he doesn't care for you?

Kate, Paxton, Texas.—Never apologize, my dear, to a young man for not permitting him to kiss you. If it hurt his feelings to be refused, you just let his feelings stay hurt.

Love, Bayland, Ala.—As you can't make life much worse than it is in your home now and you'd rather suffer where you love than where you do not, I suppose it would be right for you to marry the man you love with all his faults and his family. You are not marrying to be happy, but to be less miserable, and you have my sincere wishes that it will turn out well.

K. H. S., Toluca, Ill.—Don't marry a boy of nineteen. Wait at least till he becomes a man legally. Probably by that time he will not want to marry a woman three years older than himself. If he does, he is responsible, as he is not now.

Broken Heart, Shawnee, Okla.—Never believe the young man who has a "steady" girl when he tells you he doesn't care for her and you are the only one. He is a plain liar, that's what he is, and shouldn't have any girl anywhere any time.

Beryl, Eureka, Mo.—As you are not needed at home and the man is just the kind you want, I think you can run the risk of your pa's displeasure by starting a home of your own, now or later. I'll wager a cookie he'll be wanting to come around to supper at your house before six weeks and so will your maiden sister who now has seventeen fits when you speak of getting married. That kind of folks have to be educated. Am sorry Lydia's pa is still pokey.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered except some that I sent to other departments in COMFORT and some that were too silly to answer, and I hope we are all satisfied. I am, anyhow. Doesn't that sound conceited? Now run along and be summer girls another month and tell me about it. By, by, till we meet again.
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The Craze for Gold

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

clear complexion, dark eyes and luxuriant raven hair, but with a face full of that steady individuality which goes to the formation of what men call character. Her companion, on the contrary, was a blonde of the intense, clear-colored and passionate style which the old Norsemen half worshiped, as endowed with more than human energy for good or evil. The very color of her hair was suggestive of wealth of gold, and her ripe, red lips parted half impatiently as she replied:

"What if we did, Laura Paine? Was it not the end of our work in the mine? More's the pity, oh, if we only had machinery, what could we not bring out of that vein?"

"But what for, Nellie? Have we not already more than even your crazy brother and his evil genius raved about on our way here? And what is it worth, I ask again, more than the cinders yonder, if they and the men and your father do not come back?"

"But they will come back!" sharply exclaimed Nellie, "and they will bring with them all we wanted to know of the new mine. There are eight of them, all well armed, and the Indians have never troubled us since we came here."

"I know all I want to know now," said Laura, with mournful firmness. "Life is better than gold, and I have wasted all I mean to of my own in this dreary, sordid wilderness. I am of age now, and your father has no right to forbid my going where I please. He never did have. I came more for love of you than fear of him."

"Fear, Laura!" exclaimed Nellie. "He loves you as if you were his daughter, and I almost wish you were. Come with me, dear; I want to show you something."

Almost mechanically Laura rose, and followed her friend into and through the house, to where in the rear, a sort of storehouse had been built of heavy blocks of roughly-hammered stone. There were no windows, but when the massive door was swung open the glare of midday shone full upon the grimy yellow of stack after stack of neatly piled ingots, the results of many a hard day's toil and long years of unceasing peril.

The sight called forth no answering enthusiasm in the dark eyes of Laura Paine, and she said:

"What of that, Nellie? I have seen it before, only too often. Those are the idols of this house."

"And of the whole world besides!" exclaimed Nellie, feverishly. "Do you not know that your share of that will make you a princess, if ever you return to the world you long for?"

"Nellie Westfield," earnestly and sorrowfully returned Laura, "I would not have believed, three years ago, that you would ever bow down your soul in such a way."

"Hark!" said Nellie. "Do you hear it? Out to the stockade. To the gates—quick—come with me!"

"Yes, I hear it—firing!" exclaimed Laura, as she followed the swift feet of her friend. "Ah, me! I knew I should hear it sooner or later."

In a moment more they were at the strongly made and well-barred portals which had been raised at the one entrance of the little fortification.

They could see the tilted wagons of the train and the accompanying horsemen, but not the combat, the sounds of which the wind brought to their ears from the plain beyond.

"Not our own people," murmured Laura. "I wonder whom they can be. Oh, how I wish your father had returned."

"I will not let them in, unless it be to save their lives," said Nellie.

"If they know only you and I are here," said Laura, "they may not ask permission. There, I can see an Indian—more of them. Nellie, is not that your father?"

"Yes, Laura, and I can see John and Wetterman, but I can't see any of the others," said Nellie.

"There are a good many of the strangers around them," suggested Laura, but very quickly the two parties again separated, and there were, indeed, but three who came riding toward the gate.

"Your father and John and that gold demon," said Laura. "What can have become of the rest? Let's open the gates, Nellie."

"To them, of course, but not to everybody," almost sternly responded the golden-haired young Amazon, and the two girls threw aside the heavy wooden bars with a show of muscular strength which would have astonished any of their fair sisters of the settlements and "society."

Still, it was no work of a moment, even for them, and they had small time to wait, after the ponderous gates were swung open, before the three weary and powder-blackened horsemen came riding in.

Not at all sordid, certainly, were either those who came or those who had waited for them, to judge by the intense, passionate earnestness of the few brief words of greeting and welcome.

A flush and a smile lit up even the pallid face of him whom old Hedger had stigmatized as "a corp on horseback." To him, indeed, Laura Paine frankly and heartily extended her hand, and the flush and the smile grew brighter as she did so, only to fade away into a more ghastly whiteness than ever, when Nellie Westfield turned from him, with something like a shiver, to ask her father:

"But where are the men, father? Have they staid with the train? Will any of the strangers come here?"

"The train, Nellie? Oh, yes, the whole train is coming. We can't help that. They saved our scalps just now, and they'll have to do it over again, right away. The men! Our men, do you mean? It's a hard thing to say, Nellie, but not one of them will ever do any more mining."

"The Apaches!" exclaimed Laura, inquiringly.

"Yes, dear, the Apaches," mournfully returned the old man. "There are only half as many to divide with as there were a few days ago. We're a good deal richer, all round."

"Oh, Uncle Westfield," almost sobbed Laura, "how can you speak of gold in the same breath with human blood?"

"Because" (here broke in a strange and hollow voice), "the one has almost always cost the other. Our pile was never fairly earned till now. It's a good deal to win for only five lives, anyhow, and I ain't sure but what more will have to go before we get it away."

Again a sort of icy shiver swept over the frame of Nellie Westfield, as she looked askance at the speaker. A strange face it was to look at, on which even the burning sun of Arizona seemed to have no power, but the words which came from the colorless lips had an effect in an unexpected quarter, for John Westfield almost shouted, as he threw himself from his staggering mustang:

"Shut up your croaking, Percy Wetterman. I'm sorry for the boys, but we took our chances with them. That is, I did, and so did the old man. I believe you're charmed somehow, or they'd have had your scalp a dozen times. Is everything all right, girls? The train 'll be here in less than no time, and it won't do for them to learn too much. They're a pretty good lot, but gold is gold."

The few remaining minutes were spent, in spite of the assurances of Nellie and Laura, in an inspection tour of the premises, even the yawning mouth of the mine, in the face of the precipice behind the house, being looked into, as if to see if it showed any symptoms of a disposition to tell tales.

A strange company were those dwellers in the mining wilderness, and it was by no means an easy task to gather what might be their opinions of and relations to each other.

Brief time as they had at their disposal, neither of the men, old or young, seemed easy in his mind until they had actually opened the door of the strong-room, or gold storehouse, as the girls themselves had done before, and glared in with hungry and feverish eagerness upon the

yet undisturbed evidences of their wonderful success.

The face of old Westfield took on sharper lines and an appearance of even greater age than before; that of Percy Wetterman grew more grayish white, as if the soul had left it more utterly and for a long time; while the wolf and the hawk seemed to struggle more savagely than ever in the hungry lineaments of John Westfield.

Soaked through and through were they with that wild fanaticism of the mines, which is less avarice, or mere love of wealth, than the insane craving for gold, purely as gold in its subtle metallic fascination, and which has filled the world with sane lunatics ever since Nebuchadnezzar set up his idol. Before that, too, it may be; but there must have been a wonderful deal of mining and digging before that idol was ready to cast.

And now the sound of lumbering wheels, cracking whips, shouting men, and the clear, stern, penetrating tones of command, announced that the coming train was already at the gates. In another instant, as the occupants of the stockade hurried forward to receive their guests, all other sounds were momentarily drowned and lost in the wild chorus of yells that betokened a last desperate rush of the Apaches upon their escaping prey.

"I reckoned they'd try another blow, if they could only gather strong enough in time," growled old Westfield. "I hope the expedition won't lose too many men," say half, now, and I wouldn't mind it. There's too many of 'em for me to manage just yet, but I could get along with anything less than a dozen."

The white lips of Percy Wetterman parted in what, for a living being, would have been a smile of acquiescence, but other ears had heard as well, and Nellie Westfield gazed at her father's placid, calculating face in a sudden spasm of undisguised horror.

"Oh, Laura," she whispered to her friend, "did you hear father?"

"Yes, Nellie, I heard him," quietly responded Laura. "Gold did it."

"Yes, but, Laura," hoarsely added Nellie, "that isn't what hurts me, but the same thought was in my own mind. What was it Percy Wetterman was saying about gold and blood?"

"Speaking the truth," exclaimed Laura. "Oh, Nellie, listen to that horrid yelling, and the ringing of the rifle and the pistol-shots. Isn't it dreadful! I must look!"

A dreadful scene for a young girl to look upon; but Nellie followed her friend's example, and in a moment more they were peering side by side through two loopholes in the palisades, which had been cut for much more deadly weapons than a couple of pairs of bright young eyes.

CHAPTER III.

When the two Westfields and their corpselike associate had ridden away from the train, it had been evident enough, to all concerned, that the Apaches had only let go to get a better hold. The prize for which they had gathered, and which had already cost them so dearly, had been magnified before their very eyes by the addition of the scalps, mules and other treasures of Cary Holman's outfit; and they had no idea of allowing them. With genuine savage impatience, moreover, heightened by the taste of blood and the stinging sense of loss, they never for a moment paused to calculate the chances of a siege or any such subsequent and protracted operation. They did but wait to gather their swarming horsemen for an immediate rush, and Cary Holman was precisely the man to divine their purposes and to be as ready for them as the circumstances permitted.

Forward, under the sharpest urging of voice and whip, were pressed the struggling teams of mules. One poor, misguided wearer of long ears, who chose that ill-omened moment for the exercise of his right to "balk," was promptly jerked out of the traces and left as wolf meat by the wayside, while a spare animal was harnessed in his place with lightning rapidity. No time for nonsense, now, on the part of mules or men, for every human being in the train knew that his escape depended on the utmost haste.

The haste was made, too, in such efficient style that the foremost spans were almost within reaching distance of the open gates before the yelling swarm of the Apaches made their reappearance over the roll of ground on which the train had halted for their survey of the unexpected "improvements" of old man Westfield.

Even then there was no time to lose, for the redskins dashed unhesitatingly forward, undeterred by the deadly rifle practice of Holman and his unflinching mountain men.

That is to say, they charged right on to close quarters, but they would have been something more than Plains Indians, if not something more than human, if they could altogether have disregarded the steady fire, every bullet of which found its mark on either horse or man.

The foremost and most reckless braves went down too terribly fast in front of that dark line of mounted heroes, and the wagons were already beginning to defile through the gateway before their painted pursuers actually managed to close with the rear of the train.

"Close up, men!" shouted Cary Holman. "Give them the rear wagon. Nothing in it but salt pork. Let it slide. Fall back! Give it to them now!"

And they did "give it to them," but yet another team and wagon had to be surrendered; and with it, alas its unlucky driver, captured alive, as he held steadily to his reins in spite of the warning shouts of his comrades and commander.

"So much for obstinacy and bad discipline," growled old Hedger.

"He was a wonderfully plucky fellow," soliloquized Holman.

"Better for him if he'd died before they took him," replied Captain Varley. "It's awful to think of what he'll have to pass."

Brief comments, indeed, and small time for any more, but the sacrifice of the two wagons had momentarily delayed and puzzled the Apaches, so that the remainder had a better chance.

Then, indeed, at the very gates, the desperate squad of white men were called upon to face the last and deadliest charge of their bloodthirsty assailants, and they met it like men of iron.

"In! Come in!" shouted old Westfield. "We are swinging the gates to."

"In or out!" echoed John Westfield, with wolfish coolness.

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But not a sound escaped the tightly closed lips of Percy Wetterman.

Slowly the gates were brought around upon their hinges, mercilessly contracting the narrow area in which the tigerish conflict was raging, while down, down, down, man after man, with three for one of their yelling assailants dropping at their sides, fell the best and tallest miners of Cary Holman's outfit. He himself, splendidly mounted, had performed feats of almost superhuman valor, and now, after rescuing old Hedger and Varley from what had seemed certain death, he urged them in before him and stood alone in front of the narrowing aperture whose closing would seal his fate.

And then, as a storm of lances and arrows hurtled through the air, and he felt the good steed under him sinking with half-a-dozen mortal wounds, suddenly, as the gates closed behind him with a clanging crash, the sound of a woman's voice rose above the tumult in a piercing shriek of, "Save him! Father, save him!"

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relating to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

LOCKJAW, WORMS.—We have a fine brood mare. Feed good corn and hay, have a good pasture and work her some. She had an attack of lockjaw four years ago. It lasted four or five hours. She has it now and is in the same condition. Mare is twelve years old, and has a colt a month old. Would like to know the cause and some remedy to prevent or cure. (2) We have a young mare that was bothered with worms as long as a common horse hair. They would pass off in the manure. She didn't seem very sick. This spring a mule was in the same condition. Would like a remedy and to know the cause.

A.—We never have seen or heard of a case of true lockjaw (tetanus) that lasted but four or five hours. There must be something else the matter. In treating lockjaw it is best to place the animal in a secluded box stall, supply plenty of fresh drinking water and soft feed and keep as quiet as possible. The disease may pass off in time, but flogging and doctoring tend to hasten death. (2) The worms and eggs pass off on grass and again infect pasturing horses. Treat by giving one tablespoonful each of sulphur and salt once a day in feed for ten days and repeat the treatment after an interval of ten days. One teaspoonful of dried sulphate of iron (copperas) may be added at each dose, but not to a pregnant mare.

COUGH.—I have a six-year-old cow. She is fresh and well, except she coughs a little. Will you please tell me what to do? **Mrs. M. K.**
A.—Cough is a symptom of irritation in the throat, lungs or stomach and a personal examination is necessary to determine the cause. It always is wise to have a coughing cow tested with tuberculin as tuberculosis is a common and incurable cause of cough and renders the milk unsafe for use. Have her tested with tuberculin. Dusty bedding or feed, or standing in a dirty, badly ventilated stable also may cause cough. Glycyrrhizin is effective for cough, when not due to tuberculosis. It is given two or three times a day.

CHOREA.—I had a fine little black-and-tan dog three years old; he suffered with a severe colic. He seemed to be about well, when all of a sudden it appeared he was paralyzed in his left front foot. He would lift it and flop it on the floor in walking. In about a week his whole left side seemed affected, and at times would just appear to lose all control and fall down in a heap. He would get up and go some little distance and fall again. I gave him two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil, and ten drops of turpentine twice, it purged him good. Still he grew gradually worse, and was ill about five weeks. I still have another dog, a brother to the one that died. He does not act like he was well, and I am afraid he will die too.

A.—The dog had distemper and this was followed by acute chorea (St. Vitus' dance) which is practically incurable. The physic should not have been given. It merely increased the weakness. Tonics and good feeding are indicated and dog may improve if made to live an outdoor life, as far as possible. Treat the other dog with ten per cent. iodine petrogen (Wyeth). If the skin tends to become irritated rub but once daily with iodine preparation. Give the mule one dram of iodide of potash in drinking water night and morning for five consecutive days a week for two weeks. This is expensive medicine, but effective in tending to reduce swellings and you may feel justified in using it if the mule is valuable. We are taking it for granted that the knee is solidly swollen and not distended with liquid. If the latter is the case the above treatment should not be given, but the sac should be opened by an expert for evacuation of the fluid contents. After the operation inject tincture of iodine twice a week and on other days inject peroxide of hydrogen.

CATARH.—I have a mare ten years old that has something like distemper. Have had her a month. She has had a discharge from the left side of her nose and the other day she tore loose on the other side, discharge being almost white with an odor that we could hardly stand. She breathes hard, but eats heartily and is in good condition. **J. M.**
A.—A diseased molar tooth in the upper jaw is the probable cause and it will have to be removed by trephining. In some cases there is a collection of pus in the frontal or maxillary sinuses and this also requires trephining. In some cases glanders is found present. From what has been said you will understand that a graduate veterinarian should be employed at once.

DEAFNESS.—I have a very valuable dog that seems to be deaf or partly so; at least he can hear you speak to him but he can't seem to course the direction of other dogs running or calling him at a long distance. Some think he is just hard headed. He is two and one half years old. If he is partially deaf can you advise any remedy? **M. S.**

A.—There is no cure for this condition.
MOON BLINDNESS; GARGET.—How can I tell when a mare is getting moon blindness in the first stage? How do they act and how do their eyes look? What is the cause and is there any cure? Is such a mare fit to raise a colt or would the colt inherit the disease? Two men looked at my mare and said she was moon blind. I took her to two veterinarians; one said the mare would be totally blind in six months to a year, the other one has been in business for over thirty years and he said there was not a thing wrong with her eyes. I can't see anything wrong with the eyes, but do not understand much about horses' eyes. (2) Also bought a cow two months ago. She is giving some milk, but her bag is quite hard. Does not give hard, but my milk out of one of the hind teats; have heard she had a very sore bag last winter when she was fresh. The man that owned her did not do anything for her. She will be fresh again in November. I would like to know if there is anything I could do for her to get her all right again as she seems to be a good milk cow. **W. C. S.**

A.—Periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) is indicated by periodic attacks of severe inflammation of the eyes, accompanied by weeping, swelling of the eyelids, and the whole eye becomes red and watery. The lining membrane of the eyelids and white or yellow or bluish cloudiness of the eyeball. The attack subsides in a week or so and the eye temporarily clears up, but after successive attacks the eyelids wrinkle, the eyeball seems to retract into the socket and the eye looks cloudy, or yellow, or smoky, or blue, or may be white from a cataract. The sight of one or both eyes is lost after repeated attacks. The disease is incurable and considered hereditary so that an affected stallion or mare should not be used for breeding. Wolf teeth never cause this or any other ailment of the eyes. (2) The cow never will have a milk let down in business and the secret is in the sound udder and the condition will become worse when she freshens. After the calf is born it would be best to dry off milk flow and fatten her for slaughter.

CARE OF RABBITS.—How large a hutch should young rabbits have? I had twenty-five young rabbits in a hutch eight by eight feet but most of them died. Were they too crowded? Should each batch of young rabbits have a separate hutch? What is the best food for young rabbits? One doe I had killed the young rabbits

at four weeks old. What was the cause? Will rabbits burrow if let run in a small yard? How large a pen should the does and bucks have? **E. T.**

A.—Each doe and her young must be kept separate. Each may have a hutch four by four feet in size and at all times to be kept dry, clean and sweet. The bucks must not run with the does and young. When the rabbits are weaned and strong they may run together in a large pen fenced with chicken wire. Rabbits will burrow in light soil. They can be kept in a yard by using chicken wire for two feet or so on the posts underground. Dig a trench. Put in the posts and put on the wire down to the trench bottom; then fill in and tamp solid. Some put engine cinders or stones in the trench. Twenty-five young rabbits or ten old ones should have a pen at least ten feet by ten feet. It would be better to make it much larger than that. Feed clover hay, cabbage roots, green feed. Do not feed green stuff when wet.

WEAK BACK.—I have a mare twenty-one years old, and for the last four or five months she will lie down and can't get up. She can raise up on her front feet but has no use of her hind legs until we stand her up. The trouble seems to be in the lower part of her back and hips. She has a fine appetite, and will eat anything but sticks. I am feeding her on clover hay, corn chops and whole corn, but nothing seems to fatten her. Have tried several kinds of stock medicine, physicks, powders and liquid. Her hind legs are swollen above the hoof. She has the best constitution of any horse in the country old or young. If it is old age seems it would have killed her long ago. Can you give me a cure for her? **Mrs. B. L. McC.**

A.—There is no probability of cure on account of her age. She should do better if fed whole oats and bran, along with mixed hay, in place of feeding corn in any form. Put slings under her in boxstall so that she cannot lie down.

WEAK EYE.—I have a pet dog and he has had a very weak eye and sometimes it nearly closes but the sight is perfect. I have used many things without doing any good. **Mrs. J. M.**

A.—Twice a day bathe eye with a ten per cent. solution of boric acid and each other day wet with a two per cent. solution of argerol.

BITTER MILK.—I have a cow seven years old with calf that gives bitter milk. Her feed consists of wheat chop and buckwheat mixed, also hay and straw. She is in good condition, fat and full of life. In the summer-time her milk is sweet and all right, but as soon as we stable her for the winter her milk becomes bitter. The stable where she is kept is clean. She runs out during the day. **Miss A. S.**

A.—Bacteria in the milk utensils are the most common cause and it therefore is necessary to more scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun dry the milk pails and setting vessels. Also see to it that the water used for washing of utensils is pure. Avoid all high-flavored feed and give the feed after milking. Keep the stable clean, disinfected, and perfectly ventilated and sun lighted. It would be better to omit buckwheat from the ration. Causes other than the ones we have suggested are unlikely.

The Travadi Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

with hot drinks and refreshing edibles. Somewhere in the lockers of the craft was found a woman's skirt and waist, together with other feminine articles of wear. These garments took the place of Miss Debi's male attire and I frankly admit that I was glad to see her sex designated in the matter of dress. Try as we will, we can never quite get over the idea of woman as woman, and not as man. Everything in dress and manner that adds to her femininity, also adds to her attractiveness for the male eye. After we were made comfortable, Lord Beckwood arose in our midst and made the following explanation:

"My friends, the time has come when it devolves upon me to explain my object in wishing to board the 'Hindu-Vesta.' My object was to claim a long-lost relative. I learned on the very day that the vessel sailed, through the confession of my old family physician on his dying bed, that Miss Travadi is not the blood parent of Sundari Debi. The old physician confessed that he had entered into a scheme to furnish a male heir to the English House, and at the same time to substitute a female child to the Indian side to become heir to the Travadi diamonds. This was made possible from the fact that my brother-in-law and his wife were inmates of the French house at the time the two heirs were expected. Both the nurse and the doctor benefited by the exchange, he in a financial way, as I had promised an annuity to every member of the household on the birth of a male heir. The nurse benefited by bringing the diamonds to the Indian side and gaining prestige in a certain way. The male heir died in infancy, while the girl baby lived to grow up under the care of Travadi, and to believe that he was her true parent. Of late there has been a movement on foot to retake the gems, but not of my sanction. It was a scheme concocted by some of the nobility who are a disgrace to the name. I tried to thwart this movement, and partially succeeded. I positively do not know where the diamonds are at this moment, and do not care. My avariciousness does not extend to jewels of that nature though the worth of them is legend. I am after the jewel of my heart, my lost daughter, Sundari Debi Beckwood."

He paused and brushed the gray locks from his noble brow, as he looked around the little circle and his eyes fell lovingly upon Debi who sat on a yachting stool in front. She was looking at him with wide open eyes, and there was a questioning soul in their transparent depths. She arose and went directly to Lord Beckwood and placing both her hands in his looked up into his face and said: "I believe you are my father."

But there was more proof of the truth of what he had claimed, in the personal confession of the woman whom Debi had regarded as her friend, and who had been induced to pose as aunt to her in the guise of a boy on the "Hindu-Vesta" trip. She had been saved from the wreck, and now stood up and declared that she was the nurse who had assisted the doctor in carrying out the scheme of the exchange of the babies. She was very self-condemning, and cried a good deal when making the confession.

When Debi saw how affected was the old nurse, she went to her and wound her arms around her neck lovingly and murmured: "Never mind, dear auntie. If you made a mistake in the past, it is all righted now, and I am sure my new-found father will forgive you, for my sake."

"That indeed, will," affirmed the joyous Lord Beckwood, fairly beaming with delight as he contemplated the beauty and goodness of heart of his restored daughter.

To pass over the intervening voyage back to the port of Calcutta, we come to the finale of our story, as I stand at the altar and promise to love and protect the one whom the reader knows as Sundari Debi. It may be mentioned here, that Lord Beckwood had caused my promotion to a rank of honor for my care over his daughter, and as a Knight of the Garter I felt more on an equality, but nevertheless inferior in many ways to my queen of hearts.

As the priest is about to pronounce the solemn words that will make us one, a man comes forward and makes himself known to the assembled guests. It is Sriman Sisandra, and his words are as follows:

"Gangaran Travadi, the original owner of the Travadi diamonds, was a Hindu adept of high order. He made his will in such a way that the gems should be handed down to posterity, and as they were suitable for feminine adornment they were to go to the most direct female heir and in case of no female, to the male side of the house. As a provision against chicanery and a perversion of the original intent, Travadi acquainted the secret brotherhood with his wishes in the matter of his bequest, and appointed guardians of the diamonds from members of the brotherhood. As a devotee at the shrine of truth, it fell to the humble lot of your servant Sriman Sisandra to follow the jewels wherever they went and see that they were in the hands of the rightful owners. Discovering a plot to wrest the gems

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from the lawful heir. I thwarted the design by taking possession of the diamonds in a way to cast suspicion on myself. This turning of the search to myself was to divert the enemy from the molestation of the true heir, until such time as she was in a position to prove her rights openly.

"The diamonds are ostensibly lost, and notwithstanding this fact, a member of the royal family has claimed his daughter born of an Indian mother. The young lady has also found a lover who prizes her for herself, irrespective of the loss of the diamonds he is willing to take her to wife. It is as the master commanded. I was to see that the heir was not sought in marriage for the sake of the jewels, but for herself alone. This point is proven. Now comes my confession that, for the sake of bringing about justice, I caused a cheap imitation of the diamond necklace to be made, and this cheap imitation has been used for my spectacular work, while the real diamonds rested secure in the vault of a bank in your city."

"While the fishes make a meal of the pseudo diamonds of paste, I now take pleasure in presenting the bride-to-be with the genuine Travadi diamonds, and declare that she is the rightful heir, as well as the honored member of the royal family, on two sides of the house. Princess Debi, I place this glittering emblem upon thy neck to adorn thy personality in the name of the secret brotherhood, and may they give you happiness and the blessing through life that is due one so worthy."

He placed the gems upon her neck, and the ceremony proceeded.

THE END.

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A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by muscular and inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. If, after you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today. **Mark H. Jackson, No. 99 Alhambra Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.**

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Help Nature expel acid impurities through the great foot pores by wearing Magic Foot Drafts a few days. Now is the time to get rid of rheumatism, by assisting Nature to cleanse the system thoroughly in her own way. Send my coupon today. By return mail you will get my regular \$1.00 Drafts To Try Free. Then if you are satisfied with the benefit received, send us the Dollar. If not, keep your money. We take your word. No matter where the pain or how long and severely you have suffered, Try My Drafts. You cannot lose a penny, and I know what they are doing. Send no money, but mail this coupon at once—today—while you can.



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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay-fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

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To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—Sent FREE

No women need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 671 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P. O. Box 116 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions answered by this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE. As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

E. L. W., Success, N. C.—Only foreign cancelled stamps are of any value and they are not much, except rare stamps which are not used for mailing purposes. Dealers buy them in lots of a hundred or more, giving probably a dollar a hundred.

W. E. W., Ackerman, Miss.—So many young men are wanting to become chauffeurs in these auto days that only the most reliable ones have a chance now, though for a time almost any kind could get work at good wages. So many of them got into bad habits and became dishonest that employers now are extremely careful, and want not only honest men, but men who have a fair knowledge of mechanics. Your best plan would be to go to a school for chauffeurs in your nearest city or large town. There are schools in every city of any size. There are also good correspondence schools.

K. Y. Z., Leslie, Mo.—A successful traveling salesman must be a very good all-around man, knowing not only the details of his business, but having a general knowledge on every current subject, because he must talk to all kinds of people. It is profitable according to the amount of goods a man can sell, and he can't stay on the road unless he shows results. A reliable traveling salesman who can sell the goods is always in demand at good salary. Unless a young man has had experience selling goods in a store he should go into a city wholesale house and familiarize himself with the business. He should, anyhow, because not one in fifty retail clerks can sell goods on the road, with any degree of success.

N. F., Cedarhurst, Ga.—Cancelled stamps are sold only to collectors, of whom there are thousands in this and foreign countries. (2) "E. o. b." on packages stands for "Free on board," that is the shipper charges no drayage to deliver at his home station or wharf, as may be.

Mrs. F. S., Holtville, Cal.—Thanks for correction as to residence of Harold Bell Wright, the novelist. We gave his address as Redlands, Cal., because "Who's Who," an authority in such matters, gave that instead of Meloland, Imperial Valley, Cal.

Mrs. M., Austin, Texas.—The best remedy for bed-bugs is fumigating your rooms with sulphur. Get a sulphur candle at any drug-store and follow directions. It is not the easiest way, but it is sure. There is no remedy for mosquitoes except public sentiment that will spend money for drainage and the liberal use of kerosene on all standing water.

W. B. R., Lebanon, Tenn.—The only Joseph recognized by the Gazetteer is Flavius, the famous Jewish historian. (2) Except from a very well-known and popular writer publishers will not bother to look over manuscripts unless they are typewritten.

H. V. U., Shadeland, Tenn.—The Huguenot Society of America has the office of its secretary at No. 37 Fifth Ave., New York City—Mrs. James M. Lawton is the secretary.

H. F. G., Orcas, Wash.—You can get a copy of baseball rules from any newsdealer for a dime, but as you go to the games, you can learn more by seeing one game and watching the plays and asking questions than you can learn out of a book in a year. But you can't learn the game if you go there and talk to young men about something else.

L. M. M., Moulton, Ala.—You may learn about gems from any cyclopedia. Pearls and diamonds are bought by jewelers anywhere, but they do not give the market price for them unless you know what that is and ask it. Fresh water pearls may be valuable according to size and quality. Fine sea pearls are often worth more than diamonds.

Mrs. W. A., Bridgeport, Conn.—The shine that comes on goods of various kinds from wear cannot be removed, though it may be lessened for a time by cleaning and rubbing the goods. The shine shows that the nap is worn off and when that is gone the shine will take its place.

M. J. M., Petersburg, Va.—You are wiser than most young fellows of your age in asking advice about what work to take up now that you are through school, though unless you have a taste for some particular line of work it is difficult to offer advice that is of much value. The young man who would just as soon do one thing as another with a choice for whatever pays best in wages never amounts to much more than a mere wage earner. The modern tendency is toward the farm and we would advise you to take up farming, not as it was done fifty years ago, but in a business and scientific way as it will be done everywhere within the next fifty years. It is the most independent work that a man can choose and he is always his own man after he has secured enough land to make a living on. Trolley cars, telephones, motor cars and rural delivery have brought the farm into town and yet left the farmer still a free man. If you don't like the farm, then get work which allows you regular hours, giving you the time for your own use, and work which you like to do. Don't take any job that offers simply because it pays good wages.

Pansy, Prince Edward's Island, Can.—A person born in the U. S. of Canadian parents is an American, or a citizen of the U. S., if you prefer.

M. A. B., Flatwoods, La.—A woman of your age, independence of character and business experience could, without much difficulty, find something to do in any city, but what that would be would depend upon her choice of positions. With your capital, small though it is, you could, after learning city ways and city needs, go into some line for yourself and be independent. Until you had learned the city, however, your capital is so small it would get lost. Go to any city you like and try it out for a while. You could not invest part of your capital to better advantage. Unless a woman, young or old, is prepared in some line of work it is very risky to go to the city expecting to do well.

C. D. J., Gillett, Pa.—In some states a court may change the name of a person, in others it only can be done by act of legislature. Ask your county judge how it is in your state.

O. H., Crary, N. Dak.—Marines are soldiers on naval vessels and have nothing to do with sailors' duties, except to take a hand when there is fighting. They also go ashore in time of peace when there is any disturbance calling for force. Write to Secretary of Navy, Washington, D. C. if you want to become a marine. (2) As about all the good homesteads have been taken up in the U. S., Canada offers better lands than we have, but Canada is a foreign country and very cold where the homesteads are. Still thousands of Americans have gone to Canada and some have done very well, some stay there while others finding the climate too severe, or other conditions disappointing have come back to the U. S. Don't sell your home and move to Canada or any other place until you have been there and looked the place over carefully.

Mrs. R. D. S., Farmersville, La.—Liberty bell was cast in London in 1752 by order of the Pennsylvania Assembly for their new State House. It reached Philadelphia the following year and cracked without any apparent reason when its sound was being tested. It was recast in Philadelphia and in June, 1753, it was hung in the State House. On July 4, 1776, when the Continental Congress declared the independence of the colonies it was rung for two hours by the old bellman who was too enthusiastic to stop sooner. It was removed to Bethlehem in 1777 when the British threatened Philadelphia, but was brought back to

Philadelphia in 1778. A few years later it cracked under the stroke of the clapper and though attempts have been made to restore it by sawing the crack wider they have not been successful. During the Exposition in New Orleans in 1885 it made a triumphal procession through the country on its way there. The train bearing it was preceded by a pilot engine and it was in charge of three custodians who did not leave it day or night until it was in Philadelphia again. Its weight is about two thousand pounds.

A CURE FOR RUPTURE

Success Attained At Last—How Trusses May Be Thrown Aside.

Those who are afflicted with hernia and who have been compelled to wear torturing trusses, will be pleased to learn that a valuable and interesting book has been issued, of which a copy will be sent free to any rupture sufferer who writes to its author, Dr. Rice, 1033-N Main Street, Adams, N. Y. It tells you how a person may be speedily and lastingly rid of rupture in any form and gives much other important advice of true worth.

BE A DETECTIVE: Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 452 SCARBITT BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

I WILL START YOU earning \$4 daily at home in spare time silencing mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. AA, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS \$10 DAY—Dr. Wise QUIT-PAIN Tablet cures headache and other pains. No opiates or heart-tops; safe for anybody; never failed. Send 25¢ for package and agents' terms. Quitpain Society, Box 388, Worcester, Mass.

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Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor.

I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick-ness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your name and address and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

FIVE FOOT ZIG-ZAG RULE



Warranted Tension Spring Hinges. Twelve sections of six inches each, the rule folds for pocket convenience into one and one half inches in length. Plumbers, Electricians, Mechanics and all artisans have discarded all old style rules in favor of the Zig-Zag Folding Rule. It is the most convenient for all purposes about the home, shop or office; for Dressmaking as well as Carpentry. Every reader has daily use for a Five foot Zig-Zag rule. Procure one on these favorable terms.

SPECIAL OFFER. Send only fifteen-month subscription to COMFORT at 25¢. with ten cents additional, 35¢. in all, for a Sixty inch Zig-Zag Rule, post-paid. FREE for two 25-cent fifteen-month subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Imported Mercerized Waistings

This is imported from Manchester, England, and is the product of one of the largest manufacturers of white goods in that city, from whom we obtain the finest goods. The waistings are made of the finest grade of yarn, perfectly woven, and snow white bleached and mercerized with a beautiful luster finish. The goods are supplied in an assortment of four designs as illustrated, all very neat and attractive effects. Comes 27 inches wide and three and one-half yards in a pattern piece; ample for one shirt waist, enabling one to use their own pattern and get up a perfect fitting waist at considerable saving.

Club Offer. Send only four subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one pattern piece, and you have your choice of four designs. Order by number, and address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAFNESS

How to Overcome It
Good News for those Afflicted. Success by Natural Treatment after Doctors and Hospitals Fail.

There is an eminent New York physician who has had over 32 years of experience and who does not hesitate to assert that he has a remarkably successful home treatment for deafness and head noises such as buzzing, ringing, etc., in the ears.



This successful specialist is Dr. Contant, a diplomat, certified and registered physician who has served the U. S. Government as a medical official and who has held other high positions. This noted physician makes some very straightforward and remarkable statements, all of which he announces he is ready to absolutely prove to those who desire to know the truth.

Dr. Contant states that the only true method of conquering deafness completely is by removing the causes of it. In nine cases out of every ten, the Doctor claims the cause is an inflammation of membranes of the ear or passages thereto. He asserts that the dominating cause of deafness is one that can, in most cases, be reached by means akin to those provided by Nature, applied externally. He is opposed to the old systems of drugging; he proves that vibration, katalizing and other applications are by far the most successful.

WHY PEOPLE REMAIN DEAF

Dr. Contant explains how people try one doctor, hospital or remedy after another, yet are never cured of their deafness. Most ear specialists resort to powerful drugs, electric batteries, alcoholic tonics, use of surgical instruments and catheters. Dr. Contant says: "Let me treat a dozen or a thousand deaf persons in their own homes, they need never come near my office nor see me. They need never swallow a teaspoonful of medicine nor submit to any surgical operation. I am confident that double as many of these deaf persons will regain their hearing by my method as if they were being treated in specialists' offices or in hospitals."

Dr. Contant has written a treatise. It is a most interesting book, giving a great amount of valuable information. Many have said it is worth its weight in gold. As a special gift to our readers the Doctor has decided to give a copy of his new treatise, free to every one who applies.

HE WILL GIVE IT FREE

There will be no charge whatever for this valuable work on the subject of deafness, head noises, their causes and how to cure them at home in the quietude of one's room, speedily, safely and lastingly. To obtain this book free, it is only necessary to write to Dr. George E. Contant, 7-B, Station E, New York, N. Y. The treatise will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, free of cost. Those who are deaf (or becoming so) as well as those who are interested in others thus afflicted should take this opportunity, as it may not be given again. We know the Doctor to be an honorable, reliable deafness expert whose greatest pleasure in life is in enabling deaf people to regain perfect hearing. A letter addressed to him as above, asking for his treatise, will bring it promptly and he will cheerfully give his opinion upon any case, free.

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Nervousness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't stop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
 Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

STAMPING OUTFIT OF 100 DESIGNS

With Book Illustrating and Teaching Twenty-five Different Stitches in Embroidery. THESE ONE-HUNDRED designs are a "stock in trade" for anyone wishing to do embroidery to sell—perhaps a little home industry—for they include both large and small pieces, something that will satisfy the most fastidious.

Being new and up-to-date designs, they represent something you cannot afford to be without for your Own and Family use. With the growing popularity of fine needlework, it has become an ideal gift for the bride, for birthdays and for presents, and what a helpful array of suggestions you can have with these 100 designs before you including the latest ideas in Shirt-waists, Dutch Collars, Sofa Pillows, Tray Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Glove and Necktie Cases, Photo Frames, Centerpieces, Sideboard or Bureau Scarves, Pin Cushion Covers, Fancy Bags, etc. besides three sets of alphabets for working purposes, these designs are perforated on seven sheets of imported bond paper, each measuring 22x28 inches. We also give you a seven-inch embroidery hoop, a felt stamping pad, and a tablet of French stamping preparation. MORE STILL, we give you a most valuable book for those who know how to embroider and for those who are just learning. It teaches with illustrations forty-nine embroidery stitches, which include Eyelet, Fillet, Shadow, Wallachian, Herringbone, Long and Short stitch, Solid Kensington, Stem, Outline, Overlap, Couching, Satin, French Laid, Solid Buttonhole, Briar, French Knot, Chala and seven others. These directions and illustrations are so plainly given that no other teaching is necessary to learn to embroider. Did you ever read so extensive a SPECIAL OFFER? I am sure you never have, and all this may be yours by sending us only two fifteen-months subscriptions to Comfort at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Troubled, Nashua, Ia.—Be not troubled. It is no breach of etiquette for a young man who escorts a lady home from a dance not to "make a date" with her. And it is very bad form for her to attempt to "gain his attention." Give him a little time. It is proper to go home from anywhere your brother may take you with another young man, if your brother is willing, as most brothers are.

Blanche, Beaumont, Texas.—When a girl cannot get along agreeably at home it is much better for all concerned for her to go away and make her own living. But she should not go unless she is capable of doing some particular work for which she can get good pay. A girl who is unskilled at any kind of work, is very apt to go wrong. And she had better stay at home, however disagreeable it is, than do that. There is a great demand for good house help and a girl who can cook or do housework and do either well, can command excellent wages and a permanent place.

Heart-sick, Little Rock, Ark.—It is bad manners and bad nature for a young man to tell a girl he likes her better than any other girl, and then always neglect her when he can find another girl. A girl should not have such a man on her list of friends. (2) Unless you are engaged to a young man etiquette demands that you must not decline invitations from others in the hope that you will get one from him. First come first served is the rule, but the rule is often broken.

Nobody's, Tuscaloosa, Ala.—It was not very gallant of the young man to start with you and your sister for your home three miles away and turn back when only half way because he was afraid the creek would rise and he couldn't get home, and still you might excuse him. It would not have been pleasant to stay out all night in the rain to be polite, would it? If you had not had your sister with you it would have been different.

Osa and Abbie, Madison, Wis.—There is no remedy for the young men who annoy ladies on the street by thrusting their attentions upon them except a sound thrashing by a husky man who is a gentleman. You should report these young hoodlums and have them properly thrashed. That is the kind of etiquette for mashers.

Freckles, Walla Walla, Wash.—The only way for you to have people like you is to stop thinking about yourself and think entirely of them. Study their likes and their dislikes and do what they like and don't do what they dislike, at the same time do nothing that will lessen your own self respect.

Wandering Jew, Hamilton, O.—It is quite proper and pleasant to correspond with friends who can write good letters, but it is not only bad form, but dangerous for a girl to write to people she does not know. Nor is it safe to exchange photographs with acquaintances unless they have a right to yours. Girls cannot be too careful in such matters.

D. J., Savannah, Ga.—A really nice girl would not promise a kiss to a young man for a box of candy, unless he was her sweetheart and not always then. If she did, she would not be honest if she took the candy without paying for it. (2) Girls who are not absolutely silly will accept only the most formal attentions from married men and those with the knowledge of their wives. A decent married man will offer no other kind of attentions to girls.

Neil, Craig, Okla.—Unless you are out of school you should not be receiving attentions from young men. (2) It is proper to ask a young man to call on you and is preferable to having him ask if he may call.

Baby Doll, Brady, Neb.—The lady may give the man an engagement ring if she wants to, but it is not the general custom. Some do. (2) The birthstone for December is turquoise. (3) A married sister cannot very well be a bridesmaid because a married woman is not a maid. She can be the bride's attendant.

Homesteader, Collins, Mont.—It was quite proper for you to go to the neighboring town with the two young men and the sister of one of them and return with the young men alone and only the most malicious and ignorant person could speak ill of you for doing it. With your parents' and brother's consent in addition, you need not worry a minute.

Blonde Brunette, Wolbach, Neb.—Etiquette does not make any rules for the time a young lady should go with a young gentleman before she permits him to kiss her, even though they have known each other since childhood. Etiquette leaves that entirely to the young lady. (2) Good society does not say "gentleman friend," therefore it is bad form and common. Simply say your friend or call him by name when speaking of him. (3) The young man who will not take a girl to a dance should not be permitted to take her home. If girls permit this kind of attention, the young men will become extremely careless.

Ruth, Thurman, Colo.—It is for the lady to say whether she will accept as a friendship ring, the ring which once she wore as an engagement ring. It is not customary. (2) A young man taking two sisters to a dance, one of whom is his "best girl," must take them both to supper. To neglect the sister would be utterly inexcusable and beneath the conduct of a gentleman.

Two Sisters, Water Valley, Miss.—The teacher was impertinent to object to your being driven to school by the young man so long as your mother has consented, and when he attempts to "settle with the young man" for his courtesy to you as he says he will do, it will be proper for the young man to "break his face."

Motherless, Brainerd, Minn.—Don't dress your little sister in mourning at all. Children in mourning are

dreadful. Neither should you wear black, for you are hardly more than a child yourself. Wear some subdued color for a little while and white during the summer. We are not in favor of the wearing of heavy mourning by anybody.

E. M., Omitz, Kans.—As you were a visitor it was the young man's place to ask your hostess to go to the entertainment with you. He should take some lessons in etiquette. (2) An engaged girl may ask her fiancé to take her wherever she wants to go.

Illinois Boy, Mt. Morris, Ill.—A boy not of age and not engaged may wear a band ring on his left little finger, or any other that it will fit. (2) In passing in front of anyone, lady or man, "Pardon me," or "I beg your pardon," is much better form than "Excuse me."

Rosebud, Green Bay, Wis.—There is no impropriety in two sisters, living alone, have their young man cousin visit them for two or three weeks, or as long as they want him. (2) You must decide for yourself how soon to answer the letters or cards of your correspondents. That is a personal matter, not etiquette.

Perplexed, Newtonville, Mass.—As you wrote to the lady without knowing who she was you should not complain of any treatment you receive at her hands. You should take the hint when she declines to answer your letters and stop writing. She doesn't care whether you send her photograph back or not, as it was probably not hers at all, and she has yours, which she can show to her friends and laugh about. You are getting what you deserve. Next time you will be wiser.

Subscriber, Dike, Texas.—You did quite the proper thing to ask your caller to call again. It was not only good manners, but it was hospitable. (2) Tea at five o'clock is the custom in many city houses on Sunday and other calling days, but it is not so in the country. If you have supper at six or seven on Sunday and wish to ask callers to stay you may do so. (3) Etiquette says that a lady should be diplomatic in dismissing a man whose attention she does not wish, but we think she should be honest with him and tell him frankly why she doesn't want him. You may do as you please.

B. H., Campbell, Mo.—The proper thing to do is to ask the young man to call again and then settle your differences. You are not acting fairly with him or yourself by refusing to see him.

Common, Garland, Okla.—As you have declined to accept the serious attentions of the young man we think it would hardly be proper for you to encourage him by accepting a birthday present from him and you should return the brooch he gave you. If you propose to break with him, you should break entirely.

Belle, Newton, N. J.—A girl of fifteen may go to church with a young man of twenty if her parents do not object, though they should, not because the church isn't all right, but fifteen-year-old girls should not be permitted to go about with young men. (2) It is proper for a girl to work for a lady whose son is the girl's "beau," but the lady should know about it.

Clover Blossom, Marion, Ill.—An excellent rule to follow and one sanctioned by etiquette is for a young lady not to permit any familiarities from a man when alone with him that she would not permit if others were present.

Girlie, Warren, Mich.—It is not necessary to thank your escort for taking you anywhere in a formal way, but tell him how nice it was of him to ask you and how much you enjoyed his company. So if he dances with you, though usually at dances they do not have time to say a great deal. (3) Do not write to people you do not know, unless there is someone to vouch for them.

Steeple Jack, Alena, Ark.—There is no rule by which you can be told "how to make love and go about and act around a bashful girl." You have to work out your own plan, because no two of them are alike. Treat her as you would your sister until she has confidence in you, then tell her gently by the light of the moon when the nightingale sings that you love her. Maybe that won't scare her, and maybe it will.

Mrs. H. N., Limerick, Maine.—Wear pink silk gloves with your pink silk dress and black hat. (2) The chauffeur is not expected to leave his post to assist ladies in alighting from his car, though he may do so, if they wish him to. If he were driving his wife he should assist her as their relations are different from the other ladies he usually drives. (3) If both you and your husband are "jealous minded" you should talk your weakness over together and resolve to help each to overcome it by common-sense treatment.

Good-Bye To Corns!
 Arthur's "Corn-Out" cures corns in a jiffy. Thin medicated plaster—no crowding in the shoe. Send 10c. for full-size package—guaranteed to cure. Arthur Chemical Co., 435 Congress Ave., New Haven, Ct.

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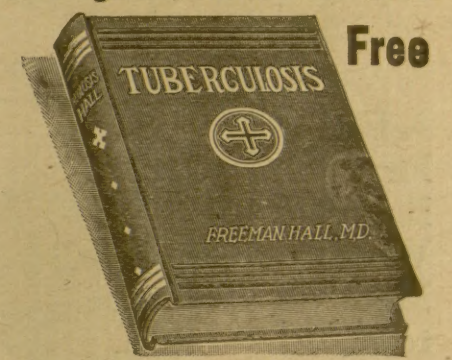
if you have not tried this wonderful remedy for woman's ailments, which has been a blessing to thousands of sick, suffering women.

Orange Lily is a standard remedy for many forms of diseases peculiar to women, such as Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Irregular or Painful Periods, and Inflammation, Displacement, or Falling of the Womb. Try this treatment and we are sure you will be convinced. Write today!

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NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with the aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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Fudge and Flirtation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"Yes," answered Jane, breathless for her merriment, "we have known each other for—
 "Years and years," finished Bob, and added in an undertone, for Jane's ears only, "Thelma Louise Devereux indeed!"

Wonderful to relate, Aunt Rate's wedding gift, was quite the nicest the young couple received, as that individual was always firmly convinced, that the greatly desired "match" was the result of her own efforts.

CANCER-FREE TREATISE
 The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

TO GAIN WEIGHT

Will you tell me what to do to get plump and increase my weight a few pounds? I am 22 years of age, five feet four inches tall, and weigh only 110. I should be very glad if you will tell me how to gain about 15 pounds. I am working in an office every day.

MARION K.

Directions for increasing the weight have been printed here so often in reply to other distressed thin people that some may frown at a repetition.

You may increase your weight by eating nourishing food, using plenty of butter, olive oil, fruits and nuts. Above all, take plenty of time for eating, and chew your food thoroughly. At some sanitariums, patients who wish to get fat live on an exclusive milk diet, drinking from ten to fifteen quarts a day.

I have had a number of people tell me that a new nourishment called Sargol does wonders in putting on flesh, and that as a test the Sargol Co., 12-U, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., will send a 50c. package free to any one mailing them 10c. to help pay distribution expenses. You had better send to them for this, as it certainly is much easier to take a little tablet of condensed flesh-builder three or four times a day than to drink several gallons of milk. It sounds reasonable, as we all know there are foods so concentrated that an ounce or so a day is sufficient for a soldier on a long march.

I hope you will be able to write me in a short time that my advice has helped you gain the desired weight, for there is nothing more embarrassing than to be skinny and underweight.

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Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges
 The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta

The edges of this Ribbon are finished to represent a small silk cord through which a soft, pliable wire is run. The most fashionable hats this season are simply trimmed with large stannable bows, and this ribbon enables the home milliner to give her hats that smart touch so difficult with the ordinary ribbons.

For Children's Hair, this Ribbon makes ideal bows. The silk will not crush and the bow is instantly adjusted after being flattened under the hat.

You have only to send us two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, and we will mail you free two yards of this lovely ribbon. We have delicate pink, light and dark blue, black, white, red and green.

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Made from the purest softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE. The Bee Cell Co., Dept. A, White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.



I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting stout, as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that. Removed the objectional features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat as I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths. I did not use Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Safe, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you money. Save you from Harmful Drugs, Save you from Starvation Diets, Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

HATTIE BIEL, 200 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

MY FATHER

Had Eczema 10 Years
OVELMO CURED HIM

Test Course Given Free

My father was a sufferer for years from Chronic Eczema. He tried doctors and everything else without relief. Nothing did him any good. He grew worse and worse each year. It seemed there was no hope for him. In utter despair of ever securing any real help from others, I determined to work out a treatment myself, as I am a Registered Pharmacist, owning a drug store in Ft. Wayne, Ind. I studied practically all known medical authorities on Eczema and Skin Diseases, and finally compounded in my own laboratory the OVELMO TREATMENT. It is designed to remove the cause of the disease, by working on the system internally, while the itching, smarting, burning and unsightly appearance are relieved by a soothing, healing cream applied to the affected parts.



J. C. Hutzell,
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Completely Cured

OVELMO worked like magic. My father and I hardly dared to believe our eyes. The itching ceased—pus no longer formed—the scabs were replaced by new, clean, smooth, healthy skin—his general health improved—he could sleep well at night, and in a short time was completely cured.

His case was well known, and his cure was so remarkable that the news spread all over the surrounding country. A little boy, whose flesh about the ankles had sloughed away almost to the bone, was next entirely cured by OVELMO, and the demand for it became so great around my home town that I was urged on all sides to place it before the general public. It is just as good for cuts, burns, bruises and chilblains as it is for Eczema and Skin Diseases.

1000 Treatments Free

I want to prove to every interested person, free of charge, what OVELMO will do in all cases of Skin Disease. I want to introduce it everywhere, and am going to give away 1000 Test Treatments Absolutely Free of Cost and Postage Paid to those needing treatment who write me for it promptly.

You can stop scratching—you need not be afraid to be seen in public—you can sleep well at night. The matted sores—the greenish crusts—the scaly, bleeding, itching skin can be restored to health, made clean and smooth again.

Just write a postal, or a letter stating the Skin Disease for which you want the treatment and the age of the sufferer and I will send you a Test Course by return mail, in plain wrapper, free and postage paid.

J. C. HUTZELL, 90 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Cracker, Cedar town, Ga.—The ringing in your ears may be due to some of several causes, but the usual indication is a result of indigestion which affects the mucous membrane as part of the alimentary canal. If you will diet yourself and make sure that your stomach is in a healthy condition you will find the ringing noises disappear or decrease. Take a two grain quinine pellet three times a day for two or three days and see if that has any effect. If the ringing continues, you should see a physician.

S. G. H., Corydon, Ind.—Instead of scratching the big mole use peroxide of hydrogen on it. In our opinion it is not a mole and you should have a doctor look at it. Moles are not to be tampered with by persons who do not know how to treat them.

B. L., Fresno, Texas.—A recipe for gaining flesh which is recommended by those who have found it did the work is to take three teaspoonsful of the best condensed milk in a cup of hot water with a little salt sprinkled in it, every night before going to bed. Eat a cracker with it. You won't like it at first, but will soon get used to the sweetness. Tobacco chewing or smoking with some retards acquiring flesh.

Mrs. M. L., Buckner, Ark.—Your husband has all the symptoms of aggravated dyspepsia and you should feed him on milk, eggs, rice, whole wheat bread, raw cabbage, stewed fruit and uncooked cereals. Make him chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing it and stop tobacco, coffee and all alcoholic drinks. Have the milk hot, but not boiled, put a little salt in it. After meals, half an hour, give him a glass of soda in half a glass of hot water, which will correct the acid of his stomach. If you live in a malarial climate, get out of it if you can.

J. R. D., Boswell, Okla.—A persistent cough, deep seated, growing worse with the cold weather, may mean tuberculosis and we would advise you or anyone so affected to go to the warm, dry air of Arizona if possible. If you can make a living anywhere, you can make it there and you have a chance to live longer.

Mrs. M. H., Cando, N. Dak.—Warts ordinarily are local, and may be removed by using lunar caustic on them, being careful not to let it touch the adjoining skin. When warts appear in numbers they indicate a run-down condition of the system and a course of treatment is necessary. Consult a physician.

Mrs. D. E., Walkerville, Mich.—You are one of the many who want medicine to do everything for them while they do nothing for themselves. You are too fat and you want to get rid of the extra flesh, yet you say while you know you could do it by half starving yourself, the temptation is too great to eat and you want medicine. We decline to prescribe. You know that you can get rid of the fat by not feeding it and if you do not want to do that, you must go elsewhere for advice.

Mrs. J. H., Hillside, N. Y.—For ordinary cramps in the legs thorough massaging to get the blood to circulating is excellent. Also bathing in hot water. Lemon juice in water is good for fat folks, but do not take too much of it. Half a lemon in glass of water two or three times a day. It may not take off much flesh, but it is a healthful drink. No sugar in it.

A. M. G., Healdton, Okla., and W. G., Belton, Ark.—Scurvy does not call for medicine so much as it does for proper food. It will be brought on by lack of vegetables, therefore eat all kinds of vegetables, and fruit, beef tea, mutton broth, fresh meats only and take the juice of three or four lemons a day in water, sweetened to taste. What you call "scurvy on the gums," may not be scurvy at all, but Riggs' disease which is quite different. Any physician who can examine ought to know whether you have scurvy or not.

Youthful, Kearsarge, Mich.—Girls of from fourteen to seventeen are not fully developed and it would be difficult to average their height, weight and other measurements. A fat girl of fourteen may be a thin girl of seventeen and something different when fully matured. Averages cannot be established in constantly changing bodies.

S. S., St. Vincent, Cal.—There are some who believe in the therapeutics of hot baths or cold, and some who think they are of no especial benefit except as refreshers. To some a cold bath every morning is a necessity, to others it is a fright. Warm baths however are undoubtedly good for nervous people, while cold are not. It is largely a matter of individual taste or condition. (2) Neuralgia of the face does not necessarily result from a condition of the teeth, as some who have false teeth suffer with it. It is one of the diseases that little can be done for except by local applications of counter irritants. Chloroform is about the best. Apply on a cloth, holding over the affected part, until the blister almost comes and remove. Be careful not to blister the skin.

C. F. D., Lakeport, N. H.—The eyes frequently indicate disturbed condition of other organs and functions of the body, though in themselves they may be all right. You will have to consult a physician personally so that he may determine what is the matter.

Mrs. J. M., Browne, Burleigh, R. R. 1, Maine, would like to hear from Mrs. J. E. L., Navine, Wash., inquiring in this column in January number.

Mrs. G. B., Forsyth, Mont.—There is no cure for double chin except to reduce the superfluous flesh on the entire body. Neither is there any for large veins. Nature calls for them in some persons to make the circulation what it should be and they should be permitted to do their work. They may not be ornamental, on a lady's hand, but they are extremely useful.



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The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's storehouse of healing.

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We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

THE GIANT OXIE CO., 36 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

L. N., Chicago, Ill.—A child born with spinal trouble, unable to walk at the age of two years and at seventeen is mentally deficient, below normal size and otherwise defective, is in a hopeless condition. About all that can be done is to take the best care you can of the sufferer and wait for the end. Have you ever taken her to any Chicago free hospital? Do so and bear what they have to say. There are thousands of such cases in families all over this country and all the money spent upon their cure will not affect it.

Mrs. J. D. M., Silver Creek, N. Y.—In taking soda to correct the acid of the stomach, a quarter of a teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water is about the dose, taken, say, half an hour after meals, and in the morning when rising. Soda is practically harmless in ordinary doses, but in excess the strong alkali will have a bad effect upon the tissues. Never let your husband swallow a mouthful of food until he has chewed it to a thin pulp.

G. G. M., Monticello, N. Y.—Medicated dry smoke inhaled by the lungs is not only healing locally, but it is taken up by the circulation and has a more or less beneficial effect, but as of any benefit to lungs diseased by tuberculosis, other than temporary possibly, there is no proof of value. Tuberculosis of the lungs is in a class by itself and the best medical talent of the world is still searching for a cure. Fresh air is thus far the greatest foe to tuberculosis.

F. G., Perkinsville, N. Y.—Thus far no safe method has been discovered to stop young persons from growing, though many youngsters who run to mature height very early are embarrassed by it and would like to stop. There is no cure for it and by and by you will have more serious things to think about. Look after your digestion if you want to prevent the red blotches on your skin.

California, Tudor, Cal.—A great many people have various troubles with their finger nails and try to cure them themselves. These troubles are often due to conditions of the entire system which can only be treated by a physician who can examine the patient. To all these we say, consult a physician personally.

L. H. M., Wabasha, Minn.—In early days, so called blood purifiers were given by physicians almost indiscriminately, but in these later times, physicians first want to know what impurity there is in the blood before prescribing what to take to remove it. At the drug-stores you will find various blood medicines and if you will secure the help of the druggist you may guess at about what you want. The medicines are all right, but most patients are ignorant of what they need.

Everetta, Clearwater, Fla.—The human system is so infested with parasites of various kinds, including worms, that without seeing them it is difficult to guess at their identity. We advise all persons, especially in the Southern states, who have worms of any kind which they do not know about, to conclude that they are hookworms and see a physician at once. The hookworm will kill if not removed, and it may be easily removed.

C. E. H., Waterbury, Conn.—For in-growing toenails wear a shoe and a sock which will not make them worse. Locally, cut a notch in the top of the nail and scrape the nail thin. Carefully cut the nail away from the skin on the sides and if necessary put small bits of cotton under the edges.

Troubled, Ellis, Kans.—No women in the world suffer as American women do from nervous disorders and you are but one of thousands, though your case is more serious than most. Over-work and worry are the causes generally, and rest and determination not to worry are the remedies if they can be applied. You have let yours go too long without medical attention and now you must see a physician or you will go to your grave or an asylum.

M. G., Pratt's Va.—Repairs may be made upon the teeth with porcelain, but we hardly think a dentist could replace the natural enamel when once it has been destroyed on the entire surface. Too many people are afraid of false teeth and their vanity and fear make them suffer far more with bad teeth. We advise you and all others to go to a good dentist and have your teeth made well, either by proper repairs or by new ones. Bad teeth are often the cause of bad health.

Dewdrop, Kief, N. Dak.—Don't wear a corset if it hurts you. Some girls and women seem to think that corsets are absolutely necessary wearing apparel. They are not and some of our most sensible and healthiest women and girls never wear corsets.

Mrs. E. J., Lost Cabin, Wyo.—Natural sulphur water is healthful and the best way to take sulphur if it is attainable. In lieu of that you may get at any drug-store calcium sulphide tablets which are good. They are a simple blood corrective and are beneficial in rheumatic troubles. As a local application for rheumatism use chloroform liniment, saturating a cloth and holding it tight upon the affected part until the blister almost comes, when it should be removed for a minute or two. Rubbing with this liniment is not effective, as the air prevents its action.

Mrs. D. S. B., Charleston, S. C.—You and other inquirers in this column, with physicians in charge of your cases have asked our advice. We give it freely and it is that you trust yourselves to the physicians whom you know and who can see you as often as the cases demand. Because one physician cannot cure you as soon as you think he should, it is no sign that someone who knows nothing about your case can do so.

D. H. W., Lamar, Colo.—Over-sensitive nasal passages cause sneezing so easily when there is dust or you scent pepper or other excitant. It is no doubt to some extent natural, as others are so affected, but you can reduce the sensitiveness by using vaseline in the nose. Put it as far back as you can on your little finger.

L. B., Yonkers, N. Y.—The aching in your calves and thighs is a form of muscular rheumatism, affecting many women who have to stand much on their feet. Applications of hot water bags, or heat in any form, and of irritant liniments will bring relief in most cases, if the patient will give herself sufficient rest. In so severe a case as yours electric treatment might be of benefit and we suggest that you try it.

Blue Eyes, New Boston, Mo.—As your bad breath disappears for a time after eating, the cause of it is in your stomach and the disorder there is probably caused by bad digestion. This may not yet be more than the fermentation and decay of food, but tissues may be involved and the decay has reached them. In any event you must have a thorough examination made and must go on a diet to get your stomach in order. In most cases of ordinary indigestion the breath is not affected, or if it is, only slightly and at intervals, but when it becomes continuously bad a condition is indicated which means serious treatment, provided it is not catarrh, as yours does not appear to be. We ask other sufferers as you are to take notice.

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

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Post Office.....

State

Age.....How long afflicted?..... Are you married?.....

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- Constipation
- Nervousness
- Headache
- Dizziness
- Pains in Back
- Female Weakness
- Bearing down feeling
- Painful Periods
- Leucorrhoea
- Whitish Discharge
- Itching Parts
- Hot Flashes

Other Diseases of Women

- Stomach Trouble
- Change of Life
- Kidney Trouble
- Bladder Trouble
- Womb Trouble
- Ovarian Trouble
- Catarrh
- Piles
- Obesity
- Skin Disease
- Impure Blood
- Rheumatism

Make a cross (X) before all diseases you have—two crosses (XX) before the one which you suffer most.